THE

FOREIGN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Reise um die Erde, ausgeführt auf dem Königlich Preussischen Seehandlungs-Schiffe, Prinzess-Louise, commandirt von Capitain W. Wendt, in den Jahren* 1830, 1831, 1832. (Voyage round the World in the Prussian Ship the Princess Louise, by Dr. F. J. F. Meyen.) 2 vols. 4to. Berlin. 1834.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous narratives of Voyages round the World, the successful accomplishment of which, instead of being matter of wonder, is now an every-day occurrence, such accounts are still looked for with impatience if they are known to have been conducted by men from whose labours new information may be expected, and are read with interest if they afford any real addition to our stock of knowledge. It might, indeed, be supposed that preceding adventurers had left little to be told respecting most of the countries which navigators, not bound on a voyage of discovery, but on a commercial enterprise, had occasion to visit. Thus, for instance, with regard to the work before us, it may be asked, what novelty can we expect from Brazil, Chili, Peru, or China? We have not only accounts of voyages to all these countries, but numerous and authentic narratives of travels in the interior, which must have anticipated all, and more than all, that a transient visiter of the coast can hope to learn. May we not almost say of such a voyager in the words which Schiller puts into the mouth of Max Piccolomini:—

> ——————————"We have been
> But voyaging along the barren coasts,
> Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
> That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
> House on the wild sea, with wild usages,
> Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays.—
> Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
> Of fair and exquisite—O! nothing, nothing,
> Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.*

Facts, however, do not justify this view of the subject. The

* Wallenstein: translated by S. T. Coleridge.

very frequency of such communications has made us so familiar with remote countries, not only in general, but in detail—not merely with the outlines of national character, but even with individuals—that we are interested in them as old acquaintance and are desirous of knowing what has happened to them since we last heard of them. Thus, for instance, ever since the death of Cook, the Sandwich Islands have become as interesting to us as many of our own distant possessions—to which, in fact, they now in some measure belong. The celebrated Tameameah and his introduction of European civilization, the labours and conduct of the Missionaries, the establishment of Christianity, the visit of King Rhio to England, and his death among us, all serve to render any real and authentic intelligence welcome. Besides, in the present state of the navigation, commerce, and manufactures of Great Britain, it is indispensably necessary to have recent information from every part of the world. It is above all desirable that this information should be authentic, and on this account it must be important in many instances to confront the accounts given by our own countrymen with those of foreigners. It is possible that the speculators in mining operations in Mexico or Brazil *may* hold out fairer prospects than facts would justify; that Missionaries *may* describe in too glowing colours the results of their labours, and that without intentional misrepresentation in either case.

But further, in reply to those who would object that little novelty can be looked for, we must be allowed to observe, that the old proverb, " there is nothing new under the sun," is in a certain point of view wholly exploded. The immensely extended sphere of modern education embraces an infinity of objects which were formerly the exclusive domain of the learned; and every branch of natural history, botany, zoology, mineralogy, has now become a popular and favourite pursuit. In this field new discoveries are daily made, which are not merely interesting in themselves, but of the utmost importance to the arts, commerce, and manufactures. Numerous instances of this kind will doubtless occur to our readers, but we may mention an important one of the most recent date. The British government, having received satisfactory information of the fitness of the timber of the Cowdie tree of New Zealand for spars for the navy, sent the Buffalo to that country for specimens. That vessel has just returned, and brought a cargo far exceeding all expectation. Before the return of the Buffalo, an enterprising and experienced naval officer, who has formed an establishment of his own in New Zealand, had offered, and, we believe, contracted with the government, to furnish spars of this kind from that island, at a lower price and of better quality than those from the Baltic—a

circumstance, which, in the not impossible contingency of a war with Russia, may be of essential importance to this country.

Every body is aware of the numerous and splendid additions made of late years to the ornaments of our parks and gardens by plants introduced from foreign countries. The beautiful and various heaths from the Cape—the dahlia, now so general—the camellia japonica, and innumerable others, are comparatively recent. We have seen a volume of original drawings, nearly 200 years old, representing the flowers cultivated at that time in the English garden; how poor was the ornamental Flora of those days when contrasted with the abundant treasures which we now possess! How many valuable species of pines have we become acquainted with, and some introduced into our parks, through the splendid Monography of the Genus Pinus of Mr. Lambert, who is still indefatigable in collecting materials to complete his great work, and whose magnificent herbarium, unrivalled by any private collection in Europe, is constantly enriched by acquisitions from all parts of the globe!

After premising these general observations, we must say a few words of introduction to the work before us.

This was the third voyage of a Prussian ship round the world, but no detailed account of the first and second has been published. They were undertaken by the Royal Company for Maritime Commerce, and seem to have fully answered the purpose for which they were projected, of establishing a commercial intercourse between Prussia and distant countries. The author, Dr. Meyen, accompanied the expedition on board the Princess Louise, as physician and naturalist, and the work before us bears ample testimony to his industry, zeal, and ability.

The Princess Louise left Hamburg on the 9th September, 1830, but in consequence of adverse winds, and violent storms, first in the German Ocean and the Channel, and afterwards in the Atlantic, did not arrive in sight of Cabo Frio till the 14th of November, and on the following day she reached the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Meyen complains much of the inaccuracy of the charts of this coast; he says, that several new islands, not laid down in the charts, were discovered close to the shore. Among them is a small island, with a new house upon it, almost 4′ to the east of Punto Negro. In crossing that part of the Ocean called the Sargasso Sea, from the vast quantities of sea-weed, fucus sargasso, Gmel., which is identical with the fucus natans of *Turn.* and *Lin.*, he expresses his conviction, contrary to the opinion of Von Humboldt and Martius, that these sea-plants do not grow on shoals, from which they are detached by various causes, but that they germinate and grow in the water on which they float.

We commence our extracts with some of the author's observations on Brazil:—

"At the time of our visit to Rio de Janeiro Don Pedro was still Emperor of Brazil. We were eye-witnesses of the disturbances which afterwards forced this extraordinary man to abdicate his throne. The police and the administration of justice were at that time already in so relaxed a state that they were unable to maintain public order. At sunset pickets of soldiers were stationed at all the approaches leading to the principal streets, and every passenger was challenged. It was by no means an unusual occurrence for five or six murders to be perpetrated in one night. In many houses the slaves were chained down during the night, that their masters might sleep with a feeling of security. The capital resembled a volcano, of which every one dreaded the eruption without exactly knowing how it would break out. Justice will avenge itself on the white man for the barbarities which he has for centuries exercised on millions and millions of negroes. The fate of Brazil is inevitable; three-fourths of the population are people of colour, only one-fourth being of Caucasian origin.....When we visited Rio the importation of slaves had ceased; the legal import had been prohibited since the 1st of July in the same year—yet the trade in slaves was still carried on in the interior, as well in those who had been already imported as in others who were still smuggled in. Forty thousand negro slaves were on an average annually imported into the Brazils; and in the few last years previously to the abolition of this lucrative trade there was a considerable increase in the importation, so that two or three slave ships entered the harbour of Rio every week."

We will not follow our author through his description of the still existing horrors of the slave-trade, even after the prohibition of the further importation of slaves, conformably to the treaties made with England. His report of a visit to the warehouse of a slave-dealer, where the greater part of the unfortunate victims were children, branded with red-hot irons, generally on the noblest parts of the human body, fully corroborates all the preceding accounts of that atrocious system, and of its demoralizing effect on minds which are in other respects not destitute of feelings of humanity.

"To our astonishment," says he, "we found at Rio people of the country, distinguished for their education and humanity, who coolly assured us that we were mistaken in imagining that the negroes belong to our species. Agreeably to this principle the slaves are treated, and, as the people at Rio boast, with extraordinary mildness. A person must have long resided there, and become gradually accustomed to the sight of this misery and degrading oppression, before he can understand such language.

"If a stranger visits the depôt of a slave-merchant, the latter receives him with the greatest civility, cordially shakes him by the hand, and assures him of the uncommon excellence of his merchandize. He immediately orders some of the poor wretches to stand up, and, stick in hand, makes them exhibit their capabilities. But if these atrocious

dealers in human flesh perceive that you have entered their depôt from mere curiosity, they immediately become vulgarly insolent, cursing foreign nations, especially the English, who they say meddle in their concerns, and rob them of their legitimate gain, only to enrich themselves. We know, from various writers, what is now the easiest mode of acquiring riches at Rio, namely, by purchasing slaves and sending them out to work.

" Long before day-break, as well as throughout the whole day, thousands and thousands of slaves may be seen wandering about, seeking employment; the harbours and market-places are thronged with them, and it is impossible to walk even a few steps without being accosted by them. These slaves are obliged to provide for their own maintenance, and to carry home to their owners a certain sum of money every day. If they have been unable to realize this, they are beaten; but if they have gained more, they are allowed to retain a part, in order to make up any deficiency on some other day. During our stay, we daily saw the slaves bring home to their owners two patacas (one rix-dollar Prussian). Many owners send their slaves for daily employment to the neighbouring quarries, while very many others send them out to catch insects; and this is the reason why the most brilliant insects are to be had so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. When a man has attained to some adroitness in this operation, he may on a fine day catch in the immediate vicinity of Rio more than five or six hundred beetles. This trade in insects is considered very lucrative, six millreis (four rix-dollars, or about fourteen shillings,) being paid for the hundred during our stay. There is a general demand for these brilliant beetles, whose wing-cases are now sought for the purpose of adorning the ladies of Europe—a fashion which threatens the entire extinction of this beautiful tribe. The diamond beetle (chlamys bacca, Kert., and especially the chlamys cuprea, Klug.) was in great request for brooches for gentlemen, and ten piastres were often paid for a single beetle."

The thirst of gain has, however, taken other ways to attain its object with the greatest rapidity. Humanity will not believe the fact at some future day, when we state that the negroes themselves are sometimes kept for breeding, as with us horses are kept in the studs. Young negresses are purchased solely for breeding children; and a negress when pregnant is worth fifty piastres more than before. The young children are taken from their mother's breast and sold for thirty or forty piastres. To the master of the slaves everything is lawful—he makes pretended marriages and dissolves them when he will; he separates the children from their parents, and sells man and wife, so that they, perhaps, never meet again. Even the milk of the negresses is made an article of trade, and sold as cows' milk. Hence milk, which is always very dear, is never seen at Rio in the houses of foreigners, unless they have cows of their own.

We wish we could participate in the hopes of the author that this lamentable state of things is likely to be speedily amended. The importation of slaves being prohibited, their value is in-

creased, and the owners must treat them more mildly, in order to defer as long as possible the necessity of working themselves. From the great mortality among the negroes in Brazil, the blending of the several races, and their consequent improvement, he anticipates that in thirty years the slave population will consist of men who will no longer bear the yoke of slavery, and will be able, from the superiority of their numbers, to emancipate themselves, if the whites do not give them freedom of their own accord.

The subject of slavery and the slave-trade is of such importance, and one in which the English nation is so peculiarly interested, that we shall submit a few reflections to the serious consideration of our readers. We have watched with unremitting attention the progress of public opinion, from the time when the eloquent denunciations of a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, and others, first entirely unveiled to the eyes of the astonished world the inconceivable horrors of that nefarious traffic, to the late consummation of the long-cherished wishes of the friends of humanity, by the ever-memorable act of complete, though tardy, justice—by which, not only Britain's own favoured isle, but every spot of earth on which her flag waves, is declared to be the land of the free. An extensive correspondence with the West Indies during the last ten years has induced us to hope that a great number of the opponents of emancipation were chiefly actuated by apprehensions that it was not yet time to effect it with safety, and we are persuaded that, now that the decisive step is irrevocably taken, they feel their hearts relieved as from a burden that has been long intolerable. But the sincere advocates of the Emancipation have, we believe, never dissembled from themselves that this sudden change from slavery to freedom might possibly be attended, at least at the commencement, with a considerable diminution in the labour of the negroes—and, perhaps, in some instances, with even a total refusal to work at all—and that this would be followed by a proportionate diminution in the produce, especially of sugar, the great staple of our islands. At all events, it is certain that such a result was confidently anticipated by other countries, which predicted the entire ruin of the British colonies, and consequent advantage to themselves.

Now, it is notorious that, notwithstanding all the treaties which have been concluded between England and other countries for the abolition of the slave-trade, it is still carried on to an enormous extent, because, even if the governments were really sincere in their wishes to suppress this trade, their subjects were wholly averse to a step which they denounced as utter ruin to all interested in the colonies. They have therefore persisted, in spite of, perhaps with the connivance of, their governments, and in Brazil in particular it has been officially declared to be out of the power

of the legislature to put an end to the traffic. Slaves imported by ships under Portuguese colours are indeed sometimes seized, but we fear that they are employed by the government nearly in the same manner as they would have been if sold to private individuals. But the difficulty of convicting and punishing these violators of the laws is nearly insurmountable. The minister of justice has declared in the Chamber of Deputies in Brazil, that the vast extent of coast rendered it impossible for the most vigilant superintendence to prevent the clandestine importation of negroes; that, having had information of an instance of such an unlawful importation, he had sent officers to the spot to investigate the matter and bring the offenders to justice; but that these officers declared in their report, that although they had obtained indubitable information of the fact, it was absolutely impossible to produce any legal proof; the people were so decidedly averse to the abolition that no one could be found to give evidence; that, if witnesses could be had, no jury would convict, and even the local magistrates would not condemn. The moment a slave ship arrived, the negroes were hurried into the interior, and no trace of the transaction was to be found on the spot where it had taken place. Such being the case, it can scarcely be doubted that Brazil, which offers such facilities for extensive cultivation of colonial produce, will use every means to promote that object, and to supply any deficiency, real or supposed, in the produce of the British West Indies.

Under these circumstances, it will be for the English government to use all lawful means to prevent the act of justice done to our own slaves from having a fatal influence in continuing the abomination of slavery, and promoting the slave-trade in other countries. Those treaties which are even now inefficient, will be still less regarded when the temptation to violate them shall be greater. It is affirmed, that the escape of one slave ship out of *three* affords the dealer sufficient profit. What then can England do? There is one thing which we think might be tried, and which would probably have a considerable effect in attaining the object desired. It is well known, that it was unanimously resolved by the sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna that the slave-trade should be abolished all over the world. The Portuguese transmarine possessions were not then separated from the mother country, which it might be hoped would be able to exercise some control over them. They are now independent. Let England call on the governments of Europe not to allow the importation of colonial produce, from any country where it can be proved that the slave-trade is still carried on, either with the sanction or connivance of the government, or in spite of it; such a measure would surely act as a check on the importation of slaves. Could

that point be effectually attained, it might be hoped that the extinction of slavery itself would in due time succeed, as it has done in the British colonies.

During the remainder of the short stay of the Princess Louise at Rio, Dr. Meyen made the best use of his time in adding very considerably to his collections both of plants and insects, and, though his excursions were naturally confined to the environs of the city, he discovered many new species.

On the 20th of November the Louise left the harbour to proceed round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. A great number of water-snakes were seen both in the bay and in the open sea, and medusæ of immense size, that is, a foot and a foot and a half in diameter, floated past the vessel.

"When we came on deck the following morning (29th November), the ship was surrounded by a number of albatrosses, sea-gulls, and swallows, which were hovering over the quiet waters and eagerly catching in their bills everything that was thrown to them from the ship. Travellers must be pardoned for so often introducing the albatross, as it would in fact be very difficult to avoid mentioning these birds; for months together they were our constant companions during our dreary passage round Cape Horn, affording us many a pleasant hour on this stormy and desolate ocean, never forsaking us, even when the towering waves broke over us. When those in whom misery has not yet completely stifled the voice of nature, visit the remoter deserts of the world, be they either on the boundless ocean or on land, the smallest being endowed with life possesses an infinitely higher interest than far more important objects inspire in the bustle of the world. Proudly the albatross soars upon his element, bidding defiance to the raging of the sea and the fury of the tempest; without touching the waters even with the tips of his wings, he rises with the heaving wave and descends again into the abyss, over which the next billow breaks in foam. There can be no doubt that his flights extend round the whole circumference of the earth, and he is probably the only bird of which this can be affirmed.

"Close behind the stern of the Princess several of these magnificent birds were resting on the waves, and seemed very hungry. We threw them some pieces of bacon which were fastened to large iron fishing-hooks: one of them instantly seized the hook, which it was about to swallow with the bacon; the line was quickly drawn up, and the bird, with the aid of hooks, dragged on board. In a very short time we had four of these gigantic birds on the deck, where they walked about as there was no room for them even to spread out their wings for flight. On deck this enormous creature is as awkward in its motions as it is graceful when on the water. The great curvature of the point of the beak helps to fasten the hook, and, as their voracity is really extraordinary, there are always some ready to seize the bait when the sea is calm. It is a beautiful and affecting sight to witness the eagerness with which the other albatrosses hasten to the spot, when one of their comrades is caught by the hook and is dragged on board; they immediately seize the captive by the wings with their enormous beaks, and endeavour to

hold him back with all their might. They keep up with him till he is close to the ship, and when their companion is at length drawn up, they take their station at some distance, looking after him, till the irresistible charm of some new bait allures a second and a third from among their party. One day, as a female bird was drawn up, a huge albatross, probably her mate, came up from a considerable distance: he exerted his utmost strength to pull her back; but all his efforts proved unavailing. Thus a number of these beautiful birds are every year taken by the ships that double Cape Horn; they are left to walk about on deck, chiefly for the amusement of the sailors."....

"The force of the masses of water which some American rivers pour into the bason of the Atlantic has probably been frequently exaggerated; we were, therefore, the more surprised when we felt the effects of the Rio de la Plata at a distance of more than eighty German (nearly 400 English) miles. In crossing the latitude of the mouth of this mighty river we continued in 50° longitude west of London, and observed a current of 24′ to 30′ south-east within the course of twenty-four hours."

On the 13th of December, having been prevented by contrary winds from passing through the Strait le Maire, the voyagers descried the distant and picturesque Staatenland, and while the captain and officers were taking a view of the coast, the author and his assistants were employed in collecting some of the species of sea-weed which passed the ship in immense quantities. Among these they recognised two species of fucus, one of which was the fucus pyriferus, which Banks and Solander, in Cook's first voyage, found in Strait le Maire, of the length of 200 and even 300 feet. Mr. Agardh has formed the genus Macrocystus merely because it has inflated petioles.

"We succeeded in securing one of these floating islands, which was drawn on board with great exertion by five men amid loud acclamations. It was not possible to disentangle the enormous mass; we were unable to draw out more than sixty-six feet of what was probably the principal trunk; the individual branches were from thirty to forty feet long, and about the same thickness as the main stem from which they issued. The entire length of the plant may be estimated at triple the length measured—consequently 200 feet. The pear-shaped air-vessels at the bases of the leaves were from six to seven inches long, and each leaf from one or two to seven or eight feet in length—dimensions which may afford some idea of the enormous size of these plants."....."As the air-vessels are so very large, we found no difficulty in preserving a quantity of the air contained in them, which we enclosed in hermetically sealed bottles, and brought home for chymical analysis. The extraction of this air in sea-water, which was of a temperature of 4° R. and the thermometer standing at 4° 8′, was very cold work."

It took the vessel twenty-five days to double Cape Horn. After passing the latitude of the Straits of Magellan, the weather became more favourable, and she cast anchor at Valparaiso on

the 21st of January. So much has lately been published concerning Valparaiso, its climate, natural productions, &c., that our author does not find it necessary to enter into detail on the subject. Referring to the statements of Mrs. Graham respecting the elevation of the ground during the earthquake, the author says that, on examining the coast of the bay, both north and south, this fact was every where confirmed.

"One afternoon, when the sea-breeze was not very strong, we made an excursion to the rocks, which lie on the northern side of the harbour, far above Almendral; we were most agreeably surprised by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation, and the variety of animals which abound here. These masses of sienite, which lie half under water, are a part of the rocks which were raised to a height of three or four feet above the level of the sea during the last great earthquake in 1822. The millions of plants and animals which once animated the surface of these cliffs, while they were yet covered by the waves, have all dried up. The beautiful effect of the submarine Flora and Fauna is much heightened by the transparency of the water; all the surfaces are covered with innumerable pholadæ, intermingled with actiniæ of the richest colours; while chitonæ of the most diversified tints, patellæ, and fissurellæ clothe the rocks, and vie with the actiniæ in brilliancy of colouring. Large asteriæ, which are here particularly abundant and of unusual beauty, are seen at a greater depth, or fastened to the sides of the larger rocks. The *asterias helianthus, Lam.*, with whose original habitat we were hitherto unacquainted, is found in large numbers on the coast of Valparaiso. The extraordinary size of this animal, and the number of its radii, of which it generally has between thirty and forty, constitute it one of the most distinguished of this beautiful species. Our *asterias aurantiaca, Nov. Sp.* excels it in the richness of its tints, but the bright coloured *asterias gelatinosa, Nov. Sp.* is, undoubtedly, the finest of the whole, and it is much to be regretted that it cannot be preserved without losing all its splendid colours. Its surface is white, inclining to a milky blue, and the prickly warts with which it is covered are of a bright orange. Numerous voracious crabs inhabit the clefts of these rocks; various fuci, with their long broad leaves, which are sometimes eaten by the poor people, cover the rocks and afford food and shelter to various tribes of animals."

It having been decided, some days after the arrival of the Princess Louise at Valparaiso, that she should remain there for five or six weeks, the doctor and his companions resolved to undertake a journey across the Cordilleras, as far as Mendoza. Though this excursion was highly interesting to themselves, and they found many valuable additions to their collections, yet this route is so well known from the accounts of preceding travellers that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that subject. Their observations on the manners of the people are worthy of attention, and those relating to the statements pub-

lished by our own countrymen may deserve the consideration of future travellers to South America.

"In attempting to give a sketch of the life and manners of the inhabitants of Santiago, it is more than probable that many inaccuracies have crept into the description, since our residence among them was but short, and our occupations too various to allow of our giving much time to the study of their character. We have not measured the manners and customs of these nations by the standard adopted in our less genial climate, and which has been sanctioned by the authority of centuries; and though we may occasionally state facts very much at variance with the customs of our own country, we have not done so with the view to represent them as either bad or vulgar, nor yet with the foolish notion of holding up the manners of our own country as the only model of propriety and decency. Our sole object has been clearly to point out the difference existing in such various countries, that the observer of human nature may be able to form an accurate idea of the national character of the people, and to trace the causes which have occasioned so great a diversity in the manners and customs of different nations. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the many English travellers, who have visited these countries within the last few years for the acquirement of wealth, but who have generally returned with disappointed hopes, should have published their journals, in which they often represent this amiable nation in the most revolting colours, and that too after having experienced the strongest demonstrations of hospitality and kindness. The sex especially has been an object of attack, and sometimes ladies have even been mentioned by name, a circumstance which has been unfavourable to later travellers; for the custom, which admitted every stranger of respectability into the first families, without the necessity of a special introduction, has now disappeared. The ladies are much afraid of the formal Englishman, who cannot understand their habits, and turns them into ridicule as soon as he leaves their company. He fancies himself distinguished when a lady presents him with flowers, whereas it is only a mark of common politeness. An Englishman calls the people dirty, because after dinner a basin is passed round the table, and the whole company, ladies as well as gentlemen, wash their hands, whereas these good-natured people desire by this to show their cordiality to their guests.

"The forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship still continue to have great influence on the majority of the population, and Catholicism is still the only authorized religion of the state, a law which we can scarcely comprehend, because the legislative authority of these times, in fact, broke the harsh supremacy of the church after the enemy had been defeated. The revenues of the pious institutions were henceforth considered as state property, and the clergy received salaries—nay, they even proceeded, and evidently with too much precipitation, to abolish the monasteries, by which they destroyed the schools of the monks, while they were as yet destitute of means to establish others in their stead. Very few of the presidents, among whom was Ovalle, publicly professed the Catholic religion; neither have many of the

ministers hitherto done so. Indeed, we do not think that we are far from the truth if we ascribe but a very slight degree of regard for the prevailing forms of religion to the more influential men of this new state. The writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other French contemporary authors, which are read with the greatest avidity throughout the country, have not failed of their effects upon the easily excited minds of these people. It is by no means a rare occurrence in the provinces, to meet with men with the writings of these philosophers in their hands, who are still ignorant whether Prussia is in England or North America. The people are, in general, extremely bigoted—the women and girls of all ranks invariably so;—you are not permitted to pass a church or a convent without taking off your hat and making an obeisance. A visit to the churches of Santiago is as dangerous to the Protestant as a pilgrimage to the mosques is to the Christian at Constantinople. Only a short time before our arrival, two Englishmen were grossly insulted in the cathedral.

"The inhabitants of the west coast of South America have not remained free from the mania of imitating the manners and customs of foreign nations, and thus we see with regret the gradual disappearance of all nationality of character in those towns, which are more exposed, in consequence of the free trade, to the influence of foreigners. We should form a very erroneous idea of beautiful Chili and its inhabitants, were we to look only at Valparaiso.

"A Chilian lady, even of middling rank, always wears silk stockings, and such tight silk shoes that they are sure to burst in two or three days; their church-going attire is made of velvets, silks, and laces, and they have the largest and handsomest French tortoise-shell combs in their hair, and sometimes, if they wish to appear much dressed, they display two or three: even in the house, they wear the most elegant Chinese shawls, with which they often lie down on the carpets. Not only is domestic peace frequently disturbed by this extravagance, and marriages prevented from taking place, because the men have not the adequate means; but we may almost regard it as likely to prove a source of ruin to the country, if proper measures are not taken to counteract this unhappy propensity. Good, we mean practical, female schools, on the same plan as those in Europe, ought to be established, and not such as the celebrated school of Mora, at Santiago, which, in our opinion, is but calculated to excite the very propensity which, above all others, ought to be suppressed. It is not so sultry in Chili as its inhabitants fancy, and who on that ground refrain from work; it seems to us to be merely a habit of indolence, which they are unwilling to shake off, although the times are altered, and require the adoption of a different system. It is very remarkable that it is only since the general deliverance from the dominion of the Spaniards that this love of dress in the ladies has become so extravagant. Although all secretly condemn it, yet no one ventures to speak against it openly, for in no country, probably, are the men so completely under the authority of the sex, (we do not exactly mean to say under that of their wives,) as in Chili, though it is only a natural consequence of their beauty and attractions."

At Santiago our travellers had the good fortune to meet with Mr. J. Ingrimm, (probably Ingram,) an Englishman, who not only received them with much kindness, but even offered them accommodation in his house, which they gladly accepted. Being well acquainted with all the members of the government, he presented them to Don Diego Portales, vice-president of the republic and minister of the interior, who promised to facilitate, as far as lay in his power, their inland journey. Their original plan was to go over the volcano of Maipù to Mendoza, and, if possible, to visit the new volcanoes, which broke out in sight of Santiago, during the earthquake of 1829. The minister, however, assured them, that the journey to Mendoza was impracticable, because the independent Indians occupied that part of the country: and that, in spite of all attempts which had been made, the way to the new volcanoes had not yet been found. He advised them to confine their attention to the volcanoes of Maipù and Peteroa, both of which are in constant action. This advice they followed, and immediately prepared for their journey—the account of which is highly interesting, but far too long for our pages.

It was about this time that accounts were received in Europe of immense quantities of silver having been discovered in Chili, on which the most extravagant speculations had been founded—we, at the same time, heard of a journey into the interior of the country, undertaken by order of the Chilian government. The following passage relates to the latter:—

"At San Fernando we met Mr. Claudius Gay, a French naturalist of Draguignan, who, accompanied by Don José Anton Silva, a worthy Chilian of Santiago, was about to visit all the provinces of the Chilian republic. Mr. Gay was commissioned to this great undertaking by the government, with which he had concluded the following contract:—

"Mr. Gay agreed to travel over the whole of Chili in four years and a half, and minutely to investigate the natural history, geography, geology, statistics, every thing in short which might be advantageous to manufactures, commerce, or the government. And only one year after the completion of the journey, Mr. Gay stipulated to submit to the inspection of a commission a sketch of the following works:—

"1. General natural history of Chili, of the animals, plants, and minerals, accompanied by plates.

"2. The physical geography of Chili, with observations on the climate and temperature of the provinces, with a map of the whole state, and views and plans of the principal towns, harbours, and rivers.

"3. The entire geology of the country.

"4. The statistics of the republic, with reference to agriculture,

trade, manufactures, population, and the administration of every province.

" 5. Plan of a museum, in all its branches, with a catalogue of names, &c.

" 6. Accurate investigation of all the mineral springs in the country.

" The government agreed to pay Mr. Gay one hundred and twenty-five piastres per month, during the whole of his journey, and to give directions to the chief authorities of the different provinces to promote in every way the objects of the traveller—all the collections made by Mr. Gay, were to be the property of the state. The government also furnished him with astronomical and other instruments, which were, however, either to be returned undamaged or paid for, on the completion of the journey.

" This great enterprise, from which so much was to be expected, was begun in October the preceding year. Mr. Gay had examined the sources of the Rio Cachapoal and its vicinity—visited the lake Taguatagua, and was about to commence a journey to the Rio Tinguiririca up to its source. His departure was fixed for the day after our arrival, and every thing prepared for the expedition."

Having learned at San Fernando that a body of 2000 Indian horsemen, of the tribe of the Pehuenches, had encamped at the foot of the volcano of Peteroa, our voyagers resolved to accompany Mr. Gay, and to penetrate as far into the Cordilleras as their time would permit. They left San Fernando on the 3rd of February, and reached the banks of the Tinguiririca by sunset the next day. On the 5th, they prosecuted their journey along a chain of steep hills, from two to three hundred feet high, where they collected a great number of new plants, among which were a rose and a parmelia, both of extraordinary beauty.

The rock consists of green porphyry, with large masses of felspar, which occasionally stands out very high and steep on the right bank: at some distance are almost perpendicular walls of sienite, of the height of above a thousand feet; their serrated summits rising bare above all vegetation. It was noon before the party reached the Rio Chado de Talcaregua, where it empties itself into the Rio Tinguiririca; they crossed this dangerous mountain stream with great caution, for it was so rapid that the mules were often driven back in their progress. At every step they first carefully tried the firmness of the bottom, and then advanced with their breasts directed against the stream. On the other side of the river they had immediately to ascend a very steep mountain about six hundred feet high, on the summit of which there was a small plateau, where they rested under the shade of some trees. The continued heat had so completely

burnt up the whole plain which lay exposed to the sun's rays, that a few scattered halms of wild oats and some flowering shrubs of the Bermudiana were all that remained. On accidentally turning up the clayey soil, it was found completely filled with small bulbs, the flowers and leaves of which had long since disappeared. How beautiful must be the aspect of this plain and all the declivities of these mountains in the spring of the year, when they are clothed with the splendid mantle of the liliaceæ! Here and there, where there was some moisture to lessen the withering effect of the heat, were seen traces of this first beauty of the spring. Unfortunately they were not able to prosecute their journey to the extent they hoped, an express having been sent to inform them that their ship would sail on the 12th of February, and not stop, as had been intended, till the beginning of March. They, therefore, parted from Mr. Gay, who was to proceed to the Volcano del Azufre, and the sources of the Tinguiririca, while Dr. Meyen resolved to ascend the Monte Impossible on the crest of the Cordilleras. This was an arduous undertaking, in which, however, after much labour he succeeded.

"The very difficult road since our last resting place, near the spring on the plateau de Gualtatas, had carried us over five high mountains, which consisted, for the most part, of green-stone porphyry, and of which some presented a very strange appearance, as the rock composing them consisted of thick slabs piled one upon another, which, on the summit of the mountain, lay quite detached, so that we could throw them down. The last mountain before you come to the Monte Impossible is composed of a red green-stone porphyry, in which are disseminated a number of crystals; in some parts, which are exposed to the constant heat of the sun, the surface is covered with a black and shining coat of brown iron-stone. Another mountain consists of a white stone, which is entirely decomposed and changed into a substance resembling porcelain earth. On the northern side there is a fearfully steep precipice, across which there was a foot-path. It was but just possible to proceed by this route, and it was only by treading very firmly into the deep ashes of the decomposed rock that we had a tolerably safe footing. This mountain precipice is above a thousand feet deep, and great masses of rock impend over the foot-path, fragments of which occasionally rolled down. At length, about four in the afternoon, we reached the limit of eternal snow on the Monte Impossible. The boulders on the declivity of the cone, which is from five to six hundred feet high, impeded our progress at every step, and the exertion was so great, that we began to suffer from a violent oppression on the chest. The temperature of the air close to these fields of snow was 5°, 8′ R., and the water that came from the snow only 6°, 4′ R., while the thermometer exposed to the sun was 8° R. The cone of this lofty mountain consists of greenish grey porphyry, with numerous very large

crystals of hornblende. We never regretted the loss of our barometer more than at this moment, when we had for the first time attained the line of perpetual snow on the Cordillera. We passed some delightful moments in the contemplation of the magnificent scenery before us."—

On the 11th of February the travellers again reached Santiago, where they found the whole city in gala, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Chacabuco, and learned, to their great vexation, that their ship was likely to remain for a considerable time at Valparaiso, so that they had hurried back without any necessity. They resolved, therefore, to prosecute their excursions from Santiago, and to visit the sources of the Rio Maipù, and the volcano of that name. On this very interesting excursion they reached on the third day a place called the Quesaria, a small hut, resembling, as it seems, the chalets of Switzerland, where a few persons pass the summer in making cheese. They estimated its elevation above the level of the sea at nine thousand feet. We subjoin an account of some remarkable petrifactions.

"Towards three o'clock we left the Quesaria, and entered upon the most fatiguing road which we had yet had to travel; it lasted above two hours, and ran along the declivity of the high mountain chain which borders the right bank of the Rio del Volcan, and is thickly covered with boulders. The formation of these rocks consists of black porphyry and Alpine limestone of a bluish black colour, whose strata are placed perpendicularly; their terminations form a continued and variously indented coast, sometimes rising considerably and then descending like steps, and having numerous deep clefts, which appear as if they had been formed by the continual washing of a torrent. This Alpine limestone contains an immense mass of petrifactions, among which we particularly noticed the ammon's horns: we saw specimens measuring three feet in diameter; but, owing to the rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we could not bring any of them away with us: we, however, carried off some other petrifactions, such as cucullæ, exogyræ, coral, cyathophyllum, belemnites, &c.; they are, however, not in good preservation, being much flattened and damaged. Advancing further on this difficult route, which offers little variety except a few prickly leguminous plants, and very interesting shrubby syngenecistæ, we find the rock composed entirely of porphyritic conglomerates, which alternate in their colours at every thousand paces. Sometimes they appear variegated green and white, then red and yellow, then brown and black, and so on, till the glen of the river opens into a plain, which rises directly into the snow fields of the ridge."

In their advance towards the volcano they met with many difficulties, but were amply rewarded as well by the valuable addition to their collections, as by the sublimity of the scenery. They were, however, unable to reach the crater, being stopped

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on one side by prodigious masses of ice, covered with ashes of black lava, and extending nearly to the summit, which was covered with snow, and on the other side by a deep cleft, which it was impossible to pass; they, therefore, returned to Valparaiso, where they had still time, before the sailing of the ship, to visit the warm baths of Colina.

The Princess Louise left Valparaiso on the 6th of March to proceed to Copiapó, to take in copper, but first touched at Coquimbo, to take on board a young Englishman in the employ of the owner, who had business to transact at Copiapó. On the 10th of March, they entered the harbour of Copiapó. Large masses of rock rose before the entrance of the harbour, and the surf was terrible. Captain Wendt, though he had visited it on a former voyage, thought it necessary to use very great caution; he entered without accident, having had constantly from fifteen to twenty fathoms water. They had, however, narrowly escaped a great danger, for they learned that, close to the entrance, and almost in the middle of it, there was a sharp rock, only six feet under water, which had been discovered a short time before by an American ship striking on it. Captain Wendt resolved to ascertain its precise situation, and had some difficulty in finding it. A noise like that of boiling water led him to the rock: they ascertained that it was only six feet below the water, but at its edges their sounding line showed a depth of two hundred feet.

The changes that have taken place on this coast, in consequence of the successive convulsions of nature, are very remarkable. We have already noticed the elevation of the surface by the earthquake of 1829, as mentioned by Mrs. Graham; the following passage contains some interesting particulars:—

"The basis of this coast of northern Chili, is the same kind of coarse-grained sienite which we collected at Valparaiso and Coquimbo, but we were greatly surprised on beholding the immense banks of shells which, in this place, invariably cover the sienite, and extend unbroken into the open sea. In some places these banks rise more than forty or fifty feet above the present level of the sea; they consist of a mixture of perfect shells, such as we found in a living state on this coast, cemented with sand, clay, and the fragments of shells. In some places of considerable extent, there are masses composed of such very small fragments, and so firmly cemented, that it is difficult to make out what they are. From among the millions of shells which lie buried here, we have collected perfect specimens of the *Concholepa Peruviana*, some of which were even yet covered with pholadæ and a gigantic *balanus*, the *Venus Dombeyi*, the cardium, and many others.

"In speaking of the effects produced by the great earthquake of 1822, we have already mentioned several places on the coast of Chili, where similar banks of shells have been noticed. We at the same time

stated, that the same cause which had occasioned the earthquake had also elevated the whole tract of the coast of central Chili three or four feet above the level of the sea. This lifted the banks of living shell-fish above the surface of the water, which caused the fish to die. By this circumstance we were immediately able to discover that similar elevations of the ground had frequently taken place, and that they had been of different degrees of violence. This was most evident in the harbour of Copiapo, where the shell banks are of extraordinary magnitude, and in several places have a different stratification.

"We here perceive that the ocean formed large caverns in these banks when they were on a level with its surface, and which, having been raised by successive earthquakes, now appear at different elevations. The spring-tides also, which have occurred here at various times, have contributed to give a rugged and very singular appearance to these banks. Many of these elevations have doubtless taken place in our times, but we have no historical accounts of them. An old fisherman, who lives with his wife and children in a miserable hut, was the only person who had witnessed these great convulsions of nature. He had taken up his abode in one of those great caverns which have been formed in the shell banks by the action of the water, when, during the great earthquake of 1819, the sea suddenly rose and inundated the whole country to the depth of 30 feet; it also penetrated into his cave and wept away four of his children."

The accounts which have hitherto reached Europe respecting this very remarkable part of Chili are extremely scanty, and, with the exception of the little communicated by Frezière, in his voyage to the South Sea, and by Captain Basil Hall, there is perhaps scarcely any original information. On the maps the whole of this country, as well as that of Atacama, is incorrectly laid down. No traveller, at least none who has published his observations, has penetrated beyond the town of Copiapó, and in all books and maps we find a Volcano de Copiapó, which however does not exist there. Dr. Meyen cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural resources of the country; the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the climate, and the abundance of valuable metals, being an ample compensation for the frequent and often destructive earthquakes with which it is visited more than any other part of South America; for during our travellers' stay six or seven shocks in twenty-four hours were a very usual occurrence. Before every shock a slight noise, like that of distant thunder, is heard. The people, however, seem not much to regard it; often when they are engaged in conversation, a person hearing the noise (*ruido*) cries "Espere usted!" and runs out of the house; when the shock is over he goes in again and continues the conversation as if nothing had happened.

The great mineral wealth of this country is well known. Two hundred mines of gold, silver, and copper are actually worked;

but the produce is far inferior to what it might be if the country were better cultivated, the population more numerous and industrious, and above all, if there were passable roads. Another great obstacle is the want of fuel, so that if the ore were not extremely rich it would not be worth the expense of working. Ores containing less than 50 per cent. are disregarded. But the bronze, as the Chilians call the variegated copper ore of the mine of Checo, which belongs to an English company, contains generally 70 per cent., whence it might be inferred that the profit is enormous; but such is not the case. The ore must be conveyed by troops of mules from Checo to La Punta, ten leagues distant, where the smelting furnaces are situated. The copper must then be conveyed on the backs of mules to the port, which is 30 leagues distant. The fuel for the furnaces, chiefly charcoal, is fetched from the Cordilleras, at the distance of several days' journey, where the small shrubs are burnt to make charcoal. Thousands of mules are employed in this labour; the expense and the loss of time are consequently very great, and nothing but good roads can remedy this evil.

On our travellers' return from Checo they passed through Nantoco, a pretty village, consisting of sixty or seventy peasants' houses. The English Mining Company has here a very fine farm (hacienda), from the produce of which the workmen in their mines are supplied. At another farm belonging to the company different sorts of European grain are cultivated, and there are fine vineyards.

"No where," says Dr. Meyen, "have we seen larger or finer flavoured grapes, but the wine which is made from them is very bad, and not unlike that from Conception. This however must be attributed to the mode of preparing it, as none of the persons employed about it have the slightest knowledge of the process. It seemed to us that this wine ought to equal Madeira. The manager of the hacienda of Nantoco is an Englishman, who has lived many years in this country, and has completely adopted its manners and customs. The finest figs, pomegranates, and apricots, are here found in abundance, and this hacienda is, in every respect, far superior both in its arrangement and neatness to every similar establishment in the country.

"On the following morning we continued our journey to La Punta, where the smelting furnaces of the company are situated."

On their arrival at La Punta, the travellers were received with the greatest attention by the director of the works, a very agreeable and well-informed Spaniard. The process of smelting the copper ore is here carried on in a very superior manner, and the bars sent from these works are valued, on account of their purity, considerably higher than those of any other mines.

We quote the following remarks on the condor :—

" About two leagues from Nantoco, we perceived in the road before us a dead mule, which was instantly attacked by ten of the large vultures called condor. We immediately alighted and went up to them with a double-barrel gun. They very quietly suffered us to come up till we were within 200 paces of them, when one after the other hopped off and took their station at some distance in a semicircle, watching us closely, and retreating a little at every step we advanced. Only one of them remained with the prey, on which he placed his claw, every now and then turning his head to observe us. We fired at him just as he was about to rise; the ball hit his side; he flapped his wings violently, ran forwards, and rose a little. We then fired the shot from the second barrel, which lodged under his wing; he made another effort, expanded his wings, and flew away with the rest. We never again met with this species of condor; they were certainly above four feet high; nearly the whole of their body of a greyish brown, their back quite white, and a yellowish white ruff round the throat. We saw the black condor with the white back in great numbers on the summit of the volcano of Maipù, and we may almost certainly affirm that the vultures we had just seen are a totally distinct and much larger species of the same genus. Molina remarks that the word condor is of Peruvian origin, and that it signifies very large and different kinds of vultures. Hamilton saw condors five feet high, whose legs were as thick as a man's wrist. Their iris was of a dark brown, while that of the vultur gryphus, *Humb.*, was yellow. From all this it seems probable that there exist other and larger species of the condor than those with which we are acquainted. The usual manner of catching this king of birds is by placing some dead animal near to a spot where a person lies in wait for them. From the great rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we were unable to pursue this method, and we never succeeded in shooting any of them. Though much has been fabled about the condor, we think Vidaure's account very probable. He says that the peasants inclose a narrow space with a paling, into which they throw some dead animal. The vultures instantly pounce down upon it, and, when they have consumed their prey, find themselves unable to get out of the paling, as there is not room for them to spread their wings: we have ourselves seen that they require a clear space of from six to ten paces to run before they can rise. The peasants then come up and kill them with clubs. It is said that the condor is sometimes taken alive by a man concealing himself under an ox-hide, and holding him down by the feet till others come up to his assistance. It is affirmed, even by credible writers, that large flights of condors will attack horned cattle, and begin by tearing out their eyes, that they may have them more in their power. Now this story is very improbable, though it nearly approaches the truth. We ourselves saw a mule which had fallen down from exhaustion, and been left behind by the *tropa*. While yet alive, it was attacked by a large flock of the urubu; they had already pulled out one of its eyes, and begun to tear out its intestines, but retreated four or five paces whenever the animal rallied its remaining strength and attempted to

struggle; they then immediately resumed their onset till the poor beast was finally overcome."

The inhabitants of this country seem to have their thoughts entirely engrossed by mines and mining. If they hear of a beautiful country, they at once conclude that it abounds in mines. At this time, however, they had another subject of discussion, namely, the approach of the comet, at which they were greatly alarmed, and put many questions to our travellers, who tried, but in vain, to allay their fears, as they relied on the authority of a countryman of Don Alejandro's (meaning Baron Von Humboldt,) who had predicted the coming of this dangerous visiter.

In the houses of the people of Copiapó there is a singular mixture of luxury and poverty.

"We saw," says Dr. Meyen, "in the house of a gentleman, a piano worth at least a thousand piastres, and which, according to the taste of the country, was nearly covered with gilt bronze. There were several tables, each worth five or six ounces of gold, and a watch worth 500 piastres. In one corner of the room the señora was lying on the carpet, resting her arm on the sopha; close to her stood an enormous chafing dish, for lighting cigars and warming the Paraguay tea, while a little child, covered with rags, was tumbling about in the dirt, to the great amusement of the señora. A variety of large silver plates, dishes, and other utensils, are very common, being comparatively much cheaper than porcelain, the conveyance of which, on the backs of mules, is very hazardous and difficult; besides which, it is constantly liable to be broken by the frequent earthquakes. There is, on the other hand, a lamentable deficiency of the most common articles, such as cups, glasses, spoons, knives, &c. Looking glasses are amongst the greatest rarities."

The account of a breakfast at Ramadilla, to which they are invited, is rather amusing.

"The Englishman, our companion, was our host's amigo, and had announced our arrival to him two days before. We had been very much exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding night, and were longing for some refreshment. After a good deal of conversation, it seemed to occur to our host that we might be hungry, and he said very coolly to his servant Lorenzo, 'Bring a fowl.' In about a quarter of an hour Lorenzo returned, saying there was none to be had. 'What! villain,' said the master, 'no fowl?' We helped the poor man out of his embarrassment by offering him the meat we had brought with us for roasting. When it was served, our host partook of it very heartily, and added a water-melon to our roast. He asked whether we would like to take wine, as in that case he would immediately send to fetch some, but that no wine could be obtained within a league of his house. At dinner there were only two plates between three persons; Lorenzo was summoned to procure one, but he returned after ten minutes search and said, '*No hay, Senor.*' There was the same ceremony to obtain a knife, and afterwards another water-melon; but '*No hay!*' was the invariable reply. All this

conversation between the master and the servant was carried on with so much gravity that we found it extremely difficult to keep our countenance; and yet this gentleman is an extensive mine-owner, and employs 50 men in his works. There was besides no lack of gold, for he offered to purchase our guns for 34 and 36 piastres, for which we had paid only 18 and 22 dollars in Germany."

On their return to Copiapó the travellers learned that their vessel was to sail in a few days; they therefore hastened to the port, and on the 20th of March left the coast of Chili, the Italy of South America. On the 20th they anchored at Arica, a small and wretched-looking town, which has suffered severely from repeated earthquakes; yet it is one of the most important ports of the whole west coast, because nearly all south Peru, the environs of Lake Titicaca, and Bolivia, are supplied from this place with European manufactures. It is, however, a mere harbour for the importation of merchandise, where the merchants residing at Tacna have their agents and warehouses. For this latter place Captain Wendt set out on the 28th, by land.

"Among the curiosities of Tacna are the specimens of virgin copper, on the surface of which it was here and there crystallised in perfect cubes. Mr. Bolten, the merchant to whom our vessel was addressed, was the owner of these specimens, but would not part with them on any terms. This virgin copper occurs in almost incredible masses in the Cordillera of Bolivia; it is found near Corocuero, about 20 leagues from La Paz. The small specimens which we saw of this copper were covered with carbonate of copper; yet, in the melting, 16 ounces produced above 14 ounces of quite pure copper. An attempt was soon to be made to transport this copper down the mountains; but, although it is nearly pure, it does not seem to promise any, or, at most, but a very small profit, for it is far up the mountains, at a distance of seven days' journey from the coast, so that the expenses of carriage on the backs of mules might probably exceed the worth of the metal: about 150,000 quintals of this copper have been detached, and are lying ready for removal."

Mr. Bolten having determined that the ship should stop a fortnight at Arica and then proceed to Islay, Dr. Meyen resolved to take a journey over the western chain of the Cordilleras to the Lake Puno, and then return by way of Arequipa to Port Islay. Captain Wendt exerted himself to facilitate this plan, but the obstacles were so numerous, and the expenses so enormous, that they were on the point of giving up their intention. They however set out on the 31st of March, and in the vicinity of Palca observed some remarkable buildings, of which the following is an account.

"The square towers which occur in this neighbourhood are particularly curious. They are about 20 feet high, eight broad, and built entirely of unburnt bricks. Bands of metal are occasionally inserted to give them

greater firmness. One of these obelisks was damaged at its base, which enabled us to discover that it was not hollow but quite filled up. On questioning the country-people about these buildings, they merely said, 'they are of the times of the kings,' that is, of the incas. In the immediate vicinity of Palca we counted seven of these obelisks, three of which stand almost close together. As they have not been painted, the natural colour of the clay gives them a very sombre and dreary appearance. Others call these obelisks Casas del Rey, by which is now understood any sort of building which affords the traveller protection against the scorching rays of the sun. These obelisks, however, can afford shade only in the morning and evening, and must therefore have been erected for a very different purpose. It is rather singular that no mention should have been made of these buildings in any of the modern works on Peru. We met with them also in some other places, in the vicinity of Puno for instance, which led us to a conjecture respecting their real destination. It is well known that under Yupangui, the inca, a rebellion broke out among the original inhabitants of the province of Callao. Herrera says that the inca, tired of the incessant wars, sent his son, the Inca Topa, to suppress the rebellion, in which he very soon succeeded, and, in commemoration of his victories, Inca Topa erected large masses of stone—'*bultas de piedra*'—and other magnificent buildings; and we are much inclined to consider these obelisks as the *bultas de piedra* of Herrera."

The road from Palca to the Lake of Puno, or Titicaca, lay through an interesting country, which, after passing San Francisco de Anqual, the travellers found to be rich and well cultivated. Everywhere they saw herds of lamas, swine, sheep, asses, horses, mules, and even oxen, and were delighted to find, for the first time, agriculture resembling that of Europe in an *oasis* surrounded by chains of barren mountains covered with snow. Their prosecution of the journey to the Rio Slave, the pretty villa Acora, the town of Chuquito, with its magnificent church and handsome market-place, gave them much pleasure. The country from Chuquito (sometimes spelt Chucuito) resembled a flower-garden. All the slopes of the neighbouring mountains were covered with rich vegetation, "and there is little doubt," says Dr. Meyen, "that countless treasures, which we were obliged to pass, were buried here." It is remarkable that all the flowers were yellow. The party were much pleased with the environs of the lake, and were desirous of making some stay at Puno; but, the merchant at Tacna having neglected to give them letters of recommendation, they were treated with great neglect and even rudeness. No lodging could be obtained but a stable, from which the asses and lamas were removed to make room for them; nay, Dr. Meyen was even taken for a spy, and brought before the police as a coiner, because he offered a piece of gold coin of the republican government which had a flaw in it. He therefore left Puno, after one day's stay only, to return to the ship.

On the 9th of April, Dr. Meyen left Puno in no very good humour, to proceed to Arequipa over the pass called Altos de Toledo, which he was assured would not be very fatiguing, but the result proved the inaccuracy of this information. On the tops of the mountains enclosing the valley through which the travellers passed to reach the Rio Jussecano, there are many obelisks like those near Palca. The journey to Arequipa lay through a country the geological features of which were very interesting: the district about Tambo, where they passed a night, would, if carefully explored, furnish abundant treasures in all the branches of Natural History; but any one who would wish to examine the country, ought to take with him a sufficient stock of provisions. When they reached the Altos de Toledo, which pass, according to Messrs. Rivero and Pentland, is 15,530 English feet above the level of the sea, they found the climate very cold; in the morning the whole plain and the neighbouring mountains, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with ice and hoar-frost, in consequence of a thick fog, which falls daily at sunset, and which obscures the air to such a degree that the postillion was obliged, in the night, to grope the way with his hands. Besides this there was nothing to eat; fortunately there was a large building, where a hundred travellers might have passed the night and found shelter from the cold.

On arriving, on the 13th of April, at Arequipa, they learned with much surprise that the Princess Louise had not yet arrived in Port Islay. This circumstance, however, enabled the Doctor not only to arrange his collections of plants and minerals, which had increased very considerably, but also to make an excursion to the volcano of Arequipa. The party suffered severely from fatigue, and when nearly at the summit were completely exhausted by the attack of a peculiar disorder, called the sorocho; a difficulty of respiration was succeeded by vertigo, nausea, vomiting, and even bleeding at the nose, which obliged them to lie down on the ground for a considerable time, till they had recovered sufficient strength slowly to descend the mountain. They nevertheless brought away a rich collection of volcanic productions, and also some rare and very beautiful plants. On the 21st, Dr Meyen returned to Arequipa, arranged his new collections, and on the 22d left this beautiful city, much regretting that a German merchant to whom he had letters of recommendation was absent, so that he had not had the opportunity of mixing with the higher classes, whose hospitality and kindness are spoken of in the highest terms by all travellers.

Dr. Meyen mentions that he "saw in the cathedral at Arequipa a tablet, with an inscription recording the visit of Mala-

spina and his companions. The persons engaged in that celebrated voyage of discovery remained for a considerable time at Arequipa, and some of them ascended the volcano and made various researches, concerning which unfortunately very little has been made known."

We participate the more fully in the regret expressed by Dr. Meyen, as we have ourselves seen here in London the MS. narrative (in Spanish) of that highly interesting and important expedition, as well as the numerous very large and magnificent original drawings illustrative of it. We may also take this opportunity of stating that we have likewise had in our hands the original MS. of the personal narrative of the celebrated travellers Ruiz and Pavon during sixteen years' residence in Chili and Peru. Two volumes of the Flora Peruviana are, we believe, all that has ever been published of the results of the expedition of these eminent botanists; an expedition which cost the Spanish government 100,000*l.* sterling. They explored parts of the country which have not been visited by any subsequent travellers, and the publication of their MS., as well as that of Malaspina's expedition, would be most welcome to all lovers of science.

After leaving Arequipa, and crossing the Pampa or plain, there are two chains of mountains—the Alto Primero and Alto Segundo. It is not easy to fancy anything more monotonous than this last tract: not a blade of grass, not a bird, not an insect, is to be seen—nothing but the skeletons of the mules that have sunk under their burdens in this dreary desert. Here and there indeed a solitary splendid cactus looks like an apparition on the blackened declivities:—

"The *cactus candelaris,* which we first saw in the Cordillera of Tacna, is occasionally seen here. Its habitat seems to be very accurately limited to the elevation of from 7,000 to 9,000 feet. But close to it is another *cereus* which surpasses it in beauty—it is octangular, and attains the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet; on the edges are hard protuberances, at regular intervals, from which grow the bundles of thorns and long white blossoms. There is not a more beautiful form of this remarkable family—we called it *Cactus Arequipensis.*"

In this deserted spot there is however at Tambo a post-house and a very good inn, where every thing is indeed very dear, but, as Dr. Meyen observes, this is not to be wondered at, as this Tambo (Tambo means an inn on the road,) is situated in a spot cut off from all resources by sandy deserts and chains of mountains, so that the stock of provisions, &c. cannot be kept up but at a very great expense. The inn has been erected here because

there is a small spring, which waters some fields planted with lucerne and melons. The dwelling-house is divided into many apartments. Our travellers arrived at midnight, and had immediately a very good supper, a thing which had never before happened to them in Chili or Peru. Having allowed three hours to refresh themselves and their horses—they left the inn to cross the Pampa, of which the following account is highly interesting:—

"The Pampa Grande, which separates the promontory of the Cordilleras from the mountain-chain, and runs along the coast, is an immense desert of sand, throughout of equal elevation, stretching from south to east and from north to west, without a rock or the trace of a living being. On the western borders of the desert, close to Tambo, there still occurs some of the *trachyte* which is found at Arequipa, but further on we meet with nothing but sand. Monotonous as this desert may appear, we did not, in the whole course of our journey, visit any tract that interested us more. On descending into the plain, which is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the whole chain of the Cordillera lay stretched towards the east, with its extreme tops veiled in fleecy clouds. The rising sun now gradually illumined the loftier summits, whose eternal mantle of snow glowed with a bright roseate light, while we were still immersed in profound obscurity. As the sun rose, it lighted up the western edge of the Great Pampa, in which we were pursuing our journey; clouds of mist came in view resembling an ocean, for which in fact we at first took them; from them arose chains of lofty mountains with steep summits. This phenomenon was so singular that we conceived that we must have approached the ocean, and that we beheld a reflection of the ranges of the Cordillera, which lay to the eastward. But, as the sun rose above the horizon of the Cordillera, the strata of vapour gradually ascended; the bases of the mountains became visible; their summits vanished, and we at length saw uninterrupted chains of mountains, which extended along the coast and formed the boundary of the great Pampa in the West.

"But the surface of this sandy waste is still more remarkable, and, probably, without a parallel; the sand is formed by the action of the wind into large heaps, of the most perfect falciform shape; which are situated at various distances, having their concave side turned invariably to the north-west. The span of these falciform arches is from twenty to seventy paces, and their elevation from seven to fifteen feet. Their slope on the external convex side is very inconsiderable, while on their inner concave side it is from seventy-five to eighty degrees. The external surface is undulated: sometimes two or three of these heaps stand close together, so that they have become united at their extremities. Thousands and thousands of these mounds cover the plain as far as the eye can reach, and, what is very remarkable, we no where see a small hill, indicating the commencement of such a mound. Their invariable direction is north-west, except in the middle of the Pampa; here there is a tract of from one hundred to two hundred paces in length, where these circles gradually turn, and then open direct to the west: after this they

again assume their old inclination. There can be no doubt that winds prevailing constantly in the same quarter have occasioned this remarkable phenomenon. The direction of this wind would be determined by the form of the plain, and its similar inclosure on both sides, and the formation of new mounds would cease, so soon as all the loose sand on the surface had been blown together. The sand, which now covers the plain, is much coarser, and not so easily set in motion, but, at all events, the fact that no new heaps of sand are now formed demands particular attention. May the climate have changed, and the wind, which caused this formation, have ceased? We do not think so; but it would be very desirable to obtain more information respecting the prevailing wind of this Pampa.

"We crossed it at night and early in the morning, in order to escape the unpleasant effects of the reflected rays of the sun. At this time there was a complete calm, but, in the afternoon, when the plain has attained a higher degree of heat, and the cold air rushes down from the summits of the Cordilleras, a strong wind may prevail. At what time may these mounds have been formed? This question cannot be answered—but they are, probably, the monuments of centuries. It is singular that all the old Spanish authors who have written concerning this country are silent on the subject. General Miller is the only person who briefly mentions them. He says that, notwithstanding the various sizes of these heaps they are invariably of the same form, till they approach the mountains, where they assume some irregularities, and terminate abruptly. There is a sandy waste between Payta and Piura, which is covered with similar mounds. There is an important passage in the Memoirs of General Miller, in which he says that, on the road between Arequipa and Yaramba, clouds of dust rise to the height of a hundred feet; all around, these clouds are seen floating about in one direction; they sometimes overtake the traveller, but, as they are only a few minutes in passing, it is very easy to avoid them, by galloping round them."

On the 23d of April, the travellers reached Islay, the new harbour of the province of Arequipa, which was first opened in 1827. Here they found the Princess Louise, which sailed on the 26th.

"Our passage to Callao was very agreeable. Already on the evening of the fourth day, we reached the island of San Lorenzo. The wind was favourable, and the moon shone so brightly that the Captain was able to run the same night into port, where we cast anchor at four o'clock in the morning. At day-break we hastened on deck to enjoy the long-wished-for prospect of this fine harbour. We are unable to picture the beauties of the scene, which at this instant arose upon our sight. The extensive harbour was covered with strata of mist, which were just sinking, and permitted a partial view of the hills of the distant coasts. A forest of masts concealed the city, with its magnificent castles, which fill so important a place in the modern history of this country. Nothing can exceed the clearness of the water, and the undisturbed quiet of its

surface, which reflected with wonderful fidelity the splendid vessels riding on its bosom. Only the splashing of the oars of the little barks, which hastened with fresh provisions to the foreign ships, broke the delicious repose of the scene, on which the effect of light and shade was truly tropical. At the further parts of the harbour, round the whole island of San Lorenzo, as well as on the opposite sides, the heavens were still wrapped in profound obscurity; flocks of millions and millions of birds, extending miles in length, were rising from their retreats, and hovering over the clear waters of the ocean. These remarkable flights of birds are composed of sea-gulls, cormorants, and pelicans, whose numbers it is not possible even to guess at. Small flocks of penguins approached the ship, and then again flew off with the rapidity of lightning. Among them we saw the *Spheniscus Humboldti*, a new species. Salutes were now fired from the many ships of war, the flags were hoisted, and from the Castell de la Independencia they were seen floating in the air, while the wind wafted towards us strains of music from the North American ships of war. They had on board guests of distinction, who had been vanquished in the repeated struggles of factions, and had sought safety here."

The city of Lima has been so often described by recent travellers of our own country, as well as of other nations, that it was not to be expected that our author could collect much new information during his short stay. Dr. Meyen accordingly limits his observations to a few pages, which are chiefly filled with statistical details, and a series of meteorological observations, from the 4th to the 18th of May. Speaking of the public library, he says, that he was much surprised to find in it Spanish translations of most of the accounts of voyages and travels, published in the English, German, and French languages. Among the rare articles relative to natural history, there are the MSS. of scientific expeditions, performed by order of the Viceroys. The establishment had suffered much during the revolution, when it was left without any person to take care of it; and it is said that foreigners took advantage of this circumstance, and obtained many of the most valuable works, which they carried to Europe. We do not know how far this may be true, but a Captain in the merchant service informed us that he had agreed for the purchase of the whole library, but one of the changes in the government, which are so frequent and sudden, prevented the completion of the bargain.

"The Botanic Garden," says Dr. Meyen, "exists only in name, and we should certainly never have found it, had it not been so accurately laid down in the plan of the city, made by the Spaniards. The entrance to it is through the Hospital de San Andrés, but it has long since been sold, and converted into an ordinary private garden. We found in it nothing but some large plantations of banana, some cheremoya, and

orange trees. Only two rare shrubs had survived; they are considered poisonous, and belong to the family of the Asclepiades. The Museum of Natural History and Antiquities, now called the Museo nacional y Latino, is in the general tribunal de la Mineria. The income assigned to the institution for the year 1831 was 2,760 piastres, but it appeared to us as if it did nothing more than pay the salary of the two officers. The greater part of the objects in this collection were, formerly, the private property of Mr. Rivero, who had been director-general of the administration of the mines in Peru; he was banished from Lima by political intrigues, and the government took possession of his collection, with the promise to pay for it: the banishment has expired, but Mr. Rivero has received neither his collection nor the money. The thing most to be regretted is, that these curiosities are getting quite spoilt, since not the least care is taken to preserve them."

"Four Peruvian mummies are placed in the corners of the museum; they are similar to the two specimens which we brought home with us, and which are now in the Anatomical Museum at Berlin: they are considered as very great curiosities in Peru, and fetch high prices. The collection of Peruvian idols of gold and copper is very remarkable; it contains, among others, those of which Mr. Rivero has given descriptions and drawings in his 'Memorial de Ciencias Naturales.' These figures are very curious, for they have not been cast in a mould, but formed with the hammer. Mr. Rivero has still in his possession a large number of objects wrought in gold, and we may expect a treatise on this subject, illustrated by above a hundred drawings. Among the large collection of vases found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, are some of extremely singular forms. There are likewise some sculptures wrought in a hard stone, but of rude workmanship. The ancient weapons are of copper, and some of exquisite manufacture. One of the great treasures of the collection is a rich cabinet of petrifactions, from a recent formation at Pasco, which abounds in curiosities. Besides these, there is a miscellaneous assemblage of silver ores from Pasco, and of the principal birds of the country."

On the 21st of May, the Princess Louise left Callao to cross the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands. The sun was set; the port-officers had left the ship, and the anchor was weighed, when the boat of a North American frigate, lying in the harbour, brought a visiter, who proved to be no other than General Miller, commander-in-chief of the Peruvian army, who is so well known by his military exploits and his work on Peru. In consequence of the late revolution directed against the government of the vice-president La Fuente, General Miller had taken refuge on board the American frigate, and remained there till the departure of the Princess Louise, when he came and asked to be conveyed to the Sandwich Islands. The voyage was extremely favourable, and on the 22nd of June, they descried the Mouna Roa, the volcano in Owhyee. On the 24th, they reached the harbour of Honoruru, where they cast anchor in fifteen fathoms.

They had scarcely cast anchor when several merchants came on board and saluted them as old acquaintance, Captain Wendt having been to these islands in the same vessel on a former voyage. Soon afterwards they were visited by Kuakine, well known by the name of John Adams, at that time Governor of Oahoo, to whom Captain Wendt announced that the King of Prussia had sent a great number of presents to the King of the Sandwich Islands, which were on board. Kuakine made scarcely any reply, and soon afterwards left the ship. They were greatly surprised that, instead of being welcomed by numerous canoes and parties of natives swimming round their vessel, as happened to preceding navigators, only a single canoe, with two men on board, appeared, and these they were obliged to hail several times before they would approach. They offered cocoa-nuts and water-melons for sale, but, instead of being content with a few nails and bits of iron, they asked very high prices, and would take nothing but Spanish dollars. "We knew nothing," says Dr. Meyen, "of the conduct of the missionaries who then oppressed those islands, but could infer from the extraordinary dearness of provisions that some great change must have taken place." About an hour and a half after the governor's departure, the flag of the Sandwich Islands having been hoisted on the fort, was saluted by seventeen guns from the ship, which were answered by an equal number from the fort. Captain Wendt and Dr. Meyen then landed, and were received with great joy by the natives, who crowded round them. They learned from the governor, that the young king was in the country, but had been sent for. We extract the following interesting particulars relating to these islands:—

"We spent the afternoon in looking at the town of Honoruru, and got a Spanish merchant, who is settled there, to introduce us to the celebrated missionary, Bingham, to whom we had letters. On our way to his house, we witnessed a sight which very much tended to lessen the missionaries in our estimation, for we saw two of their wives taking an airing in a small carriage drawn by natives. To many of our readers it may, perhaps, appear somewhat irrelevant if, in the course of the narrative, we bring forward particulars, which seem to bear more immediately upon the private life of the missionaries. It, however, seemed to us necessary to collect facts of this nature, in order that the public might be the better able to judge of the character of these men. The missionaries in the South Seas cease to be private individuals; they have fixed the attention of the whole civilized world, which holds them responsible for their actions. The Sandwich Island missionaries are natives of North America, and it is against them alone that the severe censures from all quarters have been directed. They have undermined the prosperity of the country instead of promoting it: they have banished hospitality, one of the most attractive qualities of these children of nature, expelled mirth and joyousness from these happy isles, and introduced, in its stead, a religion

of which the natives have no distinct notion. Men have come forward—and, singularly enough, in places the most remote from these scenes of action—men who were, of all others, least acquainted with what had been previously written on this subject, and who yet defended, with the utmost zeal, the conduct of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. We should enter more into detail were that man still among us, who most warmly defended these missionaries; but he is dead, and is no longer able to vindicate himself. He engaged ardently in the contest, because he fancied that the world in general was raising an opposition to the noble work of missions, and did not seem able to comprehend how individual members of this extensive body might fail in the attainment of their object by the adoption of mistaken measures.

"On arriving at Mr. Bingham's house, we found in him the proud ecclesiastic, who is conscious of possessing temporal as well as spiritual authority, and who, in the feeling of his own consequence, neglects the usual forms of social politeness. Mr. Bingham, however, invited us to visit him whenever we felt so disposed; and the surgeon of the mission immediately offered to accompany us in our excursions into the interior of the island; offers which, however, we declined, partly not to lay ourselves under obligations, which would only have taken up our time, and chiefly that we might be able to form for ourselves an opinion of the state of the island unbiassed by the missionaries.

"Kauike-Aouli, the young king, returned to his residence the same evening, and went immediately to Mr. Bingham, to consult with him. General Miller had left the Princess before us, to take a ride into the interior, and on his return to Honoruru, had met Kauike-Aouli, to whom he was introduced. The young monarch immediately inquired about the presents which we had brought for him, asked whether we had a sword, and was quite overjoyed when told that we had. On his return from Mr. Bingham, he sent one of his attendants to inform us that he was ready to receive the letter from the King of Prussia; upon which Captain Wendt and myself, accompanied by a North American merchant, who was to act as our interpreter, repaired to the dwelling of Kauike-Aouli.

"It was a magnificent tropical night, lighted by a clear bright moon, and an innumerable host of stars twinkling in the dark blue sky, when the young king granted us his first audience. In a large open space, in front of the king's house, were two small and prettily ornamented Indian huts, belonging to Kaahumana, the queen-mother, and last surviving wife of Tamameah, before which were stationed several hundred natives, belonging to the royal household. At the door of one of these huts stood Kauike-Aouli, and before him, seated on fine mats, were the aged queen-mother and the four surviving widows of Riho-Riho, brother of the present king, who died in London. Kauike-Aouli, (who has since been crowned King of the Sandwich Islands, by the name of Tamameah III.) is about 17 years of age, and of middle stature. His face is frightfully disfigured by the small-pox, and so bloated and deeply copper-coloured, from the constant and early use of strong and highly-spiced liquors, that it would be scarcely possible to find among us a more decidedly ugly person. Neither his age, his language, nor his behaviour, during our stay at

Oahoo, bespoke any of that energy of character which obtained for his father such extensive authority. He was dressed in a white shirt and pantaloons, a coloured waistcoat, and a white straw hat, which he took off on receiving us, and laid in it the letter from the King of Prussia, which Captain Wendt presented to him. During the whole of the audience, he remained standing in the same place. Though he speaks a little English, the conversation was carried on through an interpreter, and one of his first inquiries was about the presents. On hearing that we had also brought some for his wife, in case he were married, he immediately turned to his attendants, saying, it was high time for him to be married, since even his friend, the King of Prussia, wished it. He at the same time begged that we would say nothing about these presents, since it would excite a jealousy among the ladies of his acquaintance.

"During this conversation, one of the attendants, who was sitting at the king's feet, begged that I would let him look at my large Peruvian hat, made of Vicuña wool, which I was holding in my hand. He instantly put it on, which excited the loud laughter and jokes of the other Indians. Within the hut, before which the king was standing, there were several females of gigantic stature, who were lying at full length upon fine mats, and showed great curiosity to see us.

"We were next introduced to the queen-mother, Kaahumana, who was in a kneeling attitude on a mat by herself, and wrapped in a gay-coloured Chinese coverlet, which was so closely drawn around her that we could only now and then catch a glimpse of her face. At the first sight of the enormous figure of Kaahumana, kneeling under the gaudy coverlet, in the full light of the moon, we were so taken by surprise, that we did not at first know what to make of it; we took her for some idol, till she, with much kindness, extended her hand, saying repeatedly, 'My queen, my queen!' at the same time pointing to herself. Perhaps she wished to give us to understand, that she was the queen and lawful sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, and not her step-son, Kauike-Aouli, who only bore the name. Thus ended our first audience. It was agreed that the presents should be publicly delivered on the following day in the king's own residence, and we, at the same time, received permission to visit any part of the island.

"On the morning of the 25th of June, the presents were landed and conveyed on small two-wheeled carriages to the house of the king, where he had assembled his court to receive the gifts of his majesty the king of Prussia. On entering the court-yard, the guards presented arms; they were dressed in the uniform of English sailors; otherwise the soldiers of the Sandwich Islands have no clothing whatever, excepting the marro and a piece of linen hanging down from the shoulder. In the house we found all the chief men of the state assembled; they were standing, like so many statues, leaning against the walls of the apartment. The king and John Adams, the governor, were seated on a bench, and invited us to sit down on that which was placed opposite. Nearly all the foreign merchants of Oahoo were present on the occasion. The young king shook hands with every one on entering, and there was a general salutation 'Good morrow, king! good morrow, king!' Kauike-Aouli was

dressed in white pantaloons, a black jacket trimmed with braid, and a coloured waistcoat and handkerchief; but the ungainly figure of the governor was enveloped in a sort of blue frock hanging down to the ground, and ornamented with buttons bearing the stamp of an anchor.

"The residence of the king is built in the fashion of the Indian huts, but is quite a palace compared with them in point of size; though, placed by the side of the houses of the merchants, and particularly of the missionaries at Honoruru, it is a mere barn. It is about 140 feet long, of which the first 120 feet form one entire apartment, down the centre of which are placed the pillars that support the beams of the roof. These pillars, as well as those along the walls, are made of trunks of the cocoa-nut tree, covered with long reeds, which are interwoven with grasses, and particularly with the stalks of various beautiful ferns. The space at the end of the house is partitioned off by coloured curtains. It has on each side two small chambers, and a large one in the centre. These small apartments serve for sleeping and dressing rooms; they are furnished with large heaps of fine mats, from fifteen to twenty piled upon one another, the upper one being always finer than the one below it—and they form a very soft couch. The centre apartment contains two portraits in broad gold frames, one of the present king, and the other of the queen who died in London. There is also a picture representing the Meeting of the Congress at Washington. The saloon in which the court was held was without any ornament; the floor was covered with fine mats, and the furniture consisted of a large oval table of polished wood, two japanned benches with backs, a side table with water standing on it, and a few wooden chairs.

"Immediately on our arrival, the ladies of the family made their appearance. The old queen-mother walked in first with very measured steps, followed by Kinau, Kekau-Ruohi, and Kekau-Onohi, sisters-in-law of Kauike-Aouli, and widows of Riho-Riho. There was also a niece of the deceased prime minister Karaimoku, well known by the name of William Pitt, and Madame Boki, wife of the unfortunate governor of Oahoo, who had accompanied King Riho-Riho to London. On entering, the ladies held out their hands to us, and the aged Kaahumana conducted herself with much propriety of manner. All the ladies wore full silk dresses, called mission shirts, drawn close at the neck, black silk shoes and stockings, and their hair was very tastefully ornamented with the beautiful flowers of the *Edwarsia Chrysophilla*, which has been introduced from Otaheite; the queen-mother had on a straw hat decorated with flowers and feathers of rather ancient date. After the ladies had taken their seats, the king desired the presents to be brought, and the attendants of the queens retired to the back part of the saloon.

"When the chests were opened, Captain Wendt and myself endeavoured to arrange the articles so as to produce the greatest effect. The assembly loudly expressed their surprise at the number of the presents, but the king, sitting on his bench, behaved with so much indifferent coolness, that we soon perceived it was studied. The statues of cast iron, among which were those of Frederic II., Alexander I., Napoleon, Blucher, &c., excited their lively admiration, and the king had them brought to him

that he might examine them more closely. The decorations of a military uniform, the hat and plume, and above all the handsome sword, seemed to give him great pleasure. A rich saddle was immediately put upon a horse, and called forth their applause; but, above all, they were delighted with the beautiful portraits of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher, which Kauike-Aouli had once expressed a wish to see. Drawings of the various uniforms of the Prussian army were handed about the assembly with evident astonishment and loud remarks. Among the presents which had been intended for the wife of the king, there was an elegant bonnet, decorated with flowers: it instantly caught the eye of the young queen, Kinau, who, in spite of her gigantic size, really possesses some attractions. She put on the bonnet, and was much admired in it. The trinkets also seemed to please this lady very much, and she expressed a wish to try them on, a ceremony which threw us into some embarrassment, as the necklace and bracelets, though made of unusual dimensions, would not fit. It was not till after very great trouble that we at length succeeded in clasping the necklace, by tightly squeezing her royal neck; and yet this lady, compared with the others, is by no means large, but rather of a slim and delicate make.

"The king was requested to put on the uniform, which he immediately did in the ante-room, with the aid of his secretary, Halilei; when all at once there was a cry 'The missionaries are coming!' upon which he instantly pulled it off. When he returned into the saloon dressed in the uniform, and perceived his sister-in-law, Kinau, ornamented with the trinkets, he desired her to take them off, as they were not intended for her, and she should not have any of them. The lady instantly obeyed with a very good grace. The fine linen, the silks, toilettes, and various other articles, excited the envy of the ladies, as the king kept everything to himself. During the whole time that these presents were being delivered, the queen-mother sat silent and melancholy. She could with difficulty conceal her envy, and therefore feigned indisposition, and two attendants who stood beside her were constantly employed in fanning her. A stick, with a mouth harmonica, which we had brought for John Adams, pleased the old lady so much that she instantly laid hands on it, and in the midst of the assembly made an essay of her musical powers.

"When our business was concluded we took leave—the day was extremely hot, and, as we had been occupied above four hours in delivering the presents, we felt much exhausted. Some foreign merchants, who were settled there, gave the king to understand that he should offer us some refreshment, upon which he replied that the missionaries had forbidden it. Our presents made great impression upon the king and his chief men: although the former was very measured and studied in his behaviour, and had evidently been instructed beforehand by the missionaries, he yet expressed himself to the English merchants as being much ashamed, that he had sent to his majesty the King of Prussia so trifling a gift as a feather cloak, while he had received so many things which he could never repay. It is rather curious that, notwithstanding the frequent presents which the English have sent to the Sandwich Islands, they have never been equal in value to those which we had the honour to present.

"The occasion of these presents from our monarch to the ruler of the Sandwich Islands was in consequence of the first visit of the Louise to Honoruru, when Kauike-Aouli, who had heard much about the achievements of the Prussians during the war against Napoleon, became so enthusiastic in his admiration of Prince Blucher, that he longed, if it were possible, to see his portrait. He sent the King of Prussia a coloured feather mantle, accompanied by a letter, in which he set forth the great value of the present, it having been worn by Tamameah I. in the battles which secured to him the possession of the Sandwich Islands.

After this interview, our author set out on an expedition into the interior, accompanied by Dr. Ruck, an English physician, settled at Honoruru. In this excursion they had occasion to admire the richness and variety of the vegetation, and made large additions to their collections.

"We had already been long wandering about in the dark, when the continued rain, which began soon after sunset, incommoded us extremely, and we at length reached the large building which had been assigned for our night's quarters. The house belonged to Madame Boki, who offered us the use of it. It served as a sort of winter palace for Madame Boki, as well as for the royal family, into which they could retreat when it was too hot in the plains. The temperature here was extremely agreeable, although the house was not above 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea. During our stay there the thermometer never rose above 17° R. There is an uncommonly interesting prospect from this spot. The whole valley, at the opening of which the town of Honoruru lies, and which is clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation and the loveliest tints of verdure, gradually slopes towards the sea, the shores of which are covered on the one side with plantations of cocoa and palms, and on the other with many hundred scattered huts and houses of the town, and the inclosures of the royal fishponds. On either hand of the valley rise steep walls of rock, often from 800 to 1000 feet high, clothed with beautiful plants, and having here and there a small cascade.

"Madame Boki had given orders to the inhabitants of the smaller huts in the vicinity to pay every attention to our people; in consequence of which we received in the evening, soon after our arrival, a very large calabash filled with poë, which the people devoured with great avidity.

"On the following morning we started to continue our excursion, but a heavy rain set in, which drenched us so thoroughly that we were obliged to return to our dwelling. We expressed a wish to have a warm breakfast, for the temperature (16,8° R.) was very chilly; but we were not a little surprised when the people told us, that this being Sunday, the use of all hot food was tabooed, a regulation on which the missionaries strenuously insisted. This was the most ludicrous thing that could have happened to us in this romantic spot of nature. I immediately took some wood, lighted a fire, and made coffee. As soon as the Indians saw the fire blazing they set up a loud shout, fetched

more wood and forgot all about the taboo; they even kept blaming the missionaries, especially because they should get nothing for their dinner that day but dry tarro, which they did not like as well as the poë. The observance of Sunday, as established by the missionaries, is very rigid: till sunset every sort of amusement is prohibited, and the people are compelled to repair twice a day to church; even a walk or a ride is interdicted; and this prohibition has lately been enforced with the utmost rigour against strangers: their horses have been taken away from them and they have been condemned to a fine of 100 piastres. Our friend, Captain Wendt, intended to have ridden up to day to accompany us in our excursion; but, on repairing to the governor, and asking permission to ride up to join us, which as a stranger he might very easily have granted him, this request was refused. The use of warm food, and, in fact, even the lighting of a fire is entirely prohibited on a Sunday; and this law affects especially the poor Indian, who has but a small choice of food; the rich can do better with cold meats, as these are in that case prepared with the greater delicacy."

Early next morning the party prosecuted their excursion; but their advance into the country was greatly impeded, and at length wholly stopped by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation.

"The number of plants which we collected in the course of a few hours was really astonishing. The Indians were soon very useful to us in helping to pack them; as if they had often been employed on such work. We never received any assistance of this kind in our journeys in Peru and Chili; there the people sat around us in a circle and were amused at our being obliged to do such work—but as to offering us any assistance, this never seemed to occur to them." . . . .

"Late in the afternoon, we reached the country-house of Madame Boki, in which we had already passed one night, and were not a little surprised to find prepared for us a hog baked in the ground, which it was said the king had ordered to be dressed for our dinner, but for which his servants contrived to get paid more than the thing was worth. The ancient hospitality of the Indians has vanished with the introduction of Christianity and the wants of civilized society;—during the whole of our stay in the island of Oahoo, we never received one single mark of this old laudable virtue, either from the reigning family or from any of the natives. The king himself never offered us so much as a glass of water."

"Conformably to his instructions, Captain Wendt had invited Kauike-Aouli, on the 28th of June, to dine on board the Princess Louise; he was accompanied by his uncle, the governor Kuakini, Kaiki-Oeva, the governor of Owyhee, his secretary Halilei, and several favourites:—besides these, we had also invited General Miller and many other foreigners. Kauike-Aouli came in the boat belonging to our ship, attended by some servants, who brought poë and tarro, that, in case his majesty should have an appetite after dinner, he might have wherewithal to satisfy it immediately. He appeared in the same dress which he wore when he re-

ceived the presents—though some attendants carried the uniform which the king of Prussia had sent him. He put on this uniform just before dinner, and we immediately observed that the sword, the plume, and the spurs were missing, which he affirmed had been left behind by his servant, without however giving him the slightest reproof for his inattention. But this was an invention of his own, for his secretary Halilei informed us that Kauike-Aouli had left these articles at home on purpose, for the missionaries had told him that it would be an act of folly and great impropriety if he were to put on such things."

"The cloth was spread under a tent on the deck; our guests behaved with much propriety, but ate most voraciously. Sometimes, even when their plates were overladen, and they saw that some dish or other was likely to be soon finished, they instantly desired to be helped to some more of it. They were very moderate in drinking—but they were able to bear a good deal." . . . . . "During dinner the guests made many complaints against the present government of the Sandwich islands; Kauike-Aouli, who is well aware of them, but has not the power of removing the causes, took no part in this conversation, which he listened to with pleasure, and let all the severe remarks fall on the governor Kuakini, the brother of Kaahumana; but he said privately, that all this would be changed as soon as Boki should return. This however, is a vain hope, for it is certain that Boki perished with the Tamameah brig, on board which he had embarked fourteen months before, on a voyage to the New Hebrides."

During their stay, the Doctor made the best use of his time in visiting every part of the island, and adding to his collections, which he was so fortunate as to enrich with several new plants. The Sandwich islands are too well known for us to follow him in these excursions, but the subjoined observations seem worth quoting.

"It is very remarkable that, in the production of certain forms of the animal and vegetable kingdom, nature should be so closely tied down to localities—a circumstance which we are as yet unable to account for. The forests of Brazil abound with hideous amphibia and innumerable insect tribes;—it is impossible to touch the branch of a tree, or the leaf of a plant, without disturbing beetles or other insects; but in Oahoo, as in the other islands of the South Sea, there is the greatest paucity of insects. In vain we examine the under-surface of the leaves—in vain we shake the trees—no insects fall down; we however meet with snails of very pretty forms and often of brilliant colours, sometimes striped very regularly, and a good deal like our *helix nemoralis*—sometimes entirely grass-green; which colour they however lose when dead, and which can have been communicated to the shell only by the animals having subsisted on green leaves. Instead of insects, nature has, in the Sandwich Islands, placed millions of land-snails upon the trees, while she has observed a medium in the Indian isles. There, as for instance at Manilla, she has assigned to vegetation, partly land-snails and partly insects—both frequently of enormous size, and the most brilliant colours.

There is a great variety in the size, colour, and form of the land-snails of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. von Chamisso has already described an *auricula Owaikiensis*, and an *auricula sinistrorsa*, and Mr. Green an *achatina Stewartii* and an *achatina Oahnensis*, besides several new kinds brought back by the French naturalists and ourselves. It is a curious circumstance, that the greater number of these snails are sinister, while among us, and in all other parts, this deviation is very rare—nay, there are some kinds of the species achatina, which seem to occur only sinister in the island of Oahoo."

On occasion of a visit to the rich possessions of Don Francisco de Paulo Marini, Dr. Meyen says, " He is a man of ordinary education, but of noble sentiments, whose name will ever rank foremost in the history of the civilization of the Sandwich Islands, even when those of the missionaries shall have been long forgotten. Marini has introduced the most useful plants from all parts of the globe into the Sandwich Islands, the cultivation of which may hereafter be a source of great wealth to them. The cocoa of Guatimala, cultivated by Marini himself, is of the finest quality, and probably equal to that of Manilla, which, in consequence of its very high price, is not an article of commerce with us. The coffee, lemon, and orange trees, the vine, which bears fine grapes, a beautiful papaw tree, introduced from the Marquesas, the tamarind, cotton, the finest pine-apples, and many other fruits, are in the possession of this Spaniard, who was the minister of Tamameah I. The indigo was brought from Batavia by Mr. Serrière; it attains extraordinary perfection at Oahoo, but is not permitted to be cultivated to any extent, neither are sugar and coffee, though they would give employment to thousands of indolent Indians, and besides furnish very nutritious food. A sugar-mill, which was in operation sometime since, had been again given up. It is only the ignorance of the missionaries, their want of general education, and a competent knowledge of human nature, which could lead to such absurd conduct. The possessions of Marini are in the most beautiful order, and might serve as model-farms for the whole country. Many of the hedges are composed of the *cactus ficus indica*, which are quite covered with flowers, and have a very lovely effect. It is true that Marini has acquired great wealth in the Sandwich Islands, but he has done it in a manner which will be to the advantage of the remote posterity of the present generation. Besides, he intends to end his days in the island, and to leave all his property to his children."

The missionaries being again alluded to in the above extract, we add another passage, which after all that has been said against them by Kotzebue and recent French navigators, seems to call for some answer from them or their friends.

" The houses of the missionaries are very handsome; they were just erecting a very large stone house, which was built in a superior and durable manner. The dwellings of the missionaries are to those of the Indians as our palaces to the ordinary habitations of the poorest class —of course, palaces at Oahoo do not look like palaces in London, Berlin, or Petersburgh. Even the residences of the reigning family are

extremely miserable, in comparison with the handsome and very elegantly furnished houses of the missionaries, which form a strange contrast with the little huts which Mr. Stewart once inhabited, and which he has described in such lamentable terms in his journal. Now we find in the houses of the missionaries varnished floors, handsome furniture, fine pianos, and the walls adorned with beautiful paintings. Who has supplied the missionaries, who were sent to the Sandwich Islands as very poor persons, with the funds for these luxuries? Though we will not speak of the sums which some of these gentlemen are reported to have collected and sent to North America, we think we may conclude that the money has been drawn from the country and the people for whose improvement and civilization the missionaries were sent to the Sandwich Islands."

In conclusion, Dr. Meyen expresses his satisfaction that on the death of the old queen Kaahumana, in June 1832, the king, having been crowned under the name of Tamameah III., and recognized by the English, had assumed the sole government and immediately revoked many of the sumptuary laws issued by the old queen, and again permitted the dances and favourite games of the inhabitants, who were for the future to be allowed to attend church—but compulsion in this respect no longer exists. The Islands, he hopes, will now attain the prosperity and importance which their favourable geographical situation is well calculated to give them.

We have quoted the preceding remarks respecting the missionaries without pretending to express either our assent or our dissent from them. That there is some justice in them we can hardly doubt, but at the same time our own knowledge of the very different manner in which, for instance, Sunday is observed on the continent, from what it is in England and in some parts at least of the United States, and the complaints which we have so often heard made by foreigners of the dulness of our English Sunday, render it probable that they may be, though intending to be impartial, yet not wholly unbiassed judges on this subject.

From the Sandwich Islands Captain Wendt directed his course to China. On passing the Bashee Islands, on the 7th August, he observed that their longitude was different in all the charts on board the Princess Louise: and even the relative positions of the several islands are very incorrectly laid down. The latest charts published by the East India Company are the most accurate. On the 13th of August the voyagers reached the coast of China, and intended to anchor off the island of Lintin: but they learned that all the foreign ships which had been there during the summer had fled from Lintin about a week before, and sailed to Cape Syngmun, for fear of the solar eclipse, which was visible in the

southern hemisphere on the 7th of August. Captain Wendt, whose business led him to follow the foreign ships, accordingly proceeded to Cape Syng-mun, where he found thirty large ships, chiefly English and American. Having completed his business in the harbour of Cape Syng-mun he sailed on the 3d of September for the Philippine Islands, intending afterwards to return to China.

The voyage was tolerably favourable, till they came within sight of land, early on the 10th of September—only they were alarmed by three violent concussions, which they attributed to the effect of a submarine earthquake. When about forty-five miles from the coast, they were astonished to see the sky darkened, and the surface of the sea covered with immense swarms of locusts. They were already at the entrance of the bay, when a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning arose, and obliged them to stand off from the coast, so that they had enough to do on the following day, to come to an anchor in the bay of Manilla. The nearer they approached to the coast the more thickly was the sea covered with the locusts, which had doubtless perished in the storm of the preceding night. On landing, they learned that the country was suffering under a visitation from those destructive insects, which had even caused a famine in some of the provinces. The government had offered a reward for their destruction. It had already paid 50,000 piastres, but, though the reward was only a piastre for eight arrobas (256lbs.) there was no sensible diminution of their number. It was a new species of the genus Acrydium, Latr., to which Dr. Meyen gave the name of Acrydium Manilense.

Our author, like preceding travellers, while he cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural beauties, the fertility, and the riches of these fine islands, (or rather of Luçon,) is astonished at the bad system of government, which the Spaniards still permit, and the little care that is taken for their protection against foreign invasion. When the Princess Louise arrived, there were several French, American, and Spanish merchantmen in the harbour, some of the latter of which were very large and handsome. But the only man-of-war was one small Spanish frigate—a beautiful vessel, but nearly dismantled. The police and custom-house officers, who came on board to take an account of the ship and the cargo, displayed equal curiosity and ignorance. They desired to know every thing that had occurred on the whole voyage, and in particular what political news they had brought from Peru and Chili. None of the police-officers spoke any language but Spanish, so that it was next to impossible for them to come to any understanding with several passengers who spoke only English. The custom-house officers could hardly read or write, one of them

dictating while the other spelt the words for him: in making the inventory, neither of them could pronounce a hundred thousand, and they therefore copied it from the ships' papers. They were much surprised at the quantity of gunpowder on board. On taking leave, they strictly enjoined Captain Wendt to wait on the Captain General and the Teniente Real, within twenty-four hours after his arrival at Manilla.

The minute investigation of the custom-house officers proved, however, of advantage to our author, for, when he and Captain Wendt waited on the governor, the latter, having concluded from the account of their effects that they were naturalists, immediately asked the doctor if he were a botanist. As he was himself a great lover of natural history, he voluntarily gave them permission to travel into any part of the interior of the island which they might like to visit. They had the more reason to be pleased with the offer, as almost all foreigners were denied this privilege. The English and North American merchants settled at Manilla were not even allowed to go to the Laguna de Bay.

The governor asked many questions respecting the South American Republics, and particularly about the Peruvian and Columbian fleet—a visit from which seemed to be much dreaded at Manilla. There were at that time 7,000 troops at this place, of which however not more than 700 were Europeans. Their appearance was good, and they were ready on all occasions to let the natives feel their superiority.

The day after our voyagers had been presented to the governor, they again waited on him, to obtain a passport to visit the interior; but he told them that they must make a written application, and that he could not give them permission to visit more than one certain province, and when they returned from that they might perhaps get leave to make another journey. He showed them an interesting collection, and presented the doctor with a Quang beetle, a beautiful insect two inches and a half long. The ladies of Manilla are fond of keeping in cages handsome beetles, which they feed on the fruit of the pisang. While waiting for their passports into the interior, they spent some days in the city, with which they were much pleased. In the garden of their house there were many bananas, almost all of which bore fruit that were full of seed—a circumstance which greatly surprised them.

It was not till the 22d of October that they were able to leave Manilla, in a light vessel called a banca, which is rowed by two men with extraordinary rapidity. At a late hour in the evening, they reached the pretty village of San Mattheo, where they put up at the house of a Tagalese woman, with a view of making themselves acquainted with that interesting people. Don Candido, a

Spaniard, who accompanied them, was known at this house, and went to arrange every thing for their reception. With a very grave countenance, he informed the simple Indians that the Doctor was a very learned man, sent by the government of a remote country to become acquainted with them, and to examine the animals, plants, and stones of their country—all which was expressly stated in our passports. The Indians listened with profound attention, and treated us with the greatest respect.

The primary object of this excursion was to visit a celebrated cavern, the access to which was represented as extremely difficult and dangerous. Some time being necessary to get together the horses and attendants, the party received visits from great numbers of the native Tagalese, whose mild and amiable manners they highly extol. It was amusing to see the high value which they attach to titles and rank; an Indian who speaks Spanish, or who has held an official situation under the government, gives consequence to his family for several centuries. The following is the account of the cavern.

"We at length reached the entrance of the cavern, that great natural curiosity of which all Manilla speaks with wonder and astonishment without ever having seen it. On entering, we perceived in the ground the nest of an ichneumon, who came flying home leading captive a large lizard. Both fought with all their strength, when we took them prisoners, and placed them in spirits. The entrance to this cavern is very spacious; at first it is about ten feet high and from four to five broad; then continuing of various dimensions, sometimes twenty, at others forty feet high, while in other places again it is very low and narrow. The cavern is formed in a limestone rock, which, like all caves of the same kind in Europe, is covered with stalactites, which assume the most grotesque forms. The cavern of San Mattheo is remarkable only for its extraordinary size. We visited it accompanied by a number of men with spades and pickaxes, in order that we might dig for petrifactions, should we have a favourable opportunity. The Aetas carried large bundles of dried cane reeds, from twelve to fifteen feet long, which were lighted at the end and served as torches. Their naked bodies, of a dark brown colour, their savage appearance, amid the flickering light of the torches, and the buzzing of the thousands of bats and other hideous animals which covered the walls, gave to this cavern the appearance of an entrance to the infernal regions. Thousands and thousands of bats which clung to the walls were scared by our approach, and, flying about with the utmost rapidity, made our further progress both difficult and disagreeable. The sides of the cavern were covered with multitudes of a species of *Thelyphonus*, probably the *caudatus* of Java, and a tarantula, the antennæ of which were from seven to eight inches long; at the slightest touch of these feelers, the animal drew itself together and let itself down from the wall, which was probably the only means it possessed of escaping the pursuit of the bats—which

most likely subsist entirely on them. Of these bats, we brought a *Rhinolophus* though there were many others of this family which we were unable to preserve for want of time. We advanced very slowly, for our Indian guides had a sort of dread, and at first would not go at all into the cavern, till I placed myself at their head with a torch in my hand. After having proceeded about half a league by a tolerably smooth path, we heard in the distance a loud noise, which we found to our astonishment, to proceed from a very rapid stream. It is a work of some difficulty to get through this falling water, in order to penetrate further into the cavern. The smooth stones, which are generally covered with slime, render the footing very insecure, and the temperature of the water is so low that it is impossible to remain long in it. The temperature of the air in the cavern was 25,2° R., in the open air 25,7° R., while the running water in the cavern was only 19,6° R. To our no small mortification the stream occupied the whole of the pathway, which was particularly narrow here; we were therefore compelled to wade along in it, till its increasing depth prevented our further progress, and we were obliged to turn back after having proceeded more than a league."

Mr. Lindsay, secretary to the East India Company, had visited this cavern two years before, and, it being in the dry season, he penetrated further than perhaps any other person. He told Dr. Meyen that he had gone about two leagues into the cavern, when he was stopped by a perpendicular wall, where he felt a draught of air, from which he inferred that the cave had an outlet on the other side of the mountain.

Returning to Manilla, the travellers waited on the governor to give him an account of their excursion, and to solicit a passport to visit the Laguna de Bay or Bahia, but there were so many formalities to go through, that it was five days before they obtained it. We cannot follow our author in his animated account of his excursions in this beautiful and highly cultivated country, where every step presented some new and pleasing object.

The party passed several days at a very large hacienda, called Hali-Hali, belonging to Don Pablo *****, a Frenchman, who was married to a Spanish marchioness; it was a most splendid establishment.

A few days before their arrival, a cayman of extraordinary size had been killed there. This animal had seized a horse that was drinking, and dragged it to a small river on the boundary of the hacienda, where he devoured it. But, as the water in this stream was too shallow to swim in, and the belly of the animal was so dilated in consequence of its voracity that it projected beyond its feet, it could not walk, and it was, therefore, soon discovered; twelve balls were lodged in its head and breast, but it was not killed till the point of a lance entered the spine just below the neck. Its length was twenty Spanish feet, and its circumference

eleven, close behind the fore-feet. The feet of the horse were found in the cayman's stomach, and also seventy-two pounds of stones, some of which were jagged pieces of prophyry: its head weighed 270 lbs. Another cayman, supposed to be the female, has since been seen in the same place; it was calculated to be twenty-five feet long. The following are some additional particulars relative to the natural history of these islands, of which so little, comparatively speaking, is hitherto known.

"Though the alligators are not uncommon in the Laguna, and do the inhabitants much injury, attacking horses, cows and men, it is very remarkable that they never venture to meddle with the great buffaloes, which in general, on account of the heat, live the whole day in the lake. These buffaloes are everywhere seen near the shores of the lake, with only a part of the head, the very large ears, and the formidable horns, above the water. They appear to be aboriginal in the Philippines, at least we do not find any mention of their having been introduced by the Spaniards. They are of enormous size, their horns from four to five feet long, with a space of five feet from tip to tip. They are almost entirely black, with scarcely any hair, have no dewlap, and are undoubtedly a different species from those in and about Canton. They are employed for draught and other agricultural purposes. The Indians ride on them. They are very gentle when not provoked or frightened, and suffer little children to guide them.

"We saw great numbers of monkeys; they are often found without tails, which when driven by extreme hunger they are said to bite off."

"Having collected a large number of plants, especially lichen and jungermannia, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panician and Labujo, situated at a short distance from Talim. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents: and, by the time we reached the island of Panician, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed, at some distance, large pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds' or ants' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on the shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves up in a pear-shaped form, and, laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and, after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, our party made a dreadful slaughter among them, and never did the use of the percussion-guns appear to us more advantageous than on the pre-

sent occasion. Such of the bats as had been shot at and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot and had fallen into the lake. After the whole body, consisting of, perhaps, 100,000, had risen into the air, and filled the neighbourhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labujo. The vermilion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and, as they travel in such immense numbers, they cause considerable damage to the farmers: plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop of which the labourer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

"On entering the wood, we found a large fig-tree, the fruit of which covered the ground a foot deep, and on which some hogs had just been feasting. Near it stood lofty oaks, with oval and pointed leaves, very smooth, resembling parchment, and small broad acorns, the cups of which were very rough: it was undoubtedly a new species of *quercus*, but the time of blossom was already quite past. We came to an old large tree, about six or seven feet in diameter, from the trunk of which, about a foot above the ground, issued a spring of cool (19° R.) and particularly good water. The Indians, who cannot account for this singular phenomenon, regard the spring as sacred, and have hung near it a vessel made of the bamboo cane, out of which every one who passes takes a draught of the water.

"One of the greatest curiosities which the woods of the island of Luçon offer, is the leech, which we met with in the region of the arborescent ferns. It forms a new species, which we call *sanguisuga tagalla*, smaller than our officinal leech, broad, of a yellowish brown colour, and the upper part marked with small, irregular, black spots, and a fine black stripe running lengthwise down the back. This leech is bloodthirsty, but its bite leaves very small marks, on which account it would be much preferred in Europe to those now in use. Before we had observed them, they got into our boots and began biting us: we felt the pain, but thought we had been bitten by ants, till, at last, our boots being filled with blood, our attention was aroused. We brought home two of them in spirits of wine. However fabulous this account of leeches living on trees may appear, it is, nevertheless, correct, and we must learn to believe that there are leeches which can live in damp air, just as well as we before observed that *confervæ* may be generated in a moist atmosphere, a circumstance which the celebrated Swedish writer on *Algæ* could not comprehend, and was uncourteous enough to declare to be a falsehood."

Though every page of this part of the work presents something new and interesting, we must not be tempted to prolong our extracts. The great importance of the Philippines to Spain is manifest; and when it shall be enabled, by the consolidation of domestic tranquillity and a more enlightened system of government, to turn its attention to the colonies which it still retains, we

shall be astonished at the treasures which Spain possesses in these islands. The actual population of the whole group is above two millions, but there is abundant room for five times the number; and the fertility of the soil is such that they might live in the greatest prosperity. Since many restrictions on the trade of the islands have been abolished, agriculture and commerce have considerably improved; yet some important articles of trade are still in the hands of monopolists in the mother-country, to the great injury of the inhabitants of the colonies. Though our author points out, without reserve, the defects of the administration, he is disposed to ascribe them neither to the ill will nor the tyranny of the Spanish government, but chiefly to its supineness, ignorance, and attachment to antiquated and deeply-rooted prejudices. He says—

"On leaving the city of Manilla, and visiting the villages in the environs, we were agreeably surprised by the high degree of affluence enjoyed by the natives. The utmost order prevails everywhere; extreme neatness and real luxuries in common life. The Tagalese live exceedingly well, and are very sociable among themselves. Yet, notwithstanding the great prosperity enjoyed by the peasantry, which we have never seen equalled anywhere, they are highly discontented with the government, and complain that the taxes on the agricultural produce of the country are too high. We are, however, by no means of opinion that these complaints are well grounded. If there were any occasion for them, it might be rather founded on the vexatious mode in which these taxes are collected.

"But the hatred of the Tagalese to the Spaniards is probably not so much owing to this circumstance as to the contempt with which the Spaniards treat these amiable and highly cultivated Indians.

"The great number of idle ecclesiastics are certainly a heavy burden on the poor people, yet they willingly pay the taxes for them, when their crops have not been destroyed by the locusts.

"In 1820, a very serious rebellion broke out at Manilla among the Indians, which was under the sole conduct of the priests, who saw with anger the resort of foreigners, by which the members of their own communion became gradually more enlightened, and they themselves lost much of their consideration and power. The environs of Manilla were, at that time, suffering from famine and a very fatal epidemic. The priests represented to the Indians that these scourges were owing to the French settled in the island, who had poisoned the wells. At their repeated instigation, the people at length rose *en masse*; the foreign vessels hastily left the harbour, the houses belonging to the French residents and other foreigners were attacked and plundered, and such of the inmates as had not been able to effect their escape, cruelly murdered. As is usual in such cases, deeds of great atrocity were committed, and many innocent individuals suffered. It is remarkable that the government did not take any steps to preserve peace, and, at first, seemed as though it were entirely ignorant of the affair. An officer was at length despatched

with a party of soldiers, to restore tranquillity, but he was not furnished either with ammunition or orders for serious interference. As soon as the Indians perceived this, they assailed the soldiers with stones and abused the officers. The commanding officer, a native Spaniard, and a man of honour, went to the captain-general, threw his sword at his feet, and declared that he would no longer wear it under such a commander.

" The revolution which broke out in the city of Manilla in 1824 was of a very threatening nature, and may serve as a warning to the mother-country, how soon it may lose all its beautiful possessions in India, if it does not take speedy and decisive measures to introduce an equitable system of administration. We will give some particulars of this revolution, as it is so little known in Europe.

" Colonel Novales was commander of a regiment of infantry at Manilla, and is represented as a man of a frank and remarkably upright character, by which he drew upon himself the hostility of his comrades, who neglected no opportunity of rendering him suspected by the government. In consequence of their calumnies, Novales was accused and brought before the tribunal, which however fully acquitted him. General Martinez, at that time Captain General of the Philippines, sent him under some pretext into a distant province, of which he was appointed vice-governor. Novales, however, regarded this ostensible mark of honour as a banishment, and was naturally much offended. He was, however, embarked on board a vessel; the ship put out to sea, but returned to Manilla the following night on account of an approaching storm. At midnight Novales landed in the capital, repaired to the quarters of his regiment, represented to the officers and subalterns the injustice that was intended to be done him by exiling him, and encouraged the assembly to mutiny. The whole regiment instantly obeyed him, and marched towards the palace of the captain-general. On the steps of the palace Novales stabbed the governor, who advanced towards him, and instantly made proclamation that the yoke of tyranny was now broken, and that he would himself provisionally assume the government. The enterprise, however, terminated fatally for the new regent; his brother, who, as officer on duty, commanded the Castell de St. Jago, retained possession of this fortress, which commanded the chief streets of Manilla, and refused to surrender it to the rebels. This action cost Novales his life; had his brother yielded the fortress, the Philippines would have been lost for ever to Spain; yet even without this surrender, the revolution would have succeeded, if the insurrection could have been in some measure prepared, but it was excited too suddenly by the wounded honour of Novales, and the Indians were unable to join in time. So early as eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Novales had been vanquished, and at four in the afternoon he was shot in the court of the palace with his friend Ruiz. On the following day fifteen subalterns shared the same fate, and all the soldiers of the regiment who had taken part in the insurrection were sent to Cavite to the galleys, where they still remain. The regiment was disbanded.

" Novales, with all his adherents, might have escaped to the provinces, if he had adopted the advice of his friends and secured the horses which

were in the city, but he rejected this proposal, saying, he would not be the leader of a band of robbers. The brother of Novales, who at that time preserved the Philippine Islands to the Spanish crown, is at present a captain in the army, though he was at first accused and brought to trial."

Such is the political state of Manilla. The government still endeavours to prevent foreigners from settling there, and there are many merchants resident in the city, but who have never yet obtained permission to visit the Laguna de Bay. Nay, many an Englishman and North American have come to Manilla in vain; they have even been refused leave to quit the ship and to go on shore.

The Princess Louise left Manilla on the 15th of October to return to China. On the 23d a dreadful typhoon arose, which continued with unabated or rather increasing fury for four nights and three days, during which the voyagers several times gave themselves over for lost. Happily, however, their vessel was sound, and they reached the coast of China on the 10th of November. We refrain from making any extracts relating to China, as a subject respecting which nothing new can be expected from this work. We must mention, however, that our author speaks in the highest terms of the politeness and friendly conduct of the gentlemen of the English factory at Canton.

The only plates in these volumes are a view of the volcano of Maipù, a very well engraved map of Chili and Peru, and a plan of the city of Canton, reduced from a Chinese plan four feet long and two feet and a half high, which was brought to Europe and deposited in the royal library at Berlin. The third and fourth volumes, which have not yet reached England, contain plates and descriptions of the new species of animals and plants collected during the voyage.

ART. II.—*Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo: Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians, Memoirs, and Notes.* By Antonio Panizzi. 9 vols. 8vo. London, 1830—1834.

IN an article devoted to the romance of chivalry, where we might be expected to break away at once from real life and lead our readers among those

> "Forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

it might appear unseemly even to hint at the politics of the pre-

sent day, and jar with their dissonance the ear attuned to romantic melody. But who can think of Italy,—of that land most favoured by nature, of her stately cities, her rivers, plains, and mountains, the abode of the mighty of former days;—of Italy, the mistress of arts and arms, the land which never knew barbarism—who, we say, can think of her and not drop a tear for her present state of degradation? It is not possible to suppress the wish (little likely as we are to behold its accomplishment) that the galling yoke of Austria, which is felt from the Alps to the farthest shore of Sicily, may be broken and flung away, that Italy may be again blessed with the apparition of fair Freedom's holy form, and, grown wise by suffering, the Italians, forgetting their old distinctions of Lombards, Tuscans, Neapolitans, and so forth, may consider themselves one people, the children of one common country.

> "Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
> Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ."

But alas! we feel that these are mere aspirations, little likely to be speedily verified; the power of despotism is still mighty, and true liberty is either making little progress in the world or is tending to the tyranny of democracy. Before the future Heaven has drawn its veil: patience and hope remain for man, and by the cultivation of public and private virtues to prepare himself for the brighter destinies which may be in reserve for him.

It hardly behoved us, however, to make any excuse for adverting to the political condition of Italy, for the subject is frequently forced upon us by the very poems which we are about to notice, whose authors were (what great poet is not?) sincere patriots and true lovers of their national independence. The muse of Bojardo breaks off, never again to resume, in the midst of the romantic tale of Brandiamante and Fiordespina, scared at the sight of the devastations committed by the troops of Charles VIII. of France, the prelude to those wars of foreigners of which Italy, to her misfortune, became the theatre. "Mentre," cries the patriotic bard—

> "Mentre che io canto, o Dio redentore,
> Vedo l'Italia tutta a fiamma e foco,
> Per questi Galli che, con gran valore,
> Vengon per disertar non so che loco:
> Però vi lascio in questo vano amore
> Di Fiordespina ardente a poco a poco;
> Un' altra fiata, se mi fia concesso,
> Racconterovvi il tutto per espresso."

That time, however, never came, but the genius of his more

illustrious continuator has left us without any reason to regret the interruption of his poetic labours.

The present beautiful edition of these poems has been prepared by a gentleman named Panizzi, one of those Italians who have been obliged to fly their country for their political opinions,—a circumstance, by the way, as our readers must be well aware, no ways conclusive in proof of the moral dignity of the exiled patriots' souls. Anytus, we know, was one of the men of the Piræus who delivered Athens from her Thirty Tyrants, and yet Anytus was afterwards one of the accusers of Socrates! To this a case somewhat parallel will presently appear. In his own country, Mr. Panizzi was, as we are assured, utterly unknown as a man of letters; here, through the patronage of the ex-chancellor chiefly, he enjoys the barren honour of being Professor of Italian in the University of London, and the substantial situation of one of the under-librarians of the British Museum. He is also, we understand, engaged for a handsome remuneration to catalogue the library of the Royal Society—two appointments which gave great offence to those narrow-minded persons who think that charity should begin at home, and that deserving Englishmen of letters, who have families to support, and are able to write out the titles of books as well as a foreigner, might have been found without any very anxious search. Be this as it may, Mr. Panizzi, we believe, performs the duties of his office in a most efficient manner, and he is not ungrateful, but seems perfectly content with his lot, for while his 'co-mates and brothers in exile' are sighing after the beautiful country they have lost, not a murmur or a sigh ever escapes *him*.

Mr. Panizzi writes and speaks English with facility, as is proved by the present work, though what motive but vanity could have induced him to employ it in preference to his beautiful mother-tongue we are unable to conceive; for, surely, any one who is curious about the original text of the Orlando Innamorato, must feel rather offended than otherwise at being presented with English notes. This dexterity in writing our language has also tempted Mr. Panizzi to become a reviewer: and here it is that his character appears in a most unpleasant light, and he becomes, as we have just hinted, a kind of literary Anytus. In conversation and in writing he is the incessant, and, we may add virulent, assailant of the literary reputation of his illustrious compatriot, Rossetti, whose Comment on Dante, that extraordinary monument of erudition and sagacity, he would fain make the world believe to be a tissue of ignorance and absurdity. Nay, should any friend of Mr. Panizzi's even hint that he is disposed to regard Rossetti's system as well founded, his own works, if he has pub-

lished any, will be made to feel the wrath of the learned librarian. But we leave the critic and turn to the essayist and annotator.

Mr. Panizzi, having undertaken the praiseworthy task of presenting the public with a new edition of the two great Italian poems of which Orlando is the hero, thought it advisable to prefix an essay on Italian romantic poetry in general. In this essay he develops his ideas respecting the origin and nature of the fictions which we designate Middle Age romance, and we will commence with a few words on some of the subjects which he there discusses.

Chivalry, and its origin and character, naturally lead the way. As this is a subject by no means exhausted, we expected to find here some novelty, but we were disappointed. Mr. Panizzi duteously follows in the train of St. Palaye, of whose work, by the way, he evinces not the slightest knowledge, and expresses no doubt whatever of chivalry, with all its grades, course of education, discipline, &c., having had a real *bonâ fide* existence, and having exerted its softening influences over the minds and characters of our rugged forefathers. Now, of the truth of all this we have long entertained some very serious doubts; and, as this is a true Debateable Land, on which we "burn to encounter some adventurous knight," we here cast down our glove and challenge the defenders of chivalry to the combat. And, lo! a gallant knight, indeed, advances to the charge, and thus he makes his confession of faith in his all-accomplished mistress, the chosen lady of his heart.

"The Romish clergy," says Sir Walter Scott, "who have in all ages possessed the wisdom of serpents, if they sometimes have fallen short of the simplicity of doves, saw the advantage of converting this temporary zeal which animated the warriors of their creed against the invading infidels (in the time of the first Carlovingians) into a permanent union of principles, which should blend the ceremonies of religious worship with the military establishments of the ancient Goths and Germans. The admission of the noble youth to the practice of arms was no longer a mere military ceremony, where the sword or javelin was delivered to him in presence of the prince or elders of his tribe; it became a religious rite, sanctified by the forms of the church, which he was in future to defend. The novice had to watch his arms in a church or chapel, or at least on hallowed ground, the night before he received the honour of knighthood. He was made to assume a white dress, in imitation of the neophytes of the church. Fast and confession were added to vigils, and the purification of the bath was imposed on the military acolyte, in imitation of the initiatory rite of Christianity, and he was attended by godfathers, who became security for his performing his military vows, as sponsors had formerly appeared for him at baptism. In all points of ceremonial the investiture of chivalry was brought to resemble, as nearly as possible, the administration of the sacraments of the church. The

ceremony itself was performed, when circumstances would permit, in a church or cathedral, and the weapons with which the young warrior was invested were previously blessed by the priest. The oath of chivalry bound the knight to defend the rights of the holy church, to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the principles of the Gospel. Nay more, so intimate was the union between chivalry and religion supposed to be, that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the church, and the knight was supposed to resemble the bishop in rank, duties, and privileges. At what period this complete infusion of religious ceremonial into an order purely military first commenced, and when it became complete and perfect, would be a curious but a difficult subject of investigation. Down to the reign of Charlemagne, and somewhat lower, the investiture was of a nature purely civil; but long before the time of the crusades it had assumed the religious character we have described."

Long, therefore, before the time of the crusades, chivalry had, from its embryo state in the forests of Germany, ripened into this luxuriant tree, diffusing its protecting shade over the noble and fair dames, the widow, the orphan, and the oppressed. The sons of every noble and knightly family were, in their twelfth year, transferred from the indulgence of their mother and the paternal home to the mansion of "some baron or noble knight, sedulously chosen by the anxious parent as that which had the best reputation for order and discipline." The PAGE, as he was now called, learned modesty and obedience; he was taught to ride and to use the bow, sword, and lance, his weapons being of course suited to his strength. He also went with his lord to the chase, learned to blow all the notes of *vénerie* on the horn, to kill and cut up the game, to find his way (like a Huron or Catabaw) by the stars or by the moss, or the trees, or the manner in which they cast out their branches. If all failed, he was to go to rest on a couch of the withered leaves, or up in the branches of a tree. At home he waited on his lord at table, and carved the huge joints which were served up before the stalwart knights and nobles of those heroic ages. Meantime the "gentle damosel," had also to give his attendance on those "fair idols" ycleped the ladies, and here he was to demean himself with respect, nay, with adoration. Here too, he, of course, not unfrequently took his first lessons in the art of love.

This blissful period being over, the page becomes an ECUYER or ESQUIRE. He was now my lord's gentleman, own man, valet, or how else we designate it. Totally withdrawn from the service of the ladies, he only saw them "on occasions of stated ceremony." His business was to dress and undress his master, to train his horses, for he was groom also, and to keep his arms and armour in good condition. He did the honours of the house to strangers;

he played at chess, draughts, and other games; he had to enliven the feast by his powers of conversation; he was, if nature had not denied the power, to be skilled in poetry and music; he was —but we remember Imlac's description of what the poet should be, and the prince of Abyssinia's remark thereon.

Having thus got the degrees of A. B. and A. M., our neophyte proceeded to the LL. D., or rather the D. D. of chivalry, and became a KNIGHT after the manner and form aforesaid. On the eve of battle, or after victory, however, the ceremonies of the bath, night-watching, and so forth, were dispensed with, and the degree was conferred, as it were, by *diploma*, and he was now the mate of princes. Here, then, we leave him, and proceed to argue a little with his "honest chroniclers."

Where an institution is thus minutely traced out, (and we have not gone into a tithe of the details,) we naturally expect to find good and sufficient historic vouchers for every assertion. But, on examining St. Palaye's celebrated *Mémoires sur la Chevalerie*, which is the text-book on the subject,—for Sir W. Scott, Mr. Mills, and the rest, have drawn nearly all their materials from it,—we are struck immediately by the total absence of historic references in his notes. If chivalry, in the form above described, was reduced to practice, according to him, in the eleventh century, according to Sir W. Scott long before that time, should we not expect to find abundant allusions to its rites and ceremonies in the writers of those times? How comes it then to pass that there is not a hint of it in Geoffrey of Monmouth? Why did the *veracious* Archbishop Turpin not transfer its usages back to the days of Charlemagne? If, as we are told over and over again, the crusades were an emanation of chivalry, if knights went to the Holy Land to win fame, and thereby gain their ladies' love, is it not passing strange that all the contemporary writers, whose works are to be found in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, and who are profuse enough of anecdotes and little incidents, and most minute in their descriptions, should be so utterly silent in this important subject? Why does Raoul of Caen, the biographer and panegyrist of Tancred, that "mirror of knighthood," rob his hero of the interest which would attach to him if we knew of the ceremonies of his admission into the order, or how he himself admitted others into it, or of the fair dames whom, as "a very parfit gentle knight," he must have loved *par amours*? If chivalry, with its baths, its watching of arms by night in cathedral, church, or hallowed ground, was then existing, it is hardly possible that the copious and minute Fulcher of Chartres, the chaplain and companion of King Baldwin I., would not have left an account of how some gallant esquire, after having watched his arms the

preceding night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, received next day, in the presence of Christian and Moslem, the *accolade* from the royal hand of Baldwin. But all the historians are absolutely dumb on this important subject, and we believe that Tasso was the first who linked together chivalry (the chivalry we now speak of) and the crusades. There is not a word about their previous good education and their vows in the speech of the pope at the council of Clermont, in which he notices the ill conduct of the *preux chevaliers* of that golden age of knighthood. St. Bernard, when contrasting the virtues of the Templars with the vices of the secular knights, intimates no knowledge of each of these last having been placed by his parents when a child in the house of some baron or noble knight, "which had best reputation for good order and discipline." Gaufride Vinisauf, in his minute itinerary of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, sayeth nought of this vaunted chivalry; and, if it was such a sacerdotal kind of business, the knight being a sort of bishop in this church militant of chivalry, how could Lion-heart reconcile it to his conscience, or how could the prelates who were present permit him, to consecrate, as he did, the infidel son of Malek-el-Adel, the brother of Saladin? We fear our best authorities for the chivalry of the third crusade are the Talisman and Mme. Cottin's Malek Adel. Another difficulty which struck us in reading the writers of those times is this: they speak of knights *(milites)* in large numbers, such as 100,000 or so; and where on earth were those houses of "good order and discipline," in which such multitudes could have received their early education? Indeed, to judge by their actions, most of them must have been of a very untowardly disposition originally, or have been brought up very badly.

Of the golden age of chivalry, truth compels us to say that, as the poet sings of an equally ideal golden age, we must cry of this,

> "Vain wish!
> Those days were never; airy dreams
> Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
> Imparting substance to an empty shade,
> Imposed a gay delirium for a truth."

We never can mark out a century, or part of a century, in which the sun of chivalry shone bright and unclouded. In our search after those happy times, we are like the heroes in eastern and nursery tales, who, in quest of some wonderful thing, are sent on, on, on, by every person of whom they make inquiry. The blissful region still recedes as we pursue it; every one tells us it is farther off.

"Ask where's the North?—at York 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

It is, in short, a kind of terrestrial paradise, or *lond of faërie*, no where to be found.

Having shown the slender foundation on which the splendid fabric rests, we will now briefly state our own opinion of the origin of this ideal state of chivalry. Space will not permit us to adduce our strong reasons, and dogmatism were not seemly in such doubtful matters.

We observe, on reading the aforesaid essays on chivalry, that the great, the sole authorities, we may say, are the prose romances of the 14th and 15th centuries, such as *Lancelot du Lac*, and *Perceforest*, and what is nearly the same, the work named *L'Ordre de Chevalerie*. It will be difficult, we apprehend, to point out any earlier work in which chivalry is presented in its full form and lineaments. Our theory then is, that the authors of these and similar romances, most especially he of Perceforest, were the real inventors of chivalry. We cannot assent to St. Palaye and his followers, when they maintain that these writers only describe the manners by which they were surrounded, and are therefore equivalent to historic authorities for the manners of their times, for they expressly assert that they are giving the usages of distant ages, of times, as in the case of Perceforest, one of the characters in which is Alexander the Great, even anterior to the Christian era. The phrase, *a cellui temps*, continually occurs, and it would certainly be very strange if a romance-writer of the present day, who were to lay his story in England some centuries ago, should describe balls and plays exactly as they are now, and tell us that such was the usage of those times in language which would evidently give us to understand that the customs of those times differed from our own; yet such is what these writers must be supposed to have done, if we admit this principle. It is much more consonant to reason to suppose that they idealized what they saw around them, and exalted it to an imaginary point of perfection. The virtues of courtesy, liberality, justice, loyalty, generous devotion to the fair sex, and piety to God, united with valour, though more rarely than we are apt to imagine, must have presented themselves to the view of the romance-writers; and, as we generally love to contemplate virtue, they indulged their fancy in conceiving and portraying a time when these virtues were the ornament of every knight. The religio-military brotherhoods of the Temple and Hospital probably suggested the idea of the parallel between knighthood and the priesthood, and led to the fiction of the cere-

monies attending the dubbing of a knight in those ideal times which they portrayed; and to the tourneys which were so frequently before their eyes, was given, in their fictions, a degree of pomp and ceremonial far exceeding what the reality presented. We have said that it is chiefly in the 14th and 15th centuries that chivalry is to be found, and it is our opinion that the attempts to introduce it, as described in romances, into real life, were made at the courts of England, France, and above all, at the splendid court of the Dukes of Burgundy, of the house of Valois. It was at these courts that the orders of the *Garter*, of the *Etoile*, and of the *Toison d'Or* were instituted. The following passage of the historian of St. Denis, quoted by St. Palaye, is, we think, strongly confirmatory of our opinion. Having occasion to give a minute account of the manner in which Charles VI. of France, in 1389, conferred knighthood on the King of Sicily and the Count of Maine, when he tells how the two princes came to watch their arms, the night before the ceremony, in a habit as modest as it was extraordinary, in compliance with the ancient regulations of chivalry, he adds, "Cela sembla étrange à beaucoup de gens, parce qu'il y en avoit fort peu qui sçussent que c'étoit l'ancien ordre de pareille chevalerie." Now, as this *ancien ordre* is to be found in the romances of that age, and no where else, we think we are warranted in suspecting that it is nothing but the creation of the authors of these romances. Sismondi, who appears to think nearly as we do on the subject, would carry this mode of reducing the fictions of the poets to practice a little higher. Speaking of Philip Augustus, he says,* "He introduced, as far as he could, into his court and kingdom, the chivalrous institutions which he found in this poetic world (the romances); it is thus he gave an historic existence to the twelve peers of King Arthur, knights of the Round Table, or to the twelve peers of Charlemagne, peers of France. At the festival of Pentecost, in the year 1209, he knighted his son Louis, then twenty-two years of age, and, in the plenary court which he held on that occasion, he imitated the splendour of the courts described by the authors of the romances of chivalry." This is strongly confirmatory of what we have advanced above, and the practice probably began with Philip Augustus, who certainly first made the twelve peers of France, and for which his only authorities were the romances. It is curious enough, by the way, that chivalry should be under more obligations to Philip Augustus than to his rival, Richard Cœur de Lion, whom we are in the habit of regarding as the model of a *preux chevalier*. In fine, the truth probably is, that this reduction to practice of the fictions of romances began with

* Histoire des François, vol. vi., p. 310.

the 13th, and was continued through the 14th and 15th centuries; and as it is in the romance of Perceforest (a most delightful one, by the way, it is) that the most ample details of the chivalry of the olden time are to be found, its author may perhaps justly claim to be regarded as its chief inventor. It may surprise some persons that we have said nothing of *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, a great authority with the aforesaid essayists, but we regard it as a mere romance and no true history, and at best it would only be authority for those times when it was attempted to reduce chivalry to practice.

Our remarks on this subject have, we find, run to greater length than we had anticipated; but we deem it necessary for the critic and reader of the Italian romantic poems to have just ideas on chivalry and its origin.

We know no more curious question of criticism than the origin of the two great cycles of romance of the middle ages, viz:—those of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and the Paladins. It is at the same time, we fear, one which we have not the means of ever answering in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and it will probably long afford a field for subtle combinations and ingenious theory. On this point, Mr. Panizzi advances some novel speculations, to some of which we yield our assent, others do not convince us. Thus on the great question, of which was the first, Mr. Panizzi ranges himself on the side of those who assign the priority to the romances of Arthur. He thus expresses himself.—

"If the original destination of poetry were in every nation of the world to celebrate the glorious actions of heroes, one of the provinces of England, possessing one of the most ancient languages extant, would seem to have surpassed all other countries in the application of the art. All the chivalrous fictions since spread over Europe, appear to have had their birth in Wales. Du Caylus and Legrand have pretended, in a manner the most flippant and unfair, that all the romances of Arthur and his court were but imitations of the old French romances concerning Charlemagne. The very reverse is the fact, since the romances treating of this emperor and of his most renowned chiefs may be strongly suspected to be of British extraction. The songs in praise of Arthur belong to a very remote period, and some of them, still in existence, bear indubitable marks of very high antiquity. When the Britons occupied that part of France to which they gave their name, and which was subsequently conquered by the Normans, (who settling there, in turn gave their name to a portion of it), they unquestionably brought with them their traditions and customs. So famous were their lays in France, that the French *trouvères* were accustomed to cite the British originals as vouchers for the birth of their stories; whilst some of them were translated by Marie de France. A glance at these translations will show the lays to be of British origin; and, were this of itself doubtful, the authoress of the translation honestly avows the fact: an avowal which Mr.

Legrand insists on disbelieving. Truly it must appear somewhat singular, that the learned critic pretends to be better acquainted with the origin of these poems than even the person by whom they were written. The practice of translating the lays of Wales into modern languages was adopted by Chaucer himself; and the system of narrating stories or jests was particularly well received in Normandy, where, as is generally the case, the new settlers made the fables of the original inhabitants, or *αυτοχθονες*, their own. In Turpin's book, and in Maugis' romance, mention is made of a count of Nantes, named Oel, as being one of the heroes of Charlemagne; and by the romances of the Round Table we find him father of *Iseulte aux Blanches Mains*, Sir Tristram's wife. We have already seen that it was a Norman who sang the song of Orlando, and in due time we shall have occasion to observe how intimately connected is the name of this hero with Wales and Little Brittany."—*Essay*, p. 34—37.

It is here that we chiefly dissent from this writer. We must confess that we have very strong doubts respecting the Welsh origin of the romantic poetry of the middle ages. It is very unfortunate that the Cymric, like the Celtic, scholars and antiquarians are of such easy faith and so enveloped in prejudice that their translations and their assertions are little to be depended on, and the critic who cannot read Welsh and judge for himself is safer without than with the aid of such fallacious guides. We certainly see no reason to doubt, as some have done, of the existence of Arthur, for he is spoken of by Nennius and others much older than Geoffrey of Monmouth; but we doubt very much if the Round Table and its Knights, the Sangraal and the perilous adventures to which it gave rise, the loves of Tristram and Isotte, of Lancelot and Ginevra, are to be found anterior to the twelfth century, at least in any thing like a developed form. There is a vast deal of obscurity about the British History of the monk of Monmouth. William of Newburgh, we know, early accused him of having forged it; no original was, we believe, ever exhibited; and as to the circumstantial account of the original having been brought out of Brittany and so forth, we own it does not carry to our minds the conviction of demonstration. Let any one read the minute account given by the author of Perceforest of the manner in which he came by that ancient story, and he will see how these matters can be managed. At the same time, we do not accuse Geoffrey of having actually invented his history, but we are disposed to regard it as being a translation somewhat of the same kind with that of the Poems of Ossian the son of Fingal. As for the Breton lays translated by Marie de France, we have read them carefully, and we will add with much pleasure, and the result has been that we are strongly inclined to range ourselves on the side of Ritson, Legrand, and those who view them as originals, and not

translations. We have not now space for going into particulars, but such is the general impression which the perusal of them made upon us. As to the poetess's honest avowal of their Breton origin, we think the following passage from Legrand, given in a note by Mr. Panizzi, quite satisfactory:

"Marie de France dit de traduire elle-même de l'anglais en français . . . . . nos fabliers et nos romanciers surtout emploient (cette expression) très frequemment, quand ils veulent traiter un sujet de la table ronde. Rarement ils le commencent sans annoncer qu'ils l'ont tiré d'une bibliothèque d'Angleterre, ou des archives compilés sous le roi Artus. Pour quiconque connait l'ancienne romancerie, ces formules triviales ne signifient rien : il n'en est point dupé."

The same writer thus gives the commencement of a *fabliau* as old as the *Lais* of Marie de France—

"Bien de gens ne regardent les lays que comme des fables. J'ai cependant mes garans pour toutes les aventures de ceux que j'ai faits. Elles ont été chantées en Bretagne et ailleurs. On en conserve à Carlion les originaux, et c'est dans cette source authentique que je vais puiser encore celle que vous allez entendre."

The fact would appear to be that the great success of the British History gave a sort of dignity and authenticity to the phrase *translated from the British original*, and it was gladly laid hold of by the composers of lays and *fabliaux*; but we fear all the originals spoken of are as ideal as the archives of Carlion. In short, these British bards seem to have been to the *trouvères* of France what Turpin was to the poets now under consideration, and Cid Hamete Benengeli and other Moors to the romance-writers of Spain—a sort of affidavit-men, ready to vouch for any thing. To conclude, Mr. Panizzi's assertion that Chaucer translated from the Welsh is totally erroneous; the tale in question, that of the Frankelein, is taken, as he should have known, apparently from the Decamerone and the lines

> "Thise olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
> Of diverse aventures maden layes,
> Rimeyed in hir firste British tonge:
> Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
> Or elles redden hem for hir plesance;
> And on of hem have I in remembrance
> Which I shal seyn with good wille as I can"—

only prove that the comic bard imitated the old custom; they perhaps also show that he was acquainted with the *Lais* of Marie de France.

We are very far from assenting to the assertion of Caylus and Legrand, that the romances of Arthur and his court are imitations of the old French romances of Charlemagne; but we can as little

concede to Mr. Panizzi that the reverse was the case, and that the romances of the Round Table were the originals. In fact, the two cycles seem to have come together into being; the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth and of the pseudo-Turpin, appeared much about the same time, and, in the reign of Philip Augustus, Tristan de Lionais, Lancelot du Lac, and others, on the one side, were composed, as we are told, by Crestien de Troyes and Rusticien de Pise, and those of Huon de Bordeaux, Les Quatre Filz-Aymon, &c., on the other side, by Huon de Villeneuve and some other poets of that poetic age. They appear to have exercised some influence on each other, lending, as was always the case, names and circumstances, but that was all. There was evidently at that period one of those outpourings of the poetic spirit, which take place from time to time in this world of ours, and which our philosophy, do what it will, can never adequately explain. The simple fact remains; the producing cause is unknown.

The difference between the romances of the Arthurian and Carolian cycles in poetic merit is very remarkable. If we except the beautiful Huon de Bordeaux, which, by the way, appears to have had a German original, those of the latter, such as the Quatre Filz-Aymon, Les Enfances d'Ogier, &c., are in general very dull and uninteresting, all about fighting and scarcely any thing else; whereas those of the Knights of the Round Table are full of the most interesting and romantic adventures. It is of the prose romances, which are said to have been formed from originals in verse in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that we are obliged to speak; but what we say of them must, *à fortiori*, be true of the rhymed originals if there were such. The poets of the two cycles were like two parties of miners, one of which had the good fortune to hit on a richer vein than the other.

Great effects often spring from small causes. Who, in reading the dull "Life of Charles the Great and Roland," which appeared in the eleventh or twelfth century, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, would ever see in it the well-head of the stream, which finally expanded into the noble Lago Maggiore of Italian romantic poetry? Yet such appears to be the case, though even here scepticism might perhaps raise a question or two; for, if we except Pulci, the authors of the Italian poems seem to have derived from it little, save a few proper names, such as Marsilio, Agolante, Ferraù, &c.,—and its influence on the French romances of the Paladins was apparently still less. It will not be needless to state what this history is.

The Life of Charles the Great and Roland, as it is called, relates first, briefly, an expedition of Charlemagne into Spain, in which he made a conquest of the entire country. On his return

to France, an African king named Aigolandus landed in Spain; and speedily recovered all that the Saracens had lost. Charles soon re-entered the peninsula with a large army, headed by himself and by Milo de Angleriis, the father of Roland: a bloody and indecisive battle, in which Milo and 40,000 Christians fell, was fought; after which Charles returned to France, whither he was soon followed by Aigolandus at the head of his army of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Æthiopians, Parthians, Africans, Persians; among whom were to be observed Tarafinus or Texefinus, (Taxfin, *i. e.* Tashfin?) king of the Arabs; Brunabellus (Brunello?) king of Alexandria; Avitus of Bugia, Hospinellus of Algabria (Algarve); Fatinus of Barbary, Maimones (Mamoon) of Mecca, Ebrachim (Ibrahim) of Seville, Altumajor of Corduba, *cum aliis multis.* He came and laid siege to the city of Agen and took it. Charles went disguised as his own ambassador to Agen, and spied out the strength of the place, in which he imitated Alexander, who, according to the romantic history of him in both the East and the West, did the same more than once. He then went and collected an army, and came and besieged the city for six months, at the end of which time the Saracens left it secretly by night, and got away on the other side of the Garonne; Aigolandus went to Saintes (*Santones*), whither Charles followed him. A battle was fought in the meads between the castle of Taleburg and the city of Charante (*Carantem*), after which the Saracens retired into Saintes, which they left also in the night and returned to Spain.

Charles now appeared a second time in Spain at the head of a great army, of which we must name the principal leaders. These were *Turpin*,* archbishop of Rheims, who, as he tells us himself, absolved the Christians and slaughtered the Saracens; *Roland* count of Mans (*Cenamonensis*) and lord of Blaye (*Blavii*); *Oliverius* count of Cevennes or Geneva (*Gebenensis*); *Estulfus* of Langres (*Lingonensis*), son of count Odo; Arastagnus king of the Bretons; Englerius duke of Aquitaine; *Salamon*, the comrade of Estulfus; Baldwin, the uterine brother of Roland; Aldebode king of Friesland; Arnald of Berland; *Naman* duke of Bavaria; *Ogerius* duke of Denmark (*Dacia*), Oel count of Nantes; Constantine, the Roman prefect; *Rainaldus* de Albo Spino; *Ivonus; Samson* duke of Burgundy; *Ganalon*, who afterwards proved a traitor, &c., &c. After a vain attempt at converting Aigolandus, a battle is fought and he is slain. A most formidable personage now appears on the scene. Ferracutus, a giant of the race of Goliath, was come from the coast of Syria, with 20,000 Turks, sent by the Admi-

* We put in Italics the principal names to be found in the Italian poems.

raldus of Babylon to make war on king Charles. He was now at the city of Nagera, whither Charles led his army. Ferracutus came forth and demanded a single combat. Ogier the Dane (*Dacus*) was sent first, and the giant gently (*suaviter*) went up to him, and putting his arm lovingly about him, carried him into the city. Rainaldus de Albo Spino (*Rinaldo*) was treated in the same way by him. He carried off Constantine and Oliver together. At last Roland engaged him: they fought all day; at night they made a truce; next day they fought again; the giant grew drowsy and asked a truce to take a sleep. It was courteously granted, and, on his waking, Roland explained to him the mysteries of the Christian faith. In the conversation, the silly giant lets out that he is only vulnerable in the navel, and when they return to the fight Roland uses his knowledge and kills him. All Spain is again reduced, and the book ends with the treason of Ganalon, the defeat at Roncesvalles, the death of Roland, the punishment of the traitor, and finally the death of the emperor himself.

The reader versed in Italian romance will easily see how little the Italian poets were indebted to the archbishop of Rheims. Were it not for the names, as we have already hinted, one might almost doubt if Bojardo and Ariosto had ever read his work. If they did, it must have been in MS., for it was not printed till 1574, long after their great poems had appeared; yet Bojardo at least would seem to have taken several names direct from it. May it not have been these lines of Dante that first led the Florentine, Pulci, to seek in it the battle of Roncesvalles?

> "Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
> Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,
> Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando."

Dante, it is highly probable from this, was acquainted with Turpin's book.

We have already expressed our doubts of Geoffrey of Monmouth's work being a mere translation, and there can be no doubt that the Life of Charles and Roland was a forgery; but it does not follow that either of them was the pure invention of its author. We have very good authority to prove that there were popular ballads of both Arthur and Charlemagne in being long before either of these works was written, and these of a sufficiently romantic character to appear to the soberer sort somewhat incredible. Thus Sigibert, a writer of the eleventh century, says, under the year 470, *Mortuo igitur Uthrapendragon Rege, sublimatus est in regno filius ejus Arturus, cujus mirabiles actus etiam linguæ personant populorum, licet plura esse fabulosa videantur.* He here evidently means popular tales and ballads. That Charlemagne was the hero of song and lay, also, cannot well be disputed, though we agree with Mr. Michel

in thinking that it was a song of Rollo, and not of Roland, which Taillefer chanted to inspirit the Norman warriors, at the battle of Hastings. In these ballads, then, we view the germs of the two great cycles of romance which amused the leisure of our forefathers. May not something of the same kind have occurred in the case of the war of Troy? and may not the Homiric poems contain little more than the fictions of older bards, orginally set forth in short lays and ballads?

One of the most novel portions of Mr. Panizzi's essay is, his inquiry respecting the Charles of romance and his principal Paladins.

"If ever," says he, "there was a sovereign who, to a bold character united a strong and determined will, it was certainly Charlemagne; and these qualities, which are apparent in all his actions, are attributed to him by all historians. In the romances, on the contrary, he appears a foolish, treacherous prince, easily imposed on, and who, sensible of his own want of energy, suspects every one who dares to act manfully. He submits with the greatest *bonhommie* to Gano, who has repeatedly betrayed him, but who regains his favour by cringing and flattery. He is not a dastard in battle, for the fame of his valour sounds too loudly to be denied; but in his house, and among his family, he acts like a coward. Now this character is remarkably well suited to every Charles who succeeded him. Distinguished, one and all, by the weakness and imbecility of their conduct, the praises of the monks were lavished upon them in proportion to their worthlessness."

We have here Mr. Panizzi's theory respecting the Charles of romance: the language certainly appears to us rather too strong; for the Charles of Bojardo and Ariosto is, to our apprehension, very far from being a contemptible personage. In French romance, as in Huon de Bordeaux, Le Quatre Filz-Aymon, and Ogier le Dannoys, he undoubtedly makes a much less dignified appearance than in the Italian epics; and, perhaps, this may give some foundation for Mr. Panizzi's hypothesis, which is, that all the Charleses of the Carlovingian line, that is, Charles Martel, the Great, the Bald, the Fat, and the Simple, and the events of their reigns, have, in popular tradition and the lays of minstrels, been mingled and fused together, and the product has been the Charles of romance, who is, therefore, great and little, strong and weak, victorious and vanquished. Hence he defeats, with great slaughter, the Saracens, who had invaded France—for so did Charles Martel; but his capital, Paris, is besieged by the Saracens, and it was in reality besieged in the reign of Charles the Bald by the Northmen, who, as Mr. Panizzi shows very satisfactorily, were frequently confounded with the Saracens. In like

manner, Mr. Panizzi finds the name of Ganalon in a bishop named Wenilo, who acted the part of a traitor to Charles the Bald; and, as Lupus, Duke of Gascony, was concerned in the treacherous attack at Roncesvalles, he supposes that this arch-traitor of romance was formed, like Charlemagne, by composition. It is remarkable enough that, as it appears from a document of the time of Charles the Bald, Lupus actually was hanged for his treachery by Charlemagne; and Gano, who, in Turpin, is torn to pieces by horses, is hanged in the Morgante Maggiore. Why Pulci thus chose to depart from his original, we cannot tell, neither can we, perhaps, impute to him a knowledge of the real circumstances of the case. In all probability, it is only an accidental coincidence, such as has lately been pointed out in the case of Macpherson, who, in his tale of Carthon, when he departs from his Irish original, happens to agree with its Persian parallel, of which he could not possibly have known anything. Why the romance-writers make Gano duke of Maganza, Mayence, or Mentz, a place so far away from Gascony, is a question into which Mr. Panizzi does not enter, but it is one, we think, not undeserving of examination.

Our author institutes an inquiry as to who the three celebrated Paladins, Roland, Renaud, and Ogier, really were. In the work just alluded to, there is also some speculation on these matters. We will therefore set before our readers the result of the labours of both writers. Our first subject shall be the warrior of Denmark.

Mr. Panizzi shows very plainly that, in the time of Charlemagne, a French lord, named Oggerus, retired from the court of the emperor, and sought refuge with Desiderius, or Didier, King of Lombardy; and, in the prose romance of Ogier le Dannoys, the same thing is told of the hero, who is, therefore, to a certain extent, a real historic personage. But then the question comes, why he was called the Dane (*Dannoys*), an appellation which he must early have had, for Turpin, as we have seen, styles him Duke of Denmark (*Daciæ*). Mr. Panizzi says that, some said it was because he was a native of that country; others, because he conquered it; others, that he had been a Saracen, and, on his conversion, his former friends wrote to him, saying, *Tu es damné*, and, to prove his sincerity, he insisted on being called Ogier Damné at his baptism. The other writer adopts the first opinion, and endeavours to explain it, and his theory certainly is novel if not convincing. In the songs of the poetic Edda of Scandinavia he finds a hero named Helgi Hundingsbana, between whom and the Ogier of the prose romance he observes so many points of re-

semblance as to make it extremely probable that the two heroes are one and the same individual. He thus concludes his examination of the two stories.*

"Here, then, we have parallels to all the circumstances of the Eddaic poems mentioned above. The Norns (*Fates*) are at the birth of Helgi, the Fays at that of Ogier; Sigrun was a Valkyria, Morgue, a Fay; Helgi was honoured by Odin, Ogier, by Arthur; Helgi returned to this world, Ogier did the same. To this we may add, that Helgi came from Valhall on horseback, attended by a train of warriors; and that Ogier came through the air from Faërie, on the steed Papillon (*butterfly*), accompanied by Benoist. There are martial exercises in Valhall; and Ogier has to take the field in Avallon against Capalus; and finally, the Fay-ladins of Avallon are not unlike the Valkyrias of Valhall."

The conclusion at which this writer arrives is, that the Normans brought with them to France the legends of their mythic hero, Helgi, and that, to please them, he was incorporated in the Carolian cycle of romance, a matter the more easy to do since there was, as we have seen, a real person of nearly the same name. That Helgi might become Ogier is apparent to any one skilled in etymology. Oberon, it is well known, is the German Elberich. Ogier himself is called, by the Spaniards, Urgel.

The writer just quoted seems disposed to extend his northern theory to Roland also. Mr. Panizzi, who, as we have already hinted, gives most absurdly into Welsh and Breton systems, appears to regard Roland as a Breton chieftain. Having noticed that Eginhart, in his life of Charlemagne, calls Roland (Rutlondus), who was slain at Roncesvalles, *warden of the British march*, and quoted, from D'Anville, the following passage:—

"Upper Brittany . . . . . was a frontier country, opposite to the land of the Britons, and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, and Count of Angers, commanded there"—he proceeds:

"The Britons paid a kind of tribute to the Franks, but seem to have governed themselves after their own fashion, and obeyed their own chiefs. They also appear to have kept aloof from their neighbours, on whom they made frequent inroads during the reign of Charlemagne. Orlando was Marquess of Brava, a title which, in the olden time, signified warden of a border, or governor of a frontier country; and Angers is situated near the borders of Brittany. In the same territory there is 'Le Lion d'Angers,' a very chivalrous sound, as well as four or five small places called *Brain*, or *Braye*, from which, perhaps, *Brava*. The Britons being tributory to Charlemagne, Roland may possibly have been one of their chieftains faithfully attached to him, and whom he may have entrusted with the government of that part of the country with which he (Orlando) was best acquainted, and where he had most adherents; a course which

* Keightley's "Tales and Popular Fictions, their resemblance and transmission from country to country," p. 287.

was often pursued. *Roland*, or *Rouland*, is proved to be a Welsh name, signifying *rolling* or *overwhelming floods*, and one *Roouland* was no less a person than the father of Sir Tristram. The Britons, faithful to their country, named some of their new places of abode in France after other places and persons originally British. Hence there is a *Bangor* in the island of *Belle Ile*, and an islet in the bay of Douarnenez is called *Ile de Tristan*, both on the coast of Brittany. Nor was Roouland forgotten, since, on the north-eastern coast of Brittany, between St. Brieuc and the mouth of the Trieu, there is a small place called ROHOULAND."—pp. 103—105.

We have already expressed our want of faith in these Welsh origins: we must further observe that the supposition of Armorica, or Brittany, having been colonized from this country, after the same manner that New England, for example, was, is an extremely erroneous one. Armorica had always a Celtic population of its own, and the most we are justified in asserting is, that a portion of the vanquished Celts of the West of Britain were received among their Armorican brethren: but it is not very likely that they could have exerted much influence in any way over the country. As to the argument from the similar names of places, we hold it to be nought. There is a Bangor, for instance, in Ireland, as well as in Wales and Brittany; the name is, probably, significant, and suits the natural characters of different places. The *Ile de Tristan*, probably, was named after the romances of the Round Table got into vogue, just like the *Brèche de Roland*, in the Pyrenees, and so many other places. We think Mr. Panizzi altogether mistaken in the origin of the *Brava* of the Italian poets, which he hints at. Turpin says he was Count of Blaye (*Comes Blavii*); and, when we recollect that *l* and *r* are commutable letters, the real origin of *Brava* is apparent.

A different course is taken in the work to which we have already adverted. Having shown that there was a real person named Rotlandus, or Rutlandus, in the time of Charlemagne, the author observes that, the celebrated Hrolf, or Rollo, to whom Charles the Bald ceded Neustria, was the son of Rognavald, Yarl of the Orkneys; and that from Rognavald was formed Ronald, a name still in use in the Hebrides. He thinks that Roland may have been formed from it as well as Ronald; that ballads have been made in praise of him and his son; and that the casual resemblance between his name and that of one of Charles's nobles has been the cause of the latter's having attained to such celebrity in the lays of the Trouvères who resorted to the courts of the Norman monarchs.

It is a common failing of limited minds to infer imitation where they see resemblance; and, from this defect, as the following passage proves, our author is not free.

"The question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek has been much agitated. Pelli and some minor writers have eagerly contended that Dante was well acquainted with Greek, and Dionisi has gone so far as to assert that he taught it. Maffei, Tiraboschi, and, last not least, Foscolo, have denied this. To quote, as has been done, a pretended sonnet from Dante to Bosone Raffaelli in the affirmative, implies such a poor opinion of the reader's taste as to be unworthy of notice. It is true that Dante pronounced the words *Letè*, *tragedìa*, &c., very properly; it is true that he praises Homer, it is true that he knew the derivation of *Flegetonte*, yet his knowledge of the pronunciation and meaning of a few Greek words does not imply that he knew Greek thoroughly. He may even have been acquainted with a translation of Homer, for a version of the Odyssey, at least, was executed before that of Leonzio, procured by Boccaccio and Petrarca. In his poem he does not admit that any one went to hell or paradise, and returned, but Æneas, St. Paul, and himself, (the knight who performed the journey by order of Charles Martel is out of the question,) and consequently he excludes Ulysses. In the 28th canto of the *Inferno* he relates the travels of this gentleman, not according to the Odyssey but according to the account of Pliny and Solinus. There is, however, an argument drawn from Homer's Iliad on the one hand, and from Dante's Purgatory on the other, which has never been taken into consideration, and which, yet, almost induces a belief that on one occasion at least Dante knew the Iliad and imitated it. Still the question will be, whether the Iliad was translated before Dante's time or not.

"Any one conversant with Homer will remember that fanciful and highly poetical passage of the Iliad, where the Scamander addresses itself to the Simois, threatening to drown Achilles with its waters and bury him beneath its sands. According to Dante, Buonconte da Montefeltro, who was killed at the battle of Campaldino, but whose body was never found, was treated by the Archiano and Arno exactly in the way that the Scamander and Simois would have treated Achilles. The rivers Archiano and Arno were moved not by themselves but a devil, who was incensed by an agent's carrying away Buonconte's soul, on the possession of which he had relied. As he could not get the soul, he was resolved to do his best with the body. How far this may tend to elucidate the question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek, it is not here the place to determine. Certain it is, that the coincidence has not the air of being fortuitous, especially if we consider the admirable art with which Dante always imitates but seldom or never copies; whence arises the difficulty of discovering the similarity between a passage in his poem and any of the writers with whom he vies."—*Essay*, p. 153—155.

"Parturiunt montes—nascitur ridiculus mus!"

If Mr. Panizzi, who boasts such a familiarity with Dante, had looked a little closer, he would have seen that the poor Arno was quite passive in the business, and his whole attempt at convicting Dante of plagiarism fails. The *naïveté* with which he speaks of

the difficulty of catching Dante in the fact is somewhat amusing; for, the truth is, Dante imitates only Virgil and the Bible, and these he copies; he takes legends, &c. from Ovid and others, but it is not easy to trace an imitation of them. Though Mr. Panizzi speaks thus familiarly of Homer and Greek, we doubt if he has any great familiarity with this language. If he had, he surely would not give *φιλος-stratus* "love-conquered," as the meaning of *Filostrato;* and, if acquainted with Greek literature, he would have seen that the original of Pulci's Margutte, which puzzles him so much, is probably the Margites of Homer. Mr. Panizzi has no right to complain of his defects being pointed out; no one is more ready than himself to *show up* others: thus poor Mr. Rodd could not mistranslate a passage of Turpin, without Mr. Panizzi going out of his way to expose him. Yet, as the following passage will prove, the critic himself dwells in a glass house. "The great Paladin, Orlando, weeps over the fate of France, and of Charlemagne, and of Christianity; which, like all other human things, he supposes one day will fall." In a note he gives the passage of Pulci to which he alludes:

> "Tutte cose mortal vanno ad un segno;
> Mentre l'una sormonta e l'altra cade;
> Così fia forse di cristianitade."—
>
> *Morg. Mag.* xxxvi. 41.

and adds, "the *Courier Français* has lately been tried in France and acquitted, for having supposed exactly the same thing." Now we think differently. What the *Courier* and Mr. Panizzi mean is plain enough, but we wager, and we appeal to any one acquainted with the Italian language and of sound judgment, that it was *Christendom* and not *Christianity* that was in the mind of the pious Paladin.

Enough of finding fault: we haste to a more pleasing task—that of viewing Mr. Panizzi as the zealous and not unsuccessful vindicator of the fame of a poet too long neglected. We must previously mention that the Essay contains a very good analysis of the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, the *Morgante* of Pulci, and the *Mambriano* of Bello, commonly called Il Cieco di Ferrara.

Never, we believe, has poet been worse treated by posterity than Matteo Maria Bojardo, the author of the Orlando Innamorato. In fact, the prevailing opinion seems to have long been that he was no poet at all, but how stands the real case? Simply, that he was the most graceful, tender, and elegant poet (Poliziano excepted) that Italy produced from the time of Petrarca to that of Ariosto. These qualities, certainly, do not appear to any great

extent in his great poem, but that is perhaps not difficult to account for. The

" Plus sentimento facilis quam carmine dives"

of Merlinus Coccejus is true of him in the Innamorato, but in the year 1499 a volume appeared at Reggio, intituled, *Sonetti e Canzoni del Poeta Clarissimo Matthe Maria Boiardo Cōte di Scandiano*, which affords indubitable proof of the truth of what we have stated. As justice is sure to be done to every one, sooner or later, Venturi published at Modena, in 1820, fifty-four out of about a hundred and eighty lyrical pieces contained in the original edition, and here people to their surprise discovered that Bojardo had the qualities which we have assigned to him above. Mr. Panizzi has, we believe, some idea of reprinting all his lyrical poetry in this country, and we hope he will not change his mind, but give to a British press the full merit of having vindicated the fame of a poet whose name will not soon be forgotten.

We will set before our readers, to enable them to judge for themselves, two of Bojardo's sonnets, which Mr. Panizzi gives, with several others, from Venturi. They are not, perhaps, those which we might be disposed to select as the very best, were we free to act; but we happen to be favoured with translations of these two from the elegant pen of a highly accomplished young lady, and gallantry prohibits our choice of any others. The following was written on the occasion of the lady whom he loved presenting him with a purse wrought by her own fair hands:—

" Grazioso mio dono, e caro pegno,
Che sei da quella man gentile ordito,
Qual sola può sanar quel che ha ferito,
E alla errante mia vita dar sostegno;

" Dono amoroso, sopra gli altri degno,
Distinto in tante parti e colorito,
Perchè non è con teco il spirito unito,
Che già ti fabbricò con tanto ingegno?

" Perchè non è la man leggiadra teco?
Perchè teco non sono or quei desiri
Che sì te han fatto di beltade adorno?

" Sempre nella mia vita sarai meco,
Avrai sempre da me mille sospiri,
Mille baci la notte, e mille il giorno."

" Beautiful gift, and dearest pledge of love,
Woven by that fair hand, whose gentle aid,
Alone can heal the wound itself hath made,
And to my wandering life a sure guide prove!

" O dearest gift, all others far above,
Curiously wrought in many-coloured shade.
Ah! why with thee has not the spirit stayed,
That with such tasteful skill to form thee strove?

" Why have I not that lovely hand with thee?
Why have I not with thee each fond desire
That did such passing beauty to thee give?

" Through life thou ever shalt remain with me,
A thousand tender sighs thou shalt inspire,
A thousand kisses day and night receive."

" Perhaps," says Mr. Panizzi, " never were the sentiments which such a present was likely to awaken, more truly and warmly expressed than in this sonnet."

The following was written when parting with his mistress for some time:—

" Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire
Per la crudel partita, come suole
Da sera o da mattino avvanti il Sole
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.

" Vidi il color di rose rivenire
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,
E vidi (e quel veder mi giova e duole)
Cristallo e perle da quegli occhi uscire.

" Dolci parole e dolce lacrimare,
Che dolcemente m'addolcite il core,
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare;

" Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore,
Tanto suave che nel rammentare
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolore."

" I saw that lovely cheek grow wan and pale
At our sad parting, as at times a cloud,
Stealing the morn or evening Sun to shroud,
Casts o'er his glorious light an envious veil.

" I saw the rose's orient colour fail,
Yielding to lilies wan its empire proud,
And saw, with joy elate, by sorrow bowed,
How from those eyes the pearls and crystal fell.

" O precious words! and, O sweet tears! that steep
In pleasing sadness my devoted heart,
And make it with its very bliss to weep.

" Love with you weeping sighed, and did impart
Such sweetness to you, that my sorrow deep
To memory comes devoid of sorrow's dart."

We will make one more extract, of which we will offer no translation. It must convince every one that Bojardo was possessed of beauty of imagination and melody of verse, and that the celebrated Quadrio is not far astray when he calls his lyrical pieces "un modello di delicatezza e di grazia." It occurs in a *Canzone*, in which in a series of comparisons he describes the beauty of his mistress.

"Come in la notte liquida e serena
Vien la stella d'Amore innante il giorno
Di raggi d'oro e di splendor sì piena,
Che l'orizzonte è di sua luce adorno;
Ed ella a tergo mena
L'altre stelle minore
Che a lei d'intorno intorno
Cedon parte del cielo e fangli onore;
Indi rorando splendido liquore
Da l'umida sua chioma, onde si bagna
La verde erbetta e il colorito fiore,
Fa rugiadosa tutta la campagna;
Così costei de l'altre il pregio acquista
Perchè Amor l'accompagna
E fa sparir ogni altra bella vista."

The bard of Scandiano also wrote Italian eclogues, in which he employed the *verso sdrucciolo* before Sannazaro, who is generally supposed to have been the first who used it in entire poems. He has, moreover, left Latin eclogues, which Tiraboschi justly styles "molto eleganti." He translated Herodotus's History, the Cyropædia of Xenophon, and Apuleius's Golden Ass. Altogether, we may see, that his literary merits are not few, and that he deserves a higher station than has yet been allotted to him on the Italian Parnassus.

Bojardo's lyrical poetry being so soft and mellifluous as the preceding extracts show it to be, whence comes it, it may be asked, that the versification of his great poem is so rugged and negligent? The truth of this charge we are not disposed to admit to the full extent, but we will not now argue the case. At all events, we believe the familiarity and negligence of the verse of the Innamorato to have been matter of choice. The *Regina Ancroja*, the *Buovo d'Antona*, the *Spagna*, and the other romantic poems which were written before his time, are all in a low, vulgar, and familiar style; and Bojardo, probably, like Pulci, deemed that poems of this kind, which were designed for recitation rather than for the study, should not aim at epic pomp and dignity. That the Innamorato was recited, Mr. Panizzi has

made very probable; indeed, we think it is proved sufficiently by the opening lines:—

> " Signori e Cavalier, che v' adunate
> Per odir cose dilettose e nuove,
> State attenti, quieti, ed ascoltate
> La bella istoria che il mio canto muove."

None but a mind of high poetic power could have conceived the plan of the Orlando Innamorato. The romances of the Round Table, as we have observed above, are very far superior to those of the Paladins. Bojardo saw in what their superiority lay; he, at the same time, knew that Charlemagne and his peerage had an interest for Italian minds, of which Arthur and his knights could hardly hope to possess themselves. He, therefore, boldly conceived the design of giving to the former what he knew to be the great charm of the latter, namely, Love; and he had even the hardihood to subject to this passion Orlando, who had been hitherto regarded as almost a saint, knowing that *his* love would excite an interest far beyond that of any inferior personage. How well he succeeded needs not to be told: the riches of invention which he has so lavishly poured forth in his poem are hardly to be equalled; and, had he lived to bring it to a conclusion, the Muse of Ariosto must have sought some other theme, and she might possibly not have mounted to such a height of glory. Far, very far, however, be from us the desire to disparage Ariosto, one of the most delightful poets that ever existed; all we mean to say is, that in luxuriance of invention we apprehend he was inferior to Bojardo, and we doubt if he could of himself have formed so noble and extensive a plan as that which he took up and so admirably continued. Perhaps, where grace and elegance are given in so high a degree as they were to Ariosto, nature is more frugal of the faculty of invention.

The splendour of Ariosto's versification made the negligent lines of Bojardo, abounding as they did in Lombardisms, appear to tremendous disadvantage. In those days the Italians had learned to regard the style as every thing in a literary work: if

> " the style was excellent,
> The verse they humbly took upon consent."

Even Lucretius was thought lightly of because he had not all the polish of Virgil and Horace. Poor Bojardo was, therefore, to gratify " ears polite," *re-made* by the celebrated Francesco Berni, and by another person named Dominichi, and the effect has been, that the original poem has not been printed since the year 1544, and that the belief has been transmitted from critic to

critic that it is not readable. Mr. Panizzi has thought differently, and so do we; and he has, with immense labour, formed, by a collation of seven different editions, as pure a text of the poem as the strict laws of criticism permitted.* We must let him speak for himself on this subject.

"I admit," says he, "the elegance of many parts of the *rifacimento*, but I contend that, if we may tolerate in an original poem a want of correctness, we have a right to be more rigorous when we are to judge of a work which has no claim to invention. The indiscriminate praises lavished upon Berni's work have rendered people afraid of examining it with an unbiassed and critical eye; whilst the outcry against Bojardo's incorrect and unpolished diction and versification, has created a kind of traditional belief that the lines of this great poet are not worth reading. I am proud of being the first to offer the original *Orlando Innamorato* in a legible form to the lovers of Italian literature, and I shall leave the question of its merits in comparison with Berni's *rifacimento* to all candid and competent judges, who will often be compelled to admit that the lines of the old bard are superior to those of the author upon whom the splendid reputation of having rendered the perusal of the poem tolerable has been conferred. Even readers who are prejudiced against or unacquainted with Bojardo will confess that it is unjust to bestow the encomiums due to this great poet on a writer whose name is now prefixed to a work of which he did not invent any portion. I have felt indignant at the title-pages of the *Orlando Innamorato* by Berni omitting the name of him by whom the poem was composed. Without Berni, the *Orlando Innamorato* will be read and enjoyed; without Bojardo, not even the name of the poem remains."

That the verse of the Tuscan Berni is more polished than that of the Lombard Bojardo we readily concede; but surely this is not a reason for depriving the latter of his fame. Southey somewhere complains of the tendency to the ludicrous of the Italian romantic poets: now one of the merits of Bojardo is that he is more free from this tendency than any other of them, and that almost every thing of the kind in the *re-made* poem is the property of Berni. We must confess that it was with surprise, as well as pleasure, we discovered this when we read the original poem for the first time in the present edition; and to us, the genuine verses of Bojardo, with all their negligence and all their ruggedness, but at the same time, with all their sweetness, (of which Berni was not capable), are far more pleasing than the Tuscan strains which have occupied their place. Dryden, a loftier poet than Berni, has modernized the Knight's Tale, of Chaucer; nothing can be finer, nothing more harmonious or more spirited than the lines of

* Mr. Panizzi, we believe, had to transcribe the whole poem, so extremely incorrect were all the editions.

this mighty master of rhyme: yet what person of true taste and poetic feeling would not rather read the ruder strains of the original poet! If the Faërie Queen were re-made, we are certain it would find a very limited number of readers; and now that the genuine Orlando Innamorato is placed before us, we expect that in future it will be read by the genuine lovers of poetry in preference to the *rifacimento*, with which ordinary readers may continue to content themselves.

The present edition of the entire poem (for the Innamorato and the Furioso are but one poem), will, we trust, ere long take its place in every Italian library in this country. It has every thing to recommend it—a most correct text, many valuable notes and disquisitions, beautiful print and paper. To any library it will be an ornament,—no Italian library can be complete without it.

ART. III.—1. *Résumé préliminaire de l'ouvrage ayant pour titre, Théorie des Volcans*, par Le Compte A. De Bylandt Palstercamp. Seconde édition. Paris. 1834.

2. *Description des Terrains Volcaniques de la France centrale.* Par M. Amédée Burat. Avec dix planches. Paris. 1833.

WHEN we see a work written professedly for our benefit, we feel a sort of delicacy in expressing our opinion of its merits or demerits. Should we find fault, we must appear to be extremely ungrateful to one who gives us so much of his time and thoughts solely for our good; and, should we altogether praise it, it seems as if we suffered our self-love to run away with our justice. The first work which now comes under our notice is the second edition of a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages; and perhaps, as a mere "avant-propos" or "aperçu" of a larger work, ought merely to be announced to the public. However, as this avant-propos (which we are very much inclined to translate *feeler*) lays before us the plan of three projected volumes, opens to us the motives and labours of the author, and sums up his new theory, we feel bound to remark on it at some length.

In the first place, the Count expresses his conviction of the obligation under which we all lie to benefit our fellow-creatures, and gives us reason to suppose, that, having run about the world for thirty years, first to amuse himself and enlarge his ideas, he has at length arrived at the maturity of wisdom and love, and now offers us the results of his experience from pure philanthropy. He sets all criticism at defiance by professing a perfect indifference towards it; he declares that he has not one spark of

vanity, and leaves literary glory to the learned. He candidly informs us, that, after having classed volcanic eruptions into eight distinct parts, and entered explicitly into every minute detail concerning them, we ought to be very much obliged to him; and he flatters himself that his birth and rank in the world will protect him from the suspicion that he has any other motive than that of being useful to his fellow-men.

Having faithfully followed the prescription given by Circe to Ulysses, when he left Ithaca, in order to be initiated into the sacred mysteries, (and a copy of which will not, we believe, be necessary to our readers) the Count believes that his writings are destined to make truth triumph over error; but he is by no means sanguine that this triumph will be accorded immediately, because every man who opens a new career in science is rejected at first, and perhaps, like Huygens, Kepler, Descartes, Newton (especially), and Galileo, years may elapse before justice will be done him; no matter, received or not received, the Count has done his duty "et cela lui suffit."

We are not however of the volcanic traveller's opinion; for although, in former ages, when just emerging, as it were, from the chaos of science and literature, a sublime truth had to work its establishment through long years of doubt and discredit—although men who made discoveries which have rendered them immortal were imprisoned as madmen (witness Salomon de Cans, in the time of Cardinal Richelieu, who discovered the power of steam)—yet we think that now we are even too ready to adopt new theories and speculations, too apt to be sanguine in our expectations of their success, and that in no science whatever do we find new systems and new principles so eagerly adopted as in Geology. It would be well for us, and rid us of a multitude of incumbrances, did every one follow the advice we heard given by the greatest geologist in the world to an ardent young traveller just about to explore unknown regions: "Report facts exactly as you see them, and do not send us any theories or speculations of your own."

Now let us follow our amiable author in his travels. Having shaken off the dust of the schools, places which Nature hates, because she has been so ill-treated in them, the Count starts to interrogate this Nature, as a son does a cherished mother, or as the Neophytes interrogated Plato or Pythagoras. He finds her always good, amiable, and graceful, even in the midst of her troubles, and unceasingly occupied in repairing the damages she cannot avoid; or in other words, we suppose, like a good housewife, darning her stockings. He follows her from the summits of mountains into the entrails of the earth, and approaches her im-

mense laboratory, in the hope that some spark from this formidable furnace would set light to his feeble torch, and dissipate the thick darkness into which he had been plunged by the study of scientific books. As a reward for his constancy, Nature accompanies him to Mexico, and thence to Asia Minor, without ever being tired of teaching his young ideas how to shoot, and he comprehends her as well as his ideas will let him. He then sums up the powers of nature and life, and in this instance condescends to follow the established opinions of some of our greatest philosophers, though we strongly suspect that he has never read the sublime article headed Nature, written by the Baron Cuvier for the "Dictionnaire des Sciences naturelles." But surely Count de Bylandt advances too much, when he states, that till now (we presume he means his own labours) the volcanic part of Geology has been entirely narrowed within the limits of the substances which compose it; the works of Baron von Humboldt, M. Von Buch, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Murchison, &c., are ample refutations on this head; and indeed to the former the Count allows some merit, and takes him as a guide to the gulf of Mexico, and M. de Saussure to the Alps—always, be it understood, in the quality of ushers to Nature. It would, however, appear, that he soon starts without a guide at all, for he says, that he traced his own route, and determined, as in fact every one ought, to see, to compare, to analyse, and to bring everything to a common centre, before he reasoned upon what he saw. It is thus that he believed himself able to trace a geometrical plan of the interior of the volcanic part of the earth, which geometrical reduction of phenomena occupied him during the last twelve years of his researches. The Count then applied to preceding writers to see what they thought of the same phenomena, or if they knew anything of them; if they agreed with the facts as he apprehended them, he strengthened his judgment with their arguments, but if not, he rejected and combated their positions, *i. e.* he was determined to have his own way in spite of them.

At length, we flattered ourselves we were fairly started in the route of our traveller's operations: he walks on, with the rules of physics and chymistry before him, he challenges the impartial reader to judge if he has demonstrated the figure which nature presented to him, and, in order to go from little to great, and from known to unknown, he begins by the examination of cold mountains (montagnes froides.) He attributes the elevation of mountains to four causes, which are sometimes isolated and sometimes united. The first is, the eruption of central fire, ignited at the first period of the development of matter,—secondly, to the sinking down of the mineral crust, after it had been extended

to the utmost point of elasticity, by the central fire in all its power—thirdly to the falling down of a part of the layers in deep caverns, produced by a vertical pressure of water, and which explains the frequent obliquity of strata, sometimes even in a contradictory sense to the rest of the mountain—and fourthly, to the heaving up of the outer crust by interior pressure, directed towards the extremity of those rays of the globe where the diminution of the force of the central fire had left it only the power of lifting up the points which oppose the least resistance. To the last the Count attributes the vertical direction of rocks and strata, which may be remarked in several mountains —here, he adds, " mon ouvrage developpera mes idées," and we hope it will.

Would not any one have supposed that we had now become involved in the maze of reasoning, so elaborately set before us by Count de Bylandt, and will not our readers be as surprised as ourselves on being obliged to return to the Count individually, and, in contradiction to his general plan, go with him from great to little, and from known to unknown? We offer the passage which caused our astonishment in the Count's own words :—

" Comme l'étude était ma passion dominante, et que je n'en dépendais pas, je pouvais lui donner tout mon tems. Il n'est pas toujours facile aux savans de profession de faire de longs et pénibles voyages de plusieurs années consécutives : leurs occupations, unies à d'autres circonstances personnelles," (we suppose he means their purses) " ne leur permettent de venir examiner le terrain qu'en courant, qu'à jours comptés, et quelque grande que soit leur pénétration, l'on sait que l'aigle qui plane au haut des airs ne peut apercevoir et distinguer qu'un seul point à la fois."

But it is time for us to be serious, and see what the Count asserts independent of himself; for, be it remarked, he finds it extremely difficult to quit this darling theme, and it has puzzled us not a little also to divest his theory of classical allusions and similes, which by no means add to the perspicuity of scientific observations.

As far as we can judge from the *avant-propos*, the Count's theory (for he insists upon it that we are not to call it a system,) is as follows :—that there are two great central volcanic fires or furnaces, " where fire and water dispute the empire of the globe," the one situated under the island of Celebes, the other under the island of St. Christopher in the West Indies ; from each of these issues a communicating and principal channel, through which the volcanic fluid is propelled from west to east according to the rotatory motion of the earth. From this great channel branch off a number of smaller channels, and on these are placed knots of

volcanic matter, which again propel it further, and thus cover the earth as far north as 80°, and 65° south, like a net-work. The force which propels this fluid he considers to be spiral, and the influence which guides it north and south magnetic. As long as it continues within the earth it obeys this influence, but when actually on the surface it obeys the sun. These channels, or perhaps more properly speaking, this one great channel, does not pass in a straight line through the centre of the earth, but makes an angle of five degrees; which angle or arc may be observed in all volcanic phenomena, vertical or horizontal. Stationing himself at the great western furnace, the Count divided a quarter of a circle into ten equal parts, and found that the branches of volcanic fire corresponded with each of these radii. The great channel leading from the western furnace to the eastern M. de Bylandt traces in this manner; starting from St. Christopher, it crosses Hayti, stretches along the Atlantic to the Azores and to Portugal; thence, finding an invulnerable obstacle in the primitive foundations of the African continent, it goes through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, and, passing by the Grecian Archipelago, Asia Minor, Arabia, and the Indian peninsulas, ends in the great eastern centre, and thus tolerably corresponds with the ecliptic. On, or near, this great canal are situated several of the above-mentioned knots of volcanic matter, among which he places one under the kingdom of Valencia, where the Count again takes his quarter of a circle, divided into ten radii, one of which passes into the department of Cantal, another to the Puy-de-Dome, &c. &c. Our limits do not allow us to follow the Count through all his radii, and we will therefore touch lightly on his opinion of the great convulsion which opened the Mediterranean Sea, tore America from the other continents, and caused the multitude of little islands which we observe in the neighbourhood of both these portions of the globe: he founds this opinion not only on the course of his great channel of volcanic fire, but on the similarity of the traces found of the primitive inhabitants of America to all that we know concerning the ancient Egyptians.

With respect to the spiral force, of which we have before spoken, he says, that, having, on his return from his travels, perused the works of Messrs. Faraday, Barlow, Arago, Ampère, &c. on this subject, he was struck with the coincidence of their results with his own, though he had obtained his by a different method; that is, he reached the same summit of the angle by means of the attraction of the molecules which compose fluids, excited by the magnetic fluid, and strengthened by spiral force. After exposing his manner of working his experiments, he calls upon these great *savans*, to bear witness to the value of his discovery on the contra-

dictory movements of the needle. Standing close by the crater of a mountain in active operation, he constantly observed that, in proportion as the electric fluid rises, the needle declines, but never further than a right angle, and *vice versâ*, and that, placed to the east of the crater, the north pole had the ascendancy; and if to the west of the volcanic mouth, the south pole would predominate. The spiral movement he conceives to be the most powerful of nature's conductors; without it no great results could take place, and it perfectly accords with the unity perceptible in all the designs of nature. He treats of fluids in the following manner. The first development of matter has been caused by the separation of three elementary, imponderable, and indivisible fluids,—first the universal ethereal fluid, which envelops all creation;—secondly, caloric, which he views as the principle of divisibility and of the formation of composite bodies; and which, in consequence of this principle, are almost all combustible. This fluid he also thinks is the great principle of life. Thirdly, light, which he considers as the principle of organization, and consequently also of life. Besides these, he finds two auxiliary composite fluids, both of which are equal in power to the others; these are the electric fluid, the inseparable companion of light, and to which he attributes motion; and the magnetic fluid, closely linked with all other fluids, to which it serves as a regulator. From the action and re-action of these fluids springs universal life; and to them may be added yet another fluid, caused by the union of all the others; this is the igneous, primitive fluid, which embraces all nature, without being the cause of it; as it seems to be the peculiar property of primitive matter to be incombustible. All volcanic operations the Count regards as the results of a combination of the first five fluids, in which the magnetic greatly preponderates, but the whole of which are subject to solar influence. Hence it follows, that volcanic fluids must obey the course of the sun at the surface of the globe, though within it they are drawn along by the rotation of the earth. They form a circumference parallel to the ecliptic, but which the equator divides into two unequal parts, the southern being the smaller, and the two great central furnaces being nearly equidistant from the equinoctial points, which he calls answering to them.

The currents of the sea the Count entirely attributes to the volcanic fluids, and he gives them an inverse movement to that of fluids over which they are placed. We should be glad to hear how he would explain the change which takes place on the western coasts of Africa during the harmattans, or winds which blow from the desert of Sahara. In one hour the course of these

currents will be entirely reversed, and continue so as long as the desert winds blow towards the sea. To the same cause does the Count attribute the trade winds, asserting, that till now they have been ascribed to chance. We suspect that he has yet something to read before he is *au courant* with modern science, from which the word chance is wholly expunged, and which has already given us very satisfactory reasons for the constancy of these great friends to the navigator. We extract a part of this passage.

" Les vents donc, tant réguliers qu'irréguliers, ne peuvent naître que du concours et de l'influence des cinq fluides élémentaires, et comme j'ai déjà fait remarquer, que c'est dans les canaux, et dans les cônes volcaniques que ces fluides se concentrent le plus, je donne dans mon ouvrage les preuves de ce que les vents, soit périodiques, soit permanens, ne regnent que dans les régions volcaniques."

Volcanic fire itself the Count believes to be purely material. Its principles are filtration and fermentation, springing from the pressure of the upper strata. Where fermentation exists there must be heat, and the commencement of ignition. Fermentation is augmented by the effect of the gases and the water which results from it; it is also augmented in proportion as the heat penetrates more deeply into the inferior strata, where the substances are more compact, and consequently yield a greater abundance of matter, which contributes to the fire. All these parts are decomposed, combined, and penetrate the mineral crust, and form first little veins, which are increased by the fusible substances they meet with in their passage, and circulate in the manner of rivulets, which, by a gradual accumulation, form rivers and precipitate themselves into the sea. According to this, the existence of volcanoes is a necessary evil, in order to facilitate the discharge of so much combustible matter. A part certainly goes towards that warmth which is required by vegetation; but if the surplus had not any means of discharging itself, it would consume the whole planet, and consequently without volcanoes the world could not exist. The sea Count de Bylandt considers to be an indispensable agent, and without it no volcanic eruption could take place. The action of this sea-water on the volcanic matter, therefore, is one of the immediate causes of eruption, by increasing fermentation; the second accelerating cause is the mouth of the volcano, by which a column of atmospheric air is precipitated within, and the contact of which with the inflammable gases redoubles the force of dilatation. At every respiration of the volcano a fresh column is absorbed, and the action commences afresh. The detonations are also to be attributed to two causes; the first of which is heat, which, separating the masses with

violence, hurls them against other masses, which are equally in the act of bursting, and produces the most frightful noise. The other cause is the superabundance of hydrogen, the sudden expansion and condensation of which make the column of air vibrate, and these effects, added to the electric shocks, produce those rapid detonations which succeed each other with so much rapidity. Lava can only flow, and not be thrown out; for its compactness, its specific gravity, and the consequent adherence of its parts, hold it in a solid body; and, as the expansive property of the fire ceases at the mouth of the volcano, the lava is left to its own weight, which drags it along, while the aëriform gases, in their rapid ascension, take with them the stones and lighter substances. As far as the base of the cone, lava flows with perfect regularity, as it is then subject to the inclination of the axis of the volcano, but this is lost at the foot of the cone, whence it flows irregularly, shaping its course according to the surface of the ground.

It is impossible to stop a current of lava; but, according to our author, it is easy to turn its course, by a projecting angle of not less than 45 degrees. On meeting this angle, more or less large, according to circumstances, the lava separates itself into two streams, and leaves a space in the middle, free from its destructive effects. This experiment was repeated frequently with success during two eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. The direction of the lava has nothing whatever to do with the atmospheric wind; because, in the first place, the heat and continual bursts of fire, which proceed from the mouth of an active volcano, dilate the air to such a degree that it would repel the most violent tempest; and, in the second, atmospheric movements are, as it were, paralyzed during an eruption—but it is the volcano itself which sends forth the most terrible wind; it is from its entrails that the rarefied air of its deep caverns, uniting with that which is contained in the column of water, and that sucked in at every respiration, is dilated to infinity, and is capable of carrying the cinders from Vesuvius even to Constantinople and Syria, which actually happened in the eruptions of the years 79, 472, and 1779.

The proportions which volcanoes bear to the force they require in order to send forth their contents, and which corresponds exactly with double the height of the cone, the impossibility of primitive mountains ever becoming volcanic, the division of the volcanic cone into triangles, and the bearing which this measurement above the level of the surrounding earth has upon the depth of the fire, the oblique axis of the interior of the cone, the centrifugal force which sends out the matter by means of spiral projection, &c., are ably set forth, though we hope that more arrangement and method exists in the work itself. An

application of the theory to the volcanoes of Sicily and Italy is also very interesting, and several promised maps will tend much to further elucidation.

Should the Count prove what he says, and fulfil the promises he makes in his *avant-propos*, he will open a wide field for the geologist, and at all events it is hardly possible for an observing person to travel for thirty years, and watch a great many eruptions, and examine a great many volcanoes, without exhibiting important and highly interesting facts; but we do hope that the three forthcoming volumes will not be so puzzling to the reader as the *avant-propos* has been to the reviewer. We can face conceit; we can even divest a subject of the incumbrances of irrelevant matter; but want of order and method presents difficulties scarcely to be overcome.

The work of M. Amedée Burat is of a very different character; it is a plain, careful, matter-of-fact statement of observations made by himself in the interior of France. It formed part of a more extensive undertaking, which, owing to various circumstances, especially "the new direction given to geology by Messrs. Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont," has been suppressed. The portion now published is confined to an account of the formations of Cantal, the Velay chain of mountains, the Haut Vivarais, and the Coyrons, and gives particulars which it seems have hitherto escaped the notice of geologists. The volcanic formation of central France, says M. Burat, forms an exception to the general situation of volcanoes, which are for the most part placed along the sea-coast, and their age, being posterior to that of the last tertiary deposits, does not allow of the intervention of sea-water among the causes of eruption. To establish this agency of salt water as an invariable law, is, the author thinks, incompatible with the present state of modern science, which leans much more to the dynamic theory.

The centre of southern France is occupied by a vast primitive plain of irregular form, every where surrounded by secondary formations. But, in the eastern part of this plain, volcanic fire has found an issue, and changed its surface by an aggregation of enormous masses, and by local heavings or disturbances which accompanied the successive emission of volcanic matter, during the three volcanic periods, termed by geologists trachytic, basaltic, and lavic.

No country has as yet so much contributed to a correct knowledge of extinct volcanoes as this portion of the European continent; it has set aside the systems of the German school, and it affords an admirable specimen for the study of those phenomena which arise from the heavings of the soil. M. Burat throws a

rapid glance over the whole of this district, and then takes the trachytic formation separately under consideration, and of which the groups of Cantal and the Monts Dorés constitute the best example. The author afterwards proceeds to the basaltic period, and leads us through Auvergne, and the Velay and Vivarais chains. In treating of the lavic period he conducts us through the Chaine des Puys. He minutely details the mineralogical part of these formations, and to those who have not studied the spot thoroughly his labours will form a valuable help; while, to those who have, they will present a table of reference. It appears to us to be a solid treatise on a certain portion of volcanic geology, and is written without display or pretension, evidently keeping in view the advancement of science rather than that of the author.

ART. IV.—*Wanderungen durch Sicilien und die Levante.* (Wanderings through Sicily and the Levant.) Vol. I. 12mo.—Berlin: 1834.

WE have long since avowed our liking for German travellers, with their jovial love of good eating and drinking, their philosophico-poetical enthusiasm, and that extreme *subjectivity*,* seemingly inherent in the German temperament, which colours every scene, whether graphic or dramatic, with the peculiar tone of the feelings and theories of the observer. Nor do we now recant this our profession of faith, although we honestly confess that, in the tenor of the volume before us, there is a something less to our taste, a something——literally a *je ne sais quoi*, for in very truth we know not whether to call it *ultra-subjectivity*, or an *objectivity* growing out of *subjectivity*. We submit this difficult question to the judgment of the reader, and hasten to furnish him with the means of forming an opinion.

The anonymous German traveller, whose wanderings we are about to review, appears to be the accepted lover—we trust, the affianced bridegroom—of a certain Annunziata, to whom he dedicates his book in a tender elegy.—We mean a tender German poem, in the classical elegiac metre; which elegiac metre, *soit dit en passant*, is the only ancient metre that ever fully satisfies our ear in any modern language. But not only is the book dedicated to the beloved Annunziata, it is, from beginning to end, addressed to her; being, in fact, a series of letters in the form of a journal.

* For the philosophical German use of the words *subjectivity* and *objectivity*, see F. Q. R., Vol. XI., p. 223.

Now, assuredly no mode of book-making could be more propitious to *subjective* views than this of addressing every remark to a person who cares more for the writer than for what he sees, more for his sentiments than for his observations or opinions. Perhaps this very circumstance might put the author upon his guard, for never before have we seen German travels so *objective*, unless, indeed, we except one point which we are about to censure, and which might arise, perhaps, from his forgetting, whilst writing to *la dame de ses pensées*, everything save herself and her portion, if not rather her want, of knowledge; for we find in this journal a very superfluous quantity of ancient and middle-age history; nearly as much information about Syracuse (the old, not the new,) and Agrigentum as about Palermo and Messina, more about our school acquaintance, Gelo and Hiero, Agathocles and either Dionysius—than about the King Francis I. of the two Sicilies, or his father, the late, or his son, the present, King Ferdinand.

The book, nevertheless, is not a bad, nay, it is a good book; and of that, too, we will now enable the reader to judge for himself, first observing that, although the book be new, these Wanderings having been communicated to the world only last year, they were undertaken in 1822, and that any political animadversions which they may induce must therefore be referred to that period; at least as far as the present volume, containing only the Wanderings in Sicily and Malta, is concerned. To how recent an epoch they may have been prolonged in the Levant, we have no present grounds for even conjecturing, the elegiac dedication being dated simply Naples, without any A. D.

Our Wanderer landed at Palermo, in May, 1822, and, after a very short residence there, proceeded westward upon his tour round Sicily, diversifying the circuit by a few trips inwards, when attracted by any inland sights. He visited Trapani, Marsala—where he drank Mr. Woodhouse's Marsala wine upon the very spot of its growth and manufacture, and takes the opportunity of informing us that, in London, this said Marsala wine is held to be the first of white wines, having quite superseded poor old-fashioned Madeira—meaning, perhaps, Cape Madeira. But to proceed with the tour. Our Wanderer next visited Mazzara, Girgenti, Syracuse, Catania, the crater of Mount Etna, and Messina—we mention only the principal places—thence he crossed the *Faro*, or straits, to Reggio, admiring, by the way, the beautiful atmospheric architecture of the *Fata Morgana*, looked at Calabria, and braved the classic terrors of Scylla and Charybdis on his return to Messina. He then made a maritime trip to the Lipari Islands, and the miniature but active volcano of Stromboli—contemptible after Mongibello!—and again returned to Messina,

missing most of the northern coast of Sicily. At Messina he waited impatiently for a conveyance to Malta—for the deliberate German really seems to have caught the English *mania* for hurrying over a tour, as though the object were, not to see much, but to go far—and at length bargained with a Sicilian sailor to take him back to Syracuse, whence the intercourse with the little British island is more frequent. Thence he sailed, with another Sicilian mariner, experienced all manner of delays, disasters, and miseries —from the delays, provisions ran short—and, upon reaching Malta, saw the English packet-boat, for which he had been too impatient to wait, quietly riding at anchor in the port.

In Malta he spent nearly two months, much about the length of visit he had allotted to Sicily. But, this time, it was sorely indeed against the grain of his hurry; for he had gone thither not to look at that remarkable island, but merely as the first stage to Egypt. On the fourth of September he at length sailed for Alexandria; and there, that is to say, at sea, he must, in our imagination, remain, until he shall think fit to publish his Levant Wanderings.

That the record of such a journey affords much matter worth reading, it were superfluous to say, for the most enamoured and pedagogic of pedants could not traverse such places without seeing and noting much worth telling. Our Wanderer, indeed, in addition to this, recollected, and perhaps, noted much that was not worth telling to any one but his pupil-mistress. This, however, it is easy to skip, and, from the mass, we shall now endeavour to select some information and some amusement.

We begin with the Wanderer's approach to Palermo by sea:—

"After an easy four-days' passage from Naples, towards noon, yesterday, the beautiful *Sikelian** island rose upon us from the waves. The mountain-ridge in the blue distance, with its innumerable points and jags, stood off in bold relief from the sky, whilst its foot so lost itself in the whitish misty line of the sea, that the eye was bewildered as to where the water might end and the land begin. As the packet-boat slowly floated toward the coast, Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferano, the two projecting points that protect the port of Palermo, distinctly presented themselves. The captain hoped to run in before the land breeze, which regularly occurs after sunset, should rise, but in vain. The sea grew rougher, and we had to pass another night on board. Meanwhile, we had been descried from shore, and, when it was quite dark, a boat, like a nutshell, came dancing towards us upon the white crests of the waves: it brought some Palermitans, who were impatient to fetch off their friends from Naples. This was, indeed, a

* The reader should be aware that the Germans of the present day infinitely prefer Greek to Roman names and orthography.

violation of the quarantine laws; but the visiters seemed to be on intimate terms with our captain, and were, moreover, queerly and completely disguised, having white shirts or mantles drawn over their heads. The skiff lay under the lee of the ship: the strong swell sometimes tossed it up almost to the level of our deck, sometimes seemed to sink it into unfathomable obscurity. When now, after a couple of rapid, mysterious questions, several large bundles and packages—the baggage of our fellow-voyagers—were thrown into the boat, and followed by a couple of muffled-up, unrecognizable figures, the suspicion could not but arise that smuggling was here carried on under the protection of the king's own packet-boat.

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"The city lies in a luxuriantly fertile plain, named by Sicilian writers, *la Conca d'Oro* (the Golden Conch), enclosed on three sides by high mountains; to the north, opens the spacious bay, not indeed to compare with the Neapolitan in size or in ornamental islands, but strikingly bounded by Monte Pellegrino. . . . . In Palermo provision is made for the reception of foreigners. The influence of the English, who long occupied the island, has, in this respect at least, acted beneficially, although, in others, the Sicilians had no cause particularly to value their northern guests."

That the fairer half of the Sicilians by no means sympathized in any distaste that the ruder sex may have entertained towards their British allies, our Wanderer proves from the complexion of the then rising generation of the southern islanders; an illustration which, according to the chilly notions of propriety entertained by us, sons of the north,* might have appeared less indecorous in a letter to a brother or a male friend, than in an epistle addressed to a "beloved Annunziata," of whom the writer only calls himself "the friend." But *apropos* of this male Sicilian dislike of the English—we learn from our German traveller that it rested upon political as well as sentimental grounds. He informs us that the English government, some quarter of a century ago, cherished a strong desire to annex Sicily to Great Britain. Why this desire, supposing it to have ever been entertained, was abandoned, he has not thought it necessary to explain, but he frequently speaks of the English *possession* of Sicily, and of the *restoration* of the island to its legitimate Bourbon kings. We almost suspect that our German regrets this said restoration, inasmuch as he appears very duly to appreciate English comforts, and that it is only in places where English troops had, during the English *possession* of the island, been long quartered, that he finds any approximation to such very un-Sicilian things. But we must return to Palermo.—

"The city makes a cheerful impression upon the foreigner who strolls through it, or at least along the principal street, named the

* Are we more sons of the North than the less rigidly decorous Germans?

Cassaro. Where this street is crossed, at right angles, by the *Strada Macqueda*, several fountains spout their waters into the air, upon a small octagonal *piazza*, or open space, not unlike the *Quattro Fontane* (four fountains) at Rome, which have, perhaps, been here imitated. On both sides of the street are shops, right above which play-bills are displayed. If you turn to the right or to the left from these main streets, you get entangled in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes and alleys, from which, however, it is not difficult to escape, because you cannot long miss the one or the other of the two main streets. . . . . A couple of days ago, however, I was so completely bewildered, that I knew not which way to turn, and, although I assuredly should, sooner or later, have extricated myself, I preferred asking my way: I requested a stranger, who was passing by, to direct me to the Toledo; this is the name of the main street at Naples, and is given by the royalists to the Cassaro. The man, who was doubtless a good Sicilian patriot, exclaimed, with fiery zeal, '*Niente di Toledo, Signore, niente di Toledo! Si dice Cassaro.*' (No Toledo, Sir, no Toledo! It is called Cassaro.) And, as he spake, he made an expressive, but nearly indescribable, Sicilian gesture, as if shaving the beard from the throat with the back of the hand. He then, with ready obligingness, led me to a place whence I could not miss the line of the Cassaro."

It will not be irrelevant to this labyrinth of narrow streets, and to the apparent ill-will born by the insular to the continental Sicilians—the two Sicilies, it will be remembered, are divided into Sicily on this, and Sicily on that, side of the *Faro*—to give a detached scene of the revolution of 1820, as related to our traveller by a newspaper-writer of the liberalist or movement party, who seems to have escaped with no other infliction than the temporary, though indefinitely so, suppression of his opposition journal. But, as the main interest of this particular scene turns upon the quelling the pride of the Palermo tanners, we must begin with the narrator's account of that, and of them and their corporation:—

"The corporation of tanners had, time out of mind, enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, and, during the tutelage of Ferdinand VII.,* had achieved an independence so complete as to form them really into a state within the state. Their quarter, *la Conciattoria* (the Tannery), which comprehends the very narrowest and filthiest streets, they had so strengthened, that it had repulsed many an attempt of the city *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even, as the narrator averred, of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Their banner flaunted on their guildhall, and the first alarm assembled the sturdy tanners around it. They were as-

* We suppose this must be a mistake, for Ferdinand IV., both because he is the last king whose minority has subjected him to tutelage, and because there has been no Ferdinand VII. of the two Sicilies: the present king is Ferdinand V., or, in revolutionary parlance, II., Ferdinand IV. having become Ferdinand I.

sessed at a fixed sum by the government, which, for some years prior to 1820, had remained unpaid.

"During the revolution, the tanners were always foremost when murder and plunder were going on. The insurrection broke out at Naples, on the 1st of June, 1820; and, on the 15th of July, the Spanish constitution (which had been adopted by the Neapolitan insurgents), was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took away several tricolour cockades from their wearers,* was nearly torn in pieces by the populace: General Coglitore, who threw himself before him, rescued him with great difficulty, thus enabling the detested foreigner to embark for Naples. His house and property were burnt by the populace. On the 16th, General Naselli, commandant of Palermo, and an especial object of popular hatred, attempted to put down the disorder by force; but the tanners broke open the prisons, setting the prisoners at liberty: and now the rioters, one Gioachimo Vaglica, a monk of Monreale, at their head, possessed themselves of several cannon. Naselli saw that he could make no stand against them, and fled to Naples. The people, left to themselves, committed the most revolting atrocities. The prisons were filled with soldiers and policemen; the offices of government were plundered and burnt; the money found in the treasury was distributed amongst the people. An artillery smith, who, to revenge his comrades, was spiking the guns, being detected, was beheaded; his hands were cut off, and, with his head, nailed up in the different quarters of the town. And now the ready way of getting rid of a private enemy was, slily to slip a long nail or two into his pocket, and then to denounce him as a spiker of cannon, whereupon the infuriated mob instantly fell upon the accused wretch and made an end of him.

"The tanners now chose a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, under this title, for several weeks governed Palermo with absolute authority. The Prince of Jaci, whom the people seized, he sentenced to death, and the victim was instantly shot. Vainly did the aged Cardinal Gravina, and the Prince of Villafranca, strive to soothe the multitude; the Prince's palace was plundered and burnt. Gradually the insurrection spread over the neighbouring districts. The arsenal was broken open, and 30,000 stand of arms distributed; but the peasantry understood the use of the knife better than that of fire-arms. Civil war raged in the streets of Palermo, where the tanners and the populace fought with the civic guard; 300 or 400 men were killed.

"At length General Pepe landed at Milazzo with 4,000 men, and marched upon Palermo. The Prince of Paternó, a martyr to the gout, which confined him to his couch, found means nevertheless to win the confidence of the people, and was authorized to negotiate with Pepe, to whom Palermo surrendered by capitulation upon the 5th of October. This capitulation the Neapolitan parliament refused to ratify, insisting

* What natural affinity can there be between liberty and this combination of colours? When the English constitution of three balanced powers was the fashion, we might have seen some analogy; but now that a House of Lords is held to be an obsolete absurdity —*perruque*, in the language of young France—we can find none.

upon unconditional submission; when Pepe, whose magnanimity upon this occasion is acknowledged even by the Sicilians, resigned his office, and returned to Naples. He was succeeded by General Coletta, who distinguished himself by his severity, and filled the prisons with new victims; but the tanners were beyond his reach. They had assumed such a posture in the stronghold of their own quarter, which had become an asylum for all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst attempt nothing against them. This lasted till May, 1821. Then the Austrians garrisoned Palermo; the tanners persevered in their contumacy, and their fellow-townsmen remained in the highest state of excitement, wondering whether the quiet Germans would let this handful of refractories take their own course, or would formally lay siege to the *Conciattoria*. They did neither. Two hours after midnight the Austrian commander sent several brigades of Tyrolese and Bohemian riflemen to surround the *Conciattoria*. Other troops, guided by the *gens-d'armes*, penetrated through the narrow streets and passages to the guildhall, and took possession of it without difficulty. Here and there a single shot was fired from the houses; but the tanners had now no rallying point, and were utterly unprepared for such unlooked-for vigorous measures in the middle of the night; consequently, within a couple of hours, the Austrians were masters of every house in the *Conciattoria*. Abundance of arms and ammunition were found, and, in the guildhall, even cannon, but without carriages. The worthy corporation of tanners was now assembled once more, but for the last time in the guildhall; when it was notified to them that they must forthwith evacuate the *Conciattoria*, and establish themselves outside the town, but no where more than three in one place. Immediate obedience to this decree was inforced, and the reform of this hitherto unknown region of the town followed. Numbers of crazy old houses were pulled down; the streets were widened as much as might be, and military posts marked out. The majority of the houses remain to this day untenanted, and many are inhabited by *gens-d'armes* and their families.

"Since this able and successful achievement, which has prodigiously raised the Austrians in general estimation, the town has been at peace, but the luckless tanners are become the established objects of universal ridicule; and any man who appears in the streets with head depressed and downcast eyes is at once set down for a tanner."

Before quitting Palermo we must take a glance at the gardens of the Princess of B., partly on account of the mode of their irrigation. This Princess, by the by, has married a Hanoverian officer, who was with the English army in Sicily, and she has obtained his elevation to princely rank; another Hanoverian, a joint friend of the new-made Prince and of our Wanderer, occupies the Princess's Palermo villa. The Wanderer of course wandered thither, and, after describing his reception, thus proceeds:—

"My friend led me into the cooler garden, which he had himself planted. It was a pleasure to see how all has shot up and thrives.

Slender twigs have in three years become respectable trees, that, with proper care, bear excellent fruit. You need but stick the smallest scion in the ground, leaves and blossoms burst forth, and presently it shades the astonished planter with its spreading branches. Vines wreathe themselves in equal abundance on the north and south sides of the buildings, and the only difficulty is to repress their wild luxuriance. Acacia hedges, scarcely two years old, show stems as thick as my arm, and orange twigs of the same have formed an embowered walk, planted here for the sake of the thick shade, not of the fruit.

"But not the least striking thing in the garden is the small quantity of water by which all this is produced and supported. Palermo, like Rome, derives its supply of water from a system of pipes, that mostly branch off into the separate houses—an arrangement ascribed to the Arabs;—but for the gardens and plantations there are, in the southern hills, pond-like reservoirs, filled from the neighbouring springs, from which the water is from time to time drawn. The utmost strictness of regularity is observed in the allotment of the stream amongst the several estates: our friend D. is allowed the use of the water for the princely gardens only from six o'clock till nine every Saturday morning. At six o'clock a sluice at the upper end of the grounds is opened, and the fertilizing element flows, in many a serpentine winding, over the whole domain for three hours; during which the thirsty soil must imbibe enough to last it for a week. Precisely at nine o'clock a lower sluice is opened, and the water pours down on to the next neighbour's land. As a thousand little advantages are taken upon these occasions, it is evident that the estates nearest to the hills must be better supplied than those situated lower down; the Princess's gardens are of the latter class, and yet does every plant and vegetable luxuriate there, in an exuberance not to be described."

Our Wanderer leaves Palermo in company with two friends, a Count Cesarotti and a Dr. Longinus, attended by a French servant and a guide; all, the guide excepted, armed *jusqu'aux dents*, in preparation for being forthwith robbed and murdered, as the established concomitant of a Sicilian tour. No such disaster however befals them; not even an alarm of the kind occurs; and they are further informed that the robbery and murder trade has been abandoned;—why is not explained to us, if it was to the travellers. The abandonment, however, is not so complete—or if it was then had not long been so—as actually to insure the life and purse of all and every stray tourist; for we have a sad story of a worthy botanist, Professor Schweigger, from Königsberg, being knocked on the head by his guide. But then this professor was, it seems, an imprudent, grumbling, abusive person, who, heedless of southern antipathy to fatigue, dragged his weary, sleepy guide up and down every mountain he could find, even at noontide: and it is held to be doubtful whether the tired and overheated assassin was instigated by sheer ill-humour, fear of being prose-

cuted for some petty pilfering, or a longing desire for the store of gold coins which he took from the dead man, and which betrayed him.—But, whatever were his motive, he was hanged, and Professor Schweigger is, or then was, the last traveller who had been murdered.

Of all the places visited, and not merely skirred through, by our travellers, we think Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum) one of the most interesting, as also one of the least generally known. To Girgenti then we will hasten, first however pausing a moment at the last stage, Sciacca, of which we are told:

"The kindly-looking little sea-port town lay before us upon a green hill in the loveliest sunshine. Such a profusion of the *cactus* we had never before seen. It not only forms the enclosure of the gardens and fields, but runs far along the town walls, where it so completely conceals them, that from a distance Sciacca seems to be merely hedged round with *cactus*. As there is no inn in the whole town, we sought the hospitality of a monastery."

The party were often obliged to do so, and were generally well received, and as well entertained as the means of the community allowed.

"Cesarotti had letters of recommendation to all the priors in Sicily; but in spite of these, our reception here was so ungracious that we resolved to embark at once in a *speronara* (a species of Sicilian small craft), and sail that very evening for Girgenti, where the sailors promised that we should be by morning. . . . At first all went well. The sailors rowed lustily out of the harbour, singing merry songs as they pulled. The town upon its hill shone in the bright glow of evening, and was gradually lost amidst the rich green of the encircling mountains. . . . By sunset we had reached the open sea; the land breeze filled our sails, and the keel cut through the long swell with an agreeable undulation. We settled ourselves for sleep, but the restless activity of our tormentor-fiends (*anglicè*, vermin) made repose impossible, and we spent a wakeful night in the most inconvenient situation possible.

It had not yet dawned when we were beside the *molo* or wharf of Girgenti; but our sailors had said nothing of the quarantine regulations inforced all round the island. We were obliged to wait several hours, till the proper officer could be fetched from the town, which lay half a league off. The sun grew hotter, and so did our impatience. At length the eagerly desired guardian of the public health appeared, riding on an ass; our Captain took two steps towards him, unfolded his papers, and read aloud that we came from Sciacca, an unsuspected place. Thereupon we were permitted to *prender pratica*, the technical phrase for landing under quarantine regulations.

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"The quarantine functionary, upon hearing that *forestieri di gran merito* (meaning distinguished foreigners) were on board the *speronara*, had brought several donkeys with him, upon whose backs we climbed the

steep ascent to Girgenti, which lies 1,100 feet above the sea. .... The sun burnt hotter and hotter, and on the summit of the hill arose a tempestuous wind, that drove all the dust of the unclean town upon us. The only inn in the place was full, and we were sent to a remote private house. Here too we could not gain admittance, and all we could at last obtain was a couple of miserable unfurnished rooms opposite to the inn. A table and two or three chairs were a laborious acquisition, and a heap of straw was spread upon the floor, the substitute for beds. In short our entrance into Girgenti was in no wise agreeable, and clearly proved that little provision had been there made for the accommodation of *forestieri di gran merito*. . . . The milk for our coffee was fresh milked from the goats that traverse the town at day-break in large droves. The goat-herd blows a small horn of a peculiar and fine tone, which impresses itself upon the soul, and interrupts the morning's sleep agreeably from its association with the idea of breakfast.

" For some days we could not visit the antique temples, for after so much fine weather we were now to experience the disfavour of the heavens. A tempestuous rain was almost incessant. The sea, which is seen from many parts of the town, showed no trace of its beautiful azure. Overhung with heavy clouds, it had assumed a thick grey colour, and looked really frightful.

..... " We found some compensation in the acquaintance of a highly respected ecclesiastic, by name, Ciantro Panitteri, who is considered as the Mecænas of Girgenti. He employs his considerable fortune chiefly upon works of art; a merit which every day becomes more uncommon in Sicily. He has had his fields near the town dug up, and his labours have been repaid by the discovery of several fine statues, which adorn his country-house: but the most valuable fruit of his researches is a splendid collection of vases, mostly of pre-eminent beauty."

We pass by the author's raptures, now somewhat commonplace, about the beauties of antique statues and vases; but we must here observe that in the often rifled Sicily, Agrigentum seems to be the only ancient store-house of the treasures of sculpture where any thing really valuable is still to be found, coins and medals excepted. To return to the Girgenti Mecænas, whose collection is second only to the Prince of Bisicari's at Catania, meaning of course second in Sicily.

" The walls of the room that contain these vases are suitably decorated with paintings after Grecian models, and the ceiling is covered with good *frescoes*. The artist who executed them, Politi, was formerly the intimate friend of the vivacious Ciantro, and guided his love of the arts: he has not long since very judiciously arranged the position, at the appropriate height, of a frieze dug up in Ciantro's garden. But the artist and his clerical patron have now quarrelled violently. Politi would not tell us upon what occasion; but lamented that, in consequence, his *teatro civico* (civic theatre), which can succeed only under the protection of the liberal Ciantro, was closed, which prevented his giving a

representation, in which he and his two daughters would have performed, in honour of the *signori Inglesi*, (English gentlemen).

"We were at first annoyed at being every where taken for *signori Inglesi*, but soon found that this is now merely a common name, equivalent to travelling foreigners, so employed from the English being the most numerous travellers, and especially the first explorers of Sicily. Since the recent Austrian occupation, a distinction begins to be made between *Inglesi* and *Tedeschi* (the proper Italian for Germans), much to our advantage. The Austrians are feared on account of their military strictness, without being altogether hated; they are even preferred to the Neapolitan bloodsuckers. A new distinction now has to be made between *Tedeschi* and *Germani* (Austrians and Germans), whom the people here take for distinct nations; and as we always called ourselves *Germani*, whilst we were seen to converse with the Austrian officers, we were often asked if the two languages were not distinct?

"As to the *teatro civico*, as Girgenti, which contains but 12,000 souls, cannot possibly support a public theatre, the active Politi, chiefly from his own means, has fitted up a private theatre, where he from time to time entertains the play-loving Girgentines with dramatic performances; and as comedies only come upon his stage he calls his theatre the civic, or burgher, play-house. .... Politi boasts of having been much applauded in his favourite parts in the *Padre de Famiglia* and the *Uomo del Mondo* (Father of a Family and Man of the World), two plays of Goldoni's.

"But Politi's acting is a mere subsidiary talent. He is especially an architect, a painter, an engraver, and, a matter of course upon this classic ground, an antiquary. He has been occupied these two years in drawing an old sarcophagus that stands in the cathedral, and explaining the *bas reliefs* from Euripides. This cathedral stands at the very highest point of the town; we climbed thither in a fearful storm, but our trouble was well repaid; the *bas reliefs* are wonderfully beautiful.....

"From the front of the cathedral you command the ancient and new town. .... The new town, not a tenth of the former in size, appears to be built upon the site of the ancient citadel. ..... So soon as the rain ceased, we descended to the temples, and it was a pleasure to see the powerful and immediate action of the sun. In less than half an hour the hill side facing the sun was perfectly dry, whereupon the little grey lizards crept out of their hiding-places, and chirped over the lofty stones."

The ruined temples in question seem to have been dedicated to—

"Juno Lucina, Concord, Hercules, Jupiter Olympius, Castor and Pollux, Vulcan. ....South of this line towards the sea, are the Temple of Æsculapius and the monument of Thero; to the north a chapel of Phalaris, (it may be presumed a fancy name), and the villa of Ciantro

Panitteri, no antique certainly, but a landmark visible from afar, and our usual resting place."

Of these temples how much is standing, how much fallen, (the Temple of Concord alone seems to be in tolerable preservation), we confess we care not greatly, at least in a book, and least of all in a review. Where the notice must be so brief and vague, it is the general effect, in the landscape and upon the imagination, from the abundance and richness of ruins, (which here at Girgenti are surely great for a nook of Sicily) that interests us: and our Wanderer, evidently, an amateur artist, at least, seems in the following passage partly to agree with us.

"Each of the preserved temples offers singly abundance of picturesque aspects and views; but I was fortunate enough to combine them all in one agreeable picture, upon which occasion I had a hearty laugh at our good Politi. He had lately completed, for a travelling Russian, whose name no Sicilian organs could pronounce, a drawing in which appeared the two chief temples, the tomb of Thero, the sea, the town of Girgenti, and Ciantro Panitteri's villa; and he made such a mystery of the point from which this view was obtained that I was on fire to discover it. And this I effected, by bearing in mind his remark that one of the temples appeared only in part in the landscape. ..... I went zealously to work, and the very next day laid my sketch before Politi. His amazement was both comic and tragic. He knew not whether to laugh or be angry; and seemed to suspect me of dealing in the black art, since I had copied his drawing without having seen it.

"Upon my way home from the temple, towards evening, along a path winding through the richest verdure, I saw a party-coloured throng of figures coming towards me. It was a rustic wedding party, moving homewards with music and singing. They had probably been to the town for the ceremony, and were now conducting the bride, with clamorous rejoicing and merriment, to the house of the bridegroom. First came a violin and a clarinet, then a number of women, dancing and singing; amongst whom frolicked a petulant *bajazzo* (buffoon or merry Andrew) walking oftener on his head than on his feet. Behind the women came the young couple, hand in hand, and really loaded with ornaments; then a crowd of relations and wedding guests. Amongst the men there were some fine tall figures; the women pleased me less; they were embrowned with toil, and little resembled the Hellenic Hebes that had floated before my eyes whilst drawing the temples; yet there was no denying the thoroughly national character of the whole procession, to which a part of the ruinous wall and the gothic arch of the city gate formed a fitting back-ground. ..... The dissonant music and the jocund shouts gradually died away in the distance.

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"At six o'clock in the morning we were on horseback to visit the mud-volcano called the *Moccaluba*. ..... The way thither trends northwest from Girgenti, leading amongst the mountains, but passing uninterruptedly over an elevated plain, covered with corn, affording an extensive but uniform view. The most insignificant hamlets lie at a great distance, and generally upon the ridges of steep mountains; some of the fields are tilled by labourers who dwell many miles off. Scarcely did we meet a couple of human beings during our long ride; and I must say that this fruitful solitude was to me more and more wearisome the longer we journeyed through it. ..... The want of trees, so prevalent in Sicily, is closely connected with the want of springs and brooks, whilst the farinaceous grasses (*cerealia*) will thrive with but little moisture.

"At length we were amongst the desert mountains, but continued at their foot, upon an extensive, uneven plain. When our guide pointed out the distant Moccaluba, we looked in vain for any sort of eminence. We had been warned at Girgenti not to expect any sharp and prominent cone, like that of Vesuvius for instance; but there was not even a respectable hill, to announce the vicinity of this singular phenomenon. We now dismounted, and walked up the gentle slope of a field; at the summit a wondrous spectacle awaited us. All over the ground opened numbers of scarcely perceptible apertures, from which, at regular intervals and with a hissing sound, burst little explosions of gas. At the same time a white and very delicate marly slime welled out, and flowed in the laziest stream possible from the higher region downwards. The further it flowed from each little air-hole, the greyer it became; and we soon ascertained that the whole field upon which we stood was covered with it. Vulgar as the image may be, I can compare the welling out to nothing but an ill-corked bottle of ale, whence the air, as it escapes, carries along with it frot hand dregs, which cling about the opening. But, though this scene be in no wise awful, hardly even striking, we did not regret our ride; the phenomenon has not its fellow in Europe, and only in America is any thing resembling it to be found. As the holes are so small, we tried the experiment of stopping one of them: the explosions ceased at once; but, in a lower spot, some five or six feet off, another tiny crater suddenly opened and spurted out its white mass with much greater violence. The experiment was again and again repeated, and the result shows that these small air-tunnels communicate with each other a very little way below the surface.

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"Although we had not accepted Ciantro's hospitable invitation to be his guests, he invariably showed us the utmost friendliness, and the day after our arrival sent us eight bottles of the best Muscadine wine, which we almost took as a hit at German intemperance. Afterwards, he never let us want for fruit, cakes, &c.; so that at length we expressed to Politi, with whom we were grown quite confidential, our uneasy feeling that his respected patron was doing too much for us. This provoked from him a vehement burst of asseverations that we

should irremediably vex and offend Ciantro if we refused such trifles. This is a *trait* of Sicilian generosity, such as we have before occasionally met with, but hardly should find at home. Whatever there may be to censure in the Sicilian character, its fair sides should not be cast into shadow, according to the practice of many ill-disposed travellers. If the instability of the Sicilians be complained of, as unfitting them for intimate friendship, they might object to our German roughness, as uninviting to such a connexion. On the other hand, they are hospitable, serviceable, and extraordinarily good-natured. We have found nothing of that intolerable selfishness, so common in Italy and especially at Naples. The higher classes are distinguished for refined politeness, and we have hitherto got on so well with the common people, with porters, sailors, and muleteers, that our dreaded Sicilian journey has metamorphosed itself into a very agreeable, if not always very convenient, excursion."

We have lingered so long at Girgenti, with its ruins, its Mæcenas, and its one multiform artist, that, like our Wanderer, who is always too much pressed for time to do and see all that should be done and seen, we must hurry through the rest of Sicily. We shall therefore despatch Syracuse, which is more interesting from historical recollections than from its present state, very shortly, although two or three points relative to the latter must not be passed by. In the first place, we grieve to say, that Arethusa has lost the translucent purity of her virgin waters, which have become turbid and muddy; and that, being further defiled by her condemnation to serve the base office of cleansing all the foul linen in Syracuse, she is any thing but a fair bride when she falls into the arms of Alpheus, who still fondly awaits her upon the margin of the sea-shore. In the second place, Syracuse lies, it should seem, under especial obligations to England's Nelson.

"As the town decayed, the port was less visited; and, by degrees, a notion was adopted that Charles V. had blocked up the entrance to the harbour by Cape Plemmyrion, as a measure of defence against the Barbary corsairs; and, as it often happens that a casual assertion thoughtlessly repeated grows into certainty, the Sicilians positively believed, towards the end of the last century, that the fine port of Syracuse was inaccessible to large vessels. This opinion was brilliantly refuted in the year 1798 by Nelson. Traversing the Mediterranean in all directions in his restless pursuit of the French fleet, he appeared off Syracuse, and, relying upon the friendship existing between Naples and England, he, to the astonishment of the whole town, sailed right into the harbour. The whole fleet of fifty sail, comprising eighteen ships of the line and many frigates, found excellent anchorage, supplied itself with fresh water, and then renewed the chase, which soon afterwards terminated in the naval battle of Aboukir."

Thirdly, a worthy Syracusan is laudably endeavouring to su-

persede the use of loathsome rags in paper-making, and to restore the *papyrus* to its ancient office. His labours are thus described:

"It was reserved for the indefatigable Landolina to discover anew the ancient process of paper-making from the *papyrus*, which, if not very useful, is highly interesting to science. He softened the lower part of the stalk in water, loosened the external green skin, and cut out the soft white pith in the thinnest slices possible. These were laid upon each other crosswise, pressed, carefully dried, sized, and, after many failures, at length produced a perfectly useable, dazzlingly white writing-paper."

Lastly, we will record an instance of modern Syracusan piety, and then turn our faces toward the mighty Mongibello (Etna).

"Strolling through the town, I passed the open gate of a court-yard, and, casually looking in, saw so extraordinary-looking a wooden frame, that I could not forbear stepping nearer and questioning a sort of superintendent or foreman, who came up to me. It was a monstrous carriage, at least twenty feet high, and coarsely fashioned, although with the most whimsical convolutions. It seemed to be intended to match the often described carriage of St. Rosalia at Palermo, and so, in truth, it was. The Syracusans, whose commerce has lately revived," (since Lord Nelson showed their port to be accessible, we presume,) "begin to feel their consequence, to recollect their former power and grandeur,—and they are building a state-carriage for St. Lucia, a native Syracusan saint. The clergy provide the cash for this tasteless plaything by means of the voluntary contributions of their flocks; from 2000 to 3000 *colonati* (a Sicilian coin of which we know not the value), have already been subscribed; as much more will be wanted, and this likewise, it is hoped, will soon be supplied. The superintendent eagerly told me that they might, perhaps, have funds sufficient to make the carriage still loftier by some feet, supposing the wheels should be able to carry such a load. The boards and lattice are gaudily covered from top to bottom with gold paper and silver tinsel, and stuck all over with quantities of lights. The court-yard gate appeared to me far too narrow for the width of the carriage. My *Cicerone* quietly answered, that it certainly was; that the disproportion had not been observed when the carriage was first begun, and after all it mattered little, since the master of the house, who had freely given the use of his court-yard for building the carriage, would not mind pulling down a few feet of wall in honour of St. Lucia. On taking leave, I did not neglect to deposit my contribution towards the completion of this wondrous piece of workmanship in a large box provided for the purpose. But I have since listened with less of painful sympathy to Sicilian complaints of oppression and extortion.

As they approach Etna, our travellers seem to re-enter the sphere of British influence, since they find, in proof of advanced civilization, that extraordinary accommodation, a ferry-boat, in which to cross a river.

"The mighty Etna now appeared to draw nearer and nearer, forming an incomparable back-ground to the flat and thinly inhabited valleys

through which we were travelling. Now we entered upon the plain of Catania, which encircles the foot of the mountain, and declines by an imperceptible slope to the sea. The *Fiume* (river) Jaretta, the most considerable of the small Sicilian streams, slowly winds its serpentine course across the plain; during the hottest season this stream retains an abundant supply of water, being formed by the union of three smaller streams that rise far off, in the lofty central mountains of the island. For our conveyance across Fiume Jaretta we actually found a ferry-boat, the first we had seen in Sicily. Desirable as such conveniences might seem in many places during the winter floods, people are left to get over the streams as they best can. Bridges are great rarities; where an old one, built by the Romans or Normans, chances to be still standing, it is used, but no one dreams of repairing it; and, when one of the old arches, undermined by the floods, falls in, travellers ride resignedly through the water. In this manner is everything advancing to decay and destruction, and one should be really distressed for the future prospects of Sicily but for the single consolatory reflection that this ruinous negligence has now gone on for centuries, and that, amidst it, one generation after another has spun out its life upon this fortunate island. The last persons who built upon the island were the Jesuits; and, if they chiefly erected churches and cloisters, they did not quite forget schools, magazines, dwelling-houses and the like. Neither the style of their architecture nor the drift of their actions might be praiseworthy, but still they did something, and supported many labourers. The suppression of the order has been followed by a perfect vacuum."

It is evident that bridges formed no part of the Jesuits' building speculations; but, indeed, how should we look for bridges in a country without roads? and our Wanderer had previously informed us that there were but two in the island, one of which, a short one from Monreale to Palermo, had been made by a public spirited bishop of Monreale, for the especial convenience of his own diocese.

Catania, where we must needs halt with our party before attacking the volcano, is the second town in Sicily, and, we rather suspect, the most agreeable residence. Here the travellers made two valuable acquaintances. One was the skilful architect, Signor Zara-Buda, in whose possession they found objects as rare in Sicily as roads, ferry-boats, or bridges, to wit, two barometers: yet the discovery did not prove as beneficial as might have been hoped.

"Throughout our Sicilian tour, and especially upon Mount Etna, a barometer would have been a most desirable companion, and we had vainly tried to procure one at Naples, as vainly at Palermo; and throughout the rest of the island the individuals who had ever heard of such an instrument might easily be reckoned up. We were therefore not a little delighted when we saw two barometers hanging up in Signor Zara-Buda's ante-room. . . . . But, vain hopes! one barometer was broken,

the other out of order, and in the whole town there was not a soul who could repair them. Zara-Buda tried the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance, but no usable barometer could he find for us."

Their second Catanian acquaintance was the Abbate Gemellaro, a natural philosopher, who entertained them with his own newly devised theory of volcanoes; who, besides theorizing, employs himself more usefully in observing and noting down the eruptive phenomena of Mount Etna; and who has moreover built, or at least helped to build, a refuge for the destitute high up on the mountain; an invaluable resting place, it should seem, to judicious volcano tourists.

From Catania begins the proper pilgrimage to the shrine of subterranean fire.

"Several countrymen, whom we had met with at Rome, and since in Sicily, joined our party. Not content with merely climbing the mountain, we wished to behold the sun rise from the summit, for which purpose we were obliged to dedicate nearly the whole night to the ascent. As soon, therefore, as the noontide heat subsided, we left Catania, all well mounted, and supplied with refreshments, not omitting the excellent Syracusan muscadine. Upon quitting the town, the road begins gradually to ascend, passing now between high walls, now between magnificent vineyards, through large well-built villages, and under the shade of wide-branching chesnut trees. . . . . As the shadows lengthened, that peculiar magical light, which distinguishes the Sicilian from the Italian landscape, and of which the most successful pictures scarcely give an idea, diffused itself over the scene. Combined with the utmost transparency of the atmosphere, the most distinct demarcation of all objects is a deep azure tint that heightens and sets off all colours; and then, what a wonderful play of these colours, in ever varying and progressive change,—from the burning yellow of mid-day, through the crimson hues of the later hours of afternoon, and the violet splendours of the lower sinking sun, to the bluish gray shadows of the short twilight! I had, indeed, observed these variations before, but never under circumstances so favourable. In fact, the foot of Etna possesses all the beauties of scenery that one misses throughout the greater part of the island. The rich corn fields, elsewhere producing only sameness, are here broken by vineyards and olive groves; the dark oranges stand not in large plantations as at Palermo, but scattered about the houses; and, above all, the variety of foliage is such as perhaps can be seen in no other part of Europe. Finally, the district at the foot of Etna acquires a peculiar charm from the gradual rise that ranges all the various aspects, amphitheatrically, one above another, whilst the summit of the mountain or the eternal ocean are always visible.

"Before sunset we reached Nicolosi, the highest and last village, standing on the boundary line between the cultivated foot of the mountain and its forest girdle. The luxurious vegetation disappears; one has to wade, from house to house, through a depth of black lava-ashes; but

the shelter from the north, afforded by the mountain itself, allows of corn cultivation, and even vines and oranges are still to be seen."

Here Gemellaro had prescribed a few hours sleep, till the full moon should rise; but our travellers, too much excited for repose, spent the interval in visiting another Gemellaro, the Abbate's brother, who resides at Nicolosi, and apparently devotes his whole life, with all his faculties, to the volcano.

"From him we learned that a party of English was above, who had set out earlier, and were spending the night at the *Casa degli Inglesi*, or House of the English. This is a place of shelter provided for travellers, immediately below the sulphur-cone. The officers of the English army of occupation bore, indeed, the greater part of the expense, but the chief merit belongs to the indefatigable Gemellaro, who superintended the construction, and still pays constant attention to its preservation. Accordingly, the house is called *Casa di Gemellaro* by all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and by all travellers who are not English. He himself, however, always spoke of it as the *Casa degli Inglesi*."

"The impatiently awaited full moon now lifted up her large shield of the purest gold from behind the dark and distant Calabrian mountains; after offering us the remarkable spectacle of a perfect moon-twilight, which can never be beheld in such beauty from less elevated regions. ..... So long as we rode in the broad moonlight, all surrounding objects could be plainly distinguished; but when we entered the forest belt, immediately above Nicolosi, we were in a dim twilight, that brought the near and the distant confusedly together; and in which there was nothing to be done but, with slackened rein, to trust wholly to the mule. An attempt to guide or urge the hard-mouthed beast incurs the risk of running against a tree or falling into a hole. One of our party did, through such awkwardness, roll, with his mule, down a steep precipitous descent, which, in the uncertain light, he had taken for the broad moon-lit road. The fall was a marvellously lucky one, for neither man nor beast was in the least hurt, and, after a moment's delay, we again moved forward.

"The forest belt consists principally of grand oaks, that may bear a comparison with the German; but as they grow closer together, Etna cannot boast such magnificent single trees, as Dessau, for instance. They are intermingled with beech, chestnuts, cork trees, and some other kinds. ..... As we rode deeper into the forest gloom, while a broad, grey field of lava (from the eruption of 1669) spread wide to our left, my very soul was impressed by the profound loneliness of our caravan. ..... We rode, not in line, one after another, but dispersed amongst the trees, without however losing sight of each other. ..... The moon shone bright; but against the clear sky we saw the tops of the oaks beaten about by a violent north wind, of which we were soon to experience the full force, as we reached the extremity of the forest belt, and entered upon the barren region. This is again divided into the lava region and the snowy summit, on the very crest of which is the crater. The forest belt is sharply separated from the lava region,

and most likely forms an exact circle round the mountain, but the regions of lava and of snow run into each other, so that no boundary line can be drawn. ..... As we issued from the sheltering forest, the cold became sensibly painful, whilst even at Nicolosi the heat had been oppressive. .....

"At length we saw that object of our desires, the *Casa di Gemellaro*, before us. The mountain had now become so steep that our mules could only labour up ten or twenty steps at a time, then pausing to take breath. Many of our company alighted to warm themselves by climbing on foot, and they soon left the riders far behind. ..... The road winds repeatedly to the right and to the left, till it reaches a great step of the mountain, upon which, 7000 feet above the sea, in a dreary waste, amidst interminable lava fields, stands the *Casa di Gemellaro*. By the first glimmering of twilight we reached the sheltering roof. The English had just left it. Like tiny, moving, black points, we saw them at some distance, climbing the summit. They had proceeded more wisely than we had; by passing the night here above, they were enabled with fresh energy to attack the sulphur-cone, which is far steeper than the lower part of the mountain, and rises from this spot the full height of Vesuvius, namely, 3000 feet. We were obliged to be satisfied with a little hastily prepared coffee, which wonderfully refreshed the weary animal spirits, and then began, on foot, the last portion of our toilsome journey. The mules remained behind, on account partly of the steepness of the cone, partly of the badness of the path, obstructed as it is by blocks of lava. The light was increasing, and we could now distinguish sea from land. The sea lay like a broad stripe of shadow, of one uniform tint. Over the land spread several shadows, side by side, darkest and sharpest at the mountain's foot. The air was pure and clear: neither over the sea nor in the island valleys was the slightest mist to be seen, and the stars shone with such unwonted brightness that it seemed as though we had arrived much nearer to them. For the first half hour we were alternately amongst snow and fields of lava: then came a long tract of solid snow and ice. Nowhere had we ever seen masses of lava flung about in such wild disorder, whilst masses of ice started forth abruptly amongst them. .....

"It was now so light that we could easily discover the yellow particles of sulphur that more and more thickly strewed the ground. The greater rarefaction of the air was proved by our increasing weariness, which produced more frequent halts. ..... On approaching the very summit, one plainly feels one's self to be upon volcanic ground. From innumerable rifts, larger and smaller, in the sulphur crust, arises a thick yellow vapour, loaded with sal-ammonia, saltpetre, &c., which much increases the previous difficulty of breathing. The continuous north wind did not suffer these vapours to conglomerate, but drove them rapidly southwards and dispersed them. In order to avoid them, we had so turned that the last part of the cone was climbed on the eastern side. With great fatigue, I at length reached the brink of the crater, and could now look down into the cauldron, which shelves gradually to a depth of some hundred feet or so; the

circumference being, according to Gemellaro's computation, above two miles. There would thus have been no difficulty in walking down into it; but the sulphureous vapour rising from thousands of small openings was an insurmountable obstacle; and yet the guides assured us that the smoke was so inconsiderable that it would not be seen from Catania. In the middle of the bottom of the crater opened many deep black holes, from which issued the thickest smoke. When a gust of wind swept into the cauldron, its bottom would for a short moment be cleared, and then displayed a large field of sulphur, strewed over with stones and fragments of lava. The main colour is a decided yellow, which, through innumerable shades, softens into the palest white, or darkens to a red brown. From the side walls single lava rocks here and there jut out, upon which this play of colours is most apparent. They are covered on the upper side with a coating of sulphur of the liveliest yellow; the shady side passes through a magnificent orange into strong red and a rusty brown. We went northwards along the edge of the crater, and soon met the English party, who had advanced much farther, but been driven back by the vapour. By this time it was bright dawn, and we all turned back together to our former station, and, passing it, went yet more eastward, and a little way down the cone, where each nestled himself, either behind stones, or in little hollows, sheltered from the wind and the sulphur vapour, there to rest his exhausted lungs and leisurely indulge his eyes. Below us lay the whole island, shrouded in profound darkness, but on the summit it was already broad day-light, and over the Calabrian mountains, that lay stretched beneath our feet to the east, glowed a fiery brightness."

The description, or more correctly, the enumeration of the various, very many places, near and distant, seen from the summit of Etna, is scarcely worth extracting; we will therefore descend with our travellers to the Philosopher's Tower.

"Of this only part of the foundation wall is now to be seen. Judging from these remains, which are very strong, very extensive, and, it is said, evidently of Roman workmanship, it must have been a large, many-roomed edifice.

"This tower has been assigned as a residence or an observatory to several ancient philosophers; but Gemellaro is clear that it was built as a halting place for the emperor Adrian, who, during his pedestrian tour through the Roman empire, at the age of seventeen, would not neglect to visit Mount Etna."

We must add an extract or two concerning Messina, which, as a busy commercial port, differs strikingly from other Sicilian towns, and, amidst its activity of life and bustle, still presents impressive reminiscences of the dreadful earthquake of 1783. Our Wanderer thus describes this reviving ruined town:—

"The very approach announces a great city. High stone walls, instead of cactus hedges, inclose the gardens of the wealthy merchants, and through the iron trellis-work of the gates we could cast, as we

rode by, a wistful look at the long shady avenues within them. Here and there an elegant country-house, its airy balconies protected by Venetian blinds, stands by the road side; but what most delighted me was the quantity of flowers decorating every window under which the dusty road passes. In the town itself we do not, indeeed, find the architectural pomp of Catania, but every thing announces business and life. Hardly could we wind our way between a line of laden mules and rows of large barrels. Giovanni (the guide) conducted us safely however to the *Leone d'Oro* (Golden Lion), close to the port, where we found good accommodation—after the fashion of Sicily. The constant coming and going of ships has here induced some degree of arrangement for the reception of strangers; and as there are many consuls here, who protect and attend to the wants of their respective countrymen, one feels more at home than in other parts of Sicily.

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"The town ranges in a semicircle round the harbour, which is so good and convenient that merchantmen have no need to cast anchor, but are at once moored to posts on shore, where they load and unload in perfect quiet and with great despatch. ..... Messina is the first commercial town of the kingdom, and flags from all the quarters of the globe are seen in her port: the whole north of Europe is supplied with oranges from this place. ..... The traffic with Greece is considerable, and the number of trading Greeks is so great at Messina that they have a coffee-house of their own, which the English consul recommended to us for the excellence of its ices.

"Before the earthquake of 1783 the principal ornament of the Messina harbour was the Palazzata, as it was called, a line of palaces forming a semicircle next the sea, and inhabited by the grandees of the town. In the night between the 5th and 6th of February of that calamitous year, all these magnificent abodes were destroyed in a few seconds, and the greater part of their inmates buried under the ruins. Most of these unfortunate persons perished; but in immense disasters extraordinary escapes are never wanting, and many such occurred upon this occasion. The earthquake was repeated with equal violence in the evening of the 7th, when several persons who were still alive in vaulted cellars, or under the protection of sloping beams and rafters, were thrown out again, and thus saved. .....

"When the earthquake and its frightful effects were somewhat forgotten, the reconstruction of the *palazzata* upon one uniform plan was begun; but the windows of the ground-floor were scarcely completed when government very properly interfered, and prohibited the erection of lofty stone edifices upon so dangerous a site. And now nothing is to be seen around the harbour but one line of windows in the front wall of a line of unfinished palaces. Here and there huts and stalls, for the convenience of the sailors, have been stuck against these walls, and filth and rubbish have accumulated in all the unoccupied places, so that this once superb *palazzata* presents the image of a recently destroyed, not of a rebuilt, town. What is most offensive to the eye, however, is the abrupt breaking off of so many architectural

ornaments, as the pilasters, &c. which were designed to reach to the upper story; especially where a vulgar tiled roof projects over these unfinished ornaments, or two small windows, with their wooden lattices, are squeezed into the half-walled up large window."

To review a tour through any part of Italy without alluding to modern art, would be unnatural: a few words, therefore, upon this subject before we quit Sicily—a few will suffice. Although the island connoisseurs themselves call some of their compatriot painters Sicilian Raffaellos, our wandering amateur artist holds their school of painting too cheap, almost, for criticism. The only art he mentions, as now cultivated in the island with tolerable success, is that of delicate carving in ivory, coral, amber, &c.; and even that seems to have declined. At Trapani, where there is a great coral fishery, we are informed that

"Part of the coral is wrought into simple pearl necklaces, (this is a manufacture utterly beyond our comprehension, unless, indeed, *pearl* here stands as a more honourable name for bead,) destined for the East Indies; and it is remarkable that these delicate wares still travel the road followed in the middle ages, namely, by Alexandria; thence overland by Bagdad, and so forward. The industrious Trapanese early began to carve their coral. A large school of carving formed itself; and, no longer content with their coral, they proceeded to work in ivory, alabaster, amber, mother of pearl, &c. In the churches some admirable pieces of extraordinary delicacy are still preserved. ..... In later works the technical skill is more developed, but the design is bad, and art is smothered under artifice. What pure taste can take pleasure in a manger, (containing the infant Saviour,) upon which the tiny figures are formed of ivory, the landscape of amber, the projecting flowers of mother of pearl and shell? These shells, which are named *brogne*, and found upon the north coast of Sicily, are besides beautifully carved into cameos, buttons, and the like."

Of Sicilian poetry our traveller thinks more highly, and gives us several specimens, including songs, with their music. But the Sicilian dialect, in which the island bards love to write, renders their poetic beauties nearly inaccessible to all who have not made an especial study of this *patois*. As a sample of its unintelligibility to mere Italian scholars, we copy a few lines of Meli's Fisher Idyl, and, as we pretend not to be perfect masters of it, shall gladly avail ourselves of a subjoined Italian version, rather than hazard one of our own from the original.

"Pidda, (the abbreviation of Apollonia.)
Mentri lu Gnuri è a mari cu la varca,
E la mia Gnura mà l'ammari 'ncrocca,
Jamu a ghiucari ntra la rina e l'arca?

Lidda, (Elisabetta) Jeu vegnu ddocu chivi? E chi su locca?
Ddocu mentr'eu sidia, mi' ntisi diri:
Beata chidda rina, chi ti tocca."

"Pidda. Whilst the Signor is at sea with the bark,
And my Signora mother the net twines,
Go we to play between the sandy beach and the coffer?
Lidda. I go there more? And who am I then?
There whilst I sat, I heard said to me—
Blessed that sand, that thee touches."

We must now attend the Wanderer to Malta, and are glad to find that our fellow-subjects at once made a favourable impression upon his mind, for which, as far as we may judge from his first words upon landing, no kindly predisposition had prepared the way: since he slightingly says:—

"We shall, of course, only stay till we can obtain a passage to Alexandria. . . . .

"Città-Valetta makes a pleasing impression upon the stranger who arrives by sea. The lower part of the town adjoining the harbour, which in most seaports is nearly impassable from the filth of the fish-market, the tar-barrels, &c., is here cleanlily paved with flag stones, and so one ascends, by a flight of broad stone steps, to the upper town, where the streets and alleys, often very steep, are all neatly paved.

"This external cleanliness forms the most striking contrast with the dirty Sicilian towns, amongst which Catania alone can compare with Città-Valetta. The natives, likewise, are a much finer race of men in Malta than in Sicily. The sailors, porters, and labourers, are generally tall and well made; they dress in bright colours, as green, light blue, and red; and set off their fine figures by a showy sash twisted round the hips. The women are fairer than the Sicilians, and wear the peculiar Maltese garb. A light black silk mantle is thrown over the head and held fast to the waist by the left arm, whilst the ends, hanging down over the forehead, conceal either the right or the left eye; for it would be a terrible breach of decorum did a maiden look with both eyes at any person she may chance to pass in the street. In this, as in other things, Malta forms the point of transition between Europe and the East, where the women are completely veiled. But the Maltese fashion is attended with a great disadvantage; the constant closing of one eye produces a squint, which cruelly disfigures the most beautiful faces."

At the British hotel, where he takes up his quarters, our Wanderer finds English comforts, which, as usual, he seems duly to prize; and an amusing *table d'hôte*.

"At the *table d'hôte*, round which assemble a mixed society of merchants, ship-clerks, officers—civil and military, &c.—one learns all the news of the day, and often gains, from anecdotes related by the guests,

a deeper insight into Maltese life. Here, the very reverse of the Babylonian confusion of tongues occurs; if *there* no one understood the other, *here* everybody understands everybody. All languages that border upon the Mediterranean are here brought together. The most opposite Oriental and Occidental elements have here blended into a peculiar language, easy enough to be understood.

"English is the language of government, and of the majority of the military, public functionaries, and merchants, who constitute the first class of society; Italian ranks next, and, at Città Valetta, may be considered as the language of general intercourse. Maltese, which is nearly related to the Punic language, is spoken only by native Maltese, and would scarcely repay the trouble of learning it, (unless with philological views): since every islander, down to the sailor and porter, blunders out a word or two of English and Italian, often oddly enough distorted."

At Malta our Wanderer professes to have first discovered the exquisite propriety of one of the epithets given by Homer to the sea; which epithet, we must fairly confess, has often perplexed our untravelled selves, acquainted only with our own Northern Ocean, and its tints of deep blue or transparent emerald green. The epithet we mean is οἶνοψ, purple, or red-wine colour.

"A peculiar charm is found in the tints of the sea, varying with the time of the day; it is impossible to tire of looking upon them, and we here find the complete justification of father Homer, when he speaks of the 'purple waves.' Not that we are to think of the purple as meaning violet—so taken what would become of the purple roses?—no; the epithet is literally correct; it depends, like all the immortal poet's images, upon unprejudiced perception, and needs no far-fetched sophistical interpretation to be alike intelligible and natural. The sea actually does assume, in place of its ordinary deep azure, a purple hue, that is to say, a dull red hue, beheld not immediately at one's feet, but further off towards the horizon. This unusual colour appears in full magnificence towards evening, provided you have the open sea before you, for it is never perceived in bays and harbours."

The Wanderer's admiration of English nautical skill, and of the arrangement of an English man-of-war, is satisfactory, but not worth translating, any more than his civilian description of the appearance of Città-Valetta's impregnable works. We should equally incline to pass over his vehement complaints of the heat, "which it needs no ghost to tell us" must be oppressive upon a rock in latitude 36°, did they not give rise to a description of the manner of life at Malta, with which we shall conclude.

"The houses are built of limestone. . . . The streets are paved with the same; so that, wherever the eye turns, it falls upon a dazzling white surface. It is best to learn of the natives, who, at every sunny spot, carefully wink or half close their eyes, to save them from injury.

"In the hotel the only resource for alleviating the heat is opening

doors and windows, to let the air circulate; and then one is in constant danger of seeing open books and scattered papers thrown into disorder by sudden gusts of the sea-breeze, and some of the latter even carried out of the door or the window. Besides, in the afternoon the whole atmosphere is so heated, that opening the windows produces little coolness. All these inconveniences are avoided in the library, where I have now almost domiciliated myself. . . . .

"About 4 or 5 o'clock we rise, and take our walk along the ramparts, or the wide and clean main street. In the port the sound of the hammer and the hum of the undulating throng are now hushed; but upon the open sea the first glimmering of twilight shows a line of fishing boats, that, having gone out in the night, are now returning with the fruits of their labour. We tried bathing at this early hour, when the water is coolest; but the refreshment lasted not long, and we have returned to our accustomed evening bathe."

Yet this must have been still less refreshing, if, as he tells us, the sea is, in the evening, by the thermometer, full three or four degrees hotter than the air.

"At eight o'clock to the library, there to remain till dinner-time at the *table d'hôte*. Here, as in Sicily, it is customary, and therefore no solecism in good manners, for gentlemen to throw off their heavy cloth coats, and every one fans himself with an enormous fan. Most persons indeed wear only white linen jackets, in which it is even allowable to make visits, provided they be not visits of introduction, or of especial ceremony. The immoderate heat authorizes these measures.

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"The next hours of oppressive heat are dedicated to the *siesta*, a custom to which, only here, have we begun to conform regularly, in compensation for early rising and late going to bed. . . .

"One inconvenience peculiar to Città-Valetta, is the incessant violent ringing of church bells, to which I cannot inure myself. In the south, if once the innate indolence be overcome, every thing is done with increased vehemence and impetuosity, ringing amongst the rest; and here, at Malta, the sole object seems to be to make a stunning noise. The great bells are accompanied by many smaller ones, which the alert boy-choristers pull with indescribable zeal. Almost all day long, for mass, matins, vespers, complines, &c., resounds this assuredly not harmonious ringing, which we enjoy in full perfection at the British hotel, being close to a church. On Sundays and holidays the crashing clatter is still worse, and upon a favourite saint's day it can hardly be endured. Every polished Maltese complains of this nuisance; the English complain, foreigners complain; the very priests would fain moderate the din; but the government will not interfere, inasmuch as it is a fundamental principle of English colonial policy not to disturb or repress such external practices as, proceeding directly from, are chiefly interesting to, the people; and, in general, not to govern too much. A good rule, but I could wish for one exception, if it were only to prove it.

"Towards sun-set every one hurries out of doors to breathe freely. Such a *passeggiata* or *promenade* is here indispensable, and to remain at home at this time were to violate the first rule for the preservation of health. The houses are now so heated through and through by the sun, that no cool nook can be found in them; on the port, out of the town, in sight of the dark sea, one breathes under less oppression. The Maltese *passeggiata* differs strikingly from an Italian and a Sicilian, in the entire absence of carriages, which are useless upon this uneven ground. Great and small, all walk indiscriminately along the smooth pavement, beside the harbour, and out through the gates. South of the town lies the only Valetta garden, where several contiguous rows of trees are to be seen; a rarity throughout the island. Amongst the fortifications indeed, and under the shade of the high walls, a custom-house officer or a bridge-inspector has here and there insinuated a little garden, at which the government, in the expectation of a long peace, connives. There, looking down from the precipitous ramparts, one sees the neatly ordered beds of culinary vegetables; the eye reposes refreshingly upon their soft verdure, upon the varied tints of the numerous flowers. Here and there are seen orange hedges and different fruit trees; and, beside an inner gate, a banana tree spreads wide its gigantic leaves, six or eight feet in length; a strangely marvellous apparition, that distinctly brings the vicinity of the tropics before the astonished eyes of the son of the north."

We now lay down the pen, but look forward with pleasure to our traveller's wanderings in the Levant, which we shall lose no time in presenting to the reading public of England.

ART. V.—*Thaddäus Kosciuszko, nach seinem öffentlichem und häuslichen leben geschildert, von Karl Falkenstein, Königlich Sachsischem Bibliothekar, &c. &c.* (Thaddeus Kosciuszko, delineated in his public and domestic Life, by Charles Falkenstein, Royal Saxon Librarian, &c. &c.) 8vo. Leipzig. 1834.

THERE is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendour and rudeness, of the very spirit of Orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardour of patriotic valour, alloyed by versatility,—both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange, exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all, blending together, give the nation a peculiar hold upon the imagination. Then, although the history of Poland is but little known to the general reader, what is known breathes a tone of romance, yet further enhancing the effect of those qualities with which it so well harmonizes.

Nor has this tone of romance in actual life even now faded, however sadly or harshly coloured in later years by those reverses, that desolation, and ruin, which, in some measure, originated in the very qualities we have enumerated. No! Never, even in these our utilitarian days, has Polish romance been deadened into the cold common-place of modern philosophic civilization.

The interest which this gallant and vivacious, but somewhat fickle nation, is certain to awaken in every breast, has within the last few years been wonderfully augmented and enlivened by the fearful struggle, more nobly and generously than judiciously audacious, in which they have been engaged against the northern Colossus, with whose overwhelming might they had already been proved utterly unable to cope, even when they themselves were still a nation, and when that Colossus was not yet further strengthened by provinces torn from Sweden, Persia, and Turkey, as well as by a large portion of their own territories. The Poles were no doubt unwise, we have already said so, in rising against Russia; but even the extravagant temerity of enthusiastic patriotism and love of liberty kindles a sympathetic glow in the heart, whilst the calculating despondency of selfish prudence is approved with feelings more akin to dislike than to indifference. And if, as we doubt there is but too much reason to apprehend, that rash insurrection, which has deprived Poland of even the poor shadow of nationality restored to her by the congress of Vienna, was instigated by the liberal party, as they proudly style themselves, in France and England, if this same party—from a cautious fear of provoking either the active enmity of Russia, or the equally formidable active hostility of the tax-payers at home, —afterwards left the Poles whom they had instigated to insurrection, to perish unaided,—if we say England has thus even in the remotest degree co-operated in the final annihilation of Poland, although a bitter and remorseful shame must rob our sympathy of the pleasing self-satisfaction usually blending with and sweetening that emotion—those very painful feelings must needs deepen our sympathy in every thing relative to a country, once, under her great Sobieski, the deliverer of Austria, perhaps of Europe, from Turkish bondage.

Touched with sympathies such as these, combined with a desire to institute a comparison between the struggle and the disasters of 1794, and those of 1831, we took up Falkenstein's Life of Kosciuszko, which, though originally published some few years ago, has, from feelings in a great measure analagous to our own, been lately reprinted with additions and corrections. Our main object in opening the volume was disappointed. Of the political condition of Poland prior to the new constitution, or even to the

year 1794, of the circumstances which immediately produced the insurrection, and led to the final partition of the remnant of the kingdom then left, the author tells us no more than is actually indispensable to the intelligibility of Kosciuszko's share in the transactions of those unhappy times; and for this reserve he assigns a reason more satisfactory we trust to himself than it is likely to be to his readers. He says in his preface:—

"The narrow limits of biography do not allow of a regular development of the origin, progress, and final catastrophe of that insurrection, in which oppressed Poland was compelled to seek her last hope of deliverance. It will not therefore excite surprise that no more is said of the revolution than what, as being the result of Kosciuszko's influence, is absolutely necessary to place his mode of thinking and acting in the proper light."

But must not the professionally distrustful critic suspect that this development may be purposely reserved, with other matters, for the new work which the author soon afterwards tells us that he meditates?

"The rise and growth of the Polish kingdom, together with the delineation of the characters of their greatest kings, are reserved for a new historical work."

The life of a man who owes his celebrity to his having been the leader and instigator of his countrymen in a desperate and splendid although unsuccessful attempt to maintain or recover the independence of their common country, seems to be so inextricably involved with the history of that country, at least during the period of his own activity, that, upon reading the first of these passages we were about to throw aside the volume with a sneer at its absurd plan, but the charm which resides in the mere name of every martyr to liberty, tempted us forward; and although, as we read on, the author did not greatly rise in our estimation, we still read on, and now are glad that we did so. Nor, we think, will our readers be otherwise than pleased when we shall have imparted to them a sketch, although but little political, of the life of this eminent public man. In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such really quite refreshing in these matter-of-fact days of steam-engines, rail-roads, and compendious compilations of cheap literature.

Of this romance, the Polish insurrection against Russian ascendency forms scarcely a volume; a few chapters merely, or an act or two of the great drama: and, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its features is, that Kosciuszko should have become so

decidedly a public character, so thoroughly the idol of his country, the *one man* without whom resistance was impossible, whilst so very short a period of his life was dedicated to the active service of his country, at least in any prominently public character. The insurrection of which he was the leader was put down in less than a year, and prior to that, he had little opportunity to signalize himself at home except in one battle.

Our sketch of his adventurous life must be prefaced by a few words concerning the qualifications of his present biographer. It appears that Falkenstein, as a youth, was intimately acquainted with Kosciuszko during the last years of his life, from the circumstance of his (Falkenstein's) being the chosen associate of one of the young Zeltners, in whose family the exiled veteran in his declining years resided, and by whom he was most tenderly revered and cherished. From Kosciuszko's own lips Falkenstein thus heard many details, many incidents of his earlier and eventful career; others he learned from the Zeltners; and yet more he gathered from those Poles, whether exiles or Russian subjects, to whom his connexion with the venerated patriot introduced him. He thus seems peculiarly well calculated to give those slight or familiar anecdotes to which biography owes its chief fascination, and the regular historical web into which these are to be interwoven he professes to have derived from a variety of publications upon Kosciuszko and Poland in almost every living language. Did his talent for arrangement and composition equal his diligence in collecting materials and his honest zeal for his hero, we could have desired no better biographer. We shall endeavour in our sketch to spare our readers any inconvenience from the disproportion between the former and the latter qualities.

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was a Lithuanian, and born in the year 1746, according to Falkenstein. We wish he had given his authority for this date, inasmuch as other writers place Kosciuszko's birth in 1756, and some circumstances in his life rather tend to render this last the more probable epoch. He was the only son of Casimir Kosciuszko, a nobleman, but of the class denominated the lesser nobility, of which the most that can possibly be predicated is, that it may perhaps answer to the English small squirearchy, though we are not very sure whether it approach not nearer to our yeomanry, since we are told that—

"Only by the clear judgment and unwearied diligence with which he constantly applied himself to agricultural improvement, could he augment his income sufficiently to support himself with his wife, Thaddeus, and two younger daughters, in comfort and respectability.* * * Through the instrumentality of this noble friend, (Prince Adam Czartoryski, under whom Casimir Kosciuszko had served in his youth,) the father, whose indigence

prevented his either paying instructors for his children at home, or sending them to school, obtained admission for Thaddeus into the Cadet Institution which King Stanislaus Poniatowski had recently established at Warsaw."

By those means of instruction, for which he was thus indebted to the honourable patronage of friendship, and to the wise liberality of the well-meaning, although unhappily feeble-minded king, the youthful Thaddeus laboured, with a diligence well nigh unexampled, to profit. We are assured, upon the authority of one of his brother cadets, that—

"Such was Kosciuszko's ardour for the acquisition of knowledge that, in order to make sure of rising at three o'clock every morning, he commissioned the stove-heater to wake him by pulling a string, of which one end was tied about his arm, while the other passed out under the door of his room. If, when sitting up late at his writing-table, sleep overpowered him before he had completed his day's task, he kept himself awake by either putting his feet into cold water or repeatedly bathing his forehead and neck.

"His favourite studies were now, as they had been in early childhood in his father's house, mathematics and history; and the susceptibility of his imagination for every thing elevated probably led him to anticipate the fair fruits that these studies would produce during his future career..... Such was the esteem he inspired, that he was one of the twelve youths selected by the professors as entitled, by their superiority in character and in science, to contend for the prize of a travelling allowance — the King of Poland having deposited a sum of money, from which annually the travelling expenses of the four most distinguished youths of the Warsaw cadet corps were to be defrayed, that they might improve themselves in mathematics and other sciences under the tuition of foreign instructors. These twelve underwent a severe examination, when Kosciuszko's industry and pre-eminent talents insured his being one of the chosen. For some years he prosecuted his studies in the military academy at Versailles, under the especial protection of his original patron, the highly meritorious Prince Adam Czartoryski, who did so much for the intellectual cultivation of Poland."

Upon his return to Poland, Kosciuszko entered the army, and, as a proof of the king's approbation of his abilities and application, almost immediately obtained a company. But this, the natural career of a poor nobleman possessing military talents, was speedily interrupted, at least in his native land, by the influence of that most universal of passions, against the arbitrary power of which not even the wisest can shield themselves. Kosciuszko fell in love with a maiden, raised, by birth and fortune, far above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania and vice-general of the crown. Towards the end of the year 1777, circumstances, which he then esteemed most fortunate,

quartered Kosciuszko's regiment in Lithuania, and the enamoured officer himself in the marshal's castle. He made good use of the opportunities thus afforded him to gain the affections of the Lady Louisa Sosnowska. But, once secure of her heart, Kosciuszko adopted a frank and honourable course.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss: the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the Lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after a three hour's swoon, Kosciuszko regained his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

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"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and in France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

The friend with whom the broken-hearted and wounded lover sought refuge was Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, the most celebrated of Poland's living authors, we might perhaps say, of her authors dead or living, and one of her most ardent and constant patriots.*

* Niemcewicz, since the failure of the last Polish insurrection, in which he took an active part, has lived a voluntary exile in England.

And that this man should be Kosciuszko's most intimate friend is a remarkable point in both their lives. Niemcewicz carefully concealed his unhappy comrade from any search that might be made after him; whilst Kosciuszko, with an impetuosity of feeling, which we confess appears to us more consonant with the age of two and twenty than of two and thirty,* immediately wrote to the king, requesting his royal leave to resign his commission. The king granted the request, and the dejected lover repaired with all possible dispatch to America, where, as we scarcely need remind our readers, the revolutionary war was then raging. Kosciuszko reached the New World utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless; he however asked an audience of Washington, to whom he boldly presented himself.

"'What do you seek here?' inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.—'I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence,' was the equally brief and fearless reply.—'What can you do?' was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, 'Try me.' This was done: occasions soon offered in which his talents, science, and valour were evinced, and above all his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

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"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest and made its attacks in the best order.

"'Who led the first company?' asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was, 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of the one, or the surprise of the other, when the general, entering the tent, [would it not rather be a room or hut?] in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

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* The reader will recollect the different dates assigned to Kosciuszko's birth.

The friendship thus and then begun continued through life. We cannot pretend to follow our hero throughout the American war; it may therefore suffice to say, that he took part in many of its most important battles and sieges, that he became a great favourite with the penetrating and judicious Washington, and was as much distinguished by his humanity, and by the extraordinary influence which he, a foreigner, exercised over the American volunteers, as by his military skill and daring valour. With an anecdote or two, illustrating the former qualities, we shall close our account of his American campaigns. The soldiers of an English regiment were, upon one occasion, surprised and nearly cut off in their sleep.

"Only about 40 privates and a few non-commissioned officers were made prisoners, and they owed their lives to the humanity of Kosciuszko, who, in opposition to his general's commands, ordered the lives of all who asked quarter to be spared, on pain of death.

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"How much he was beloved and feared by those under him was made manifest during the bloody siege of Ninety-six. A detachment of militia had been detained in the army long after their term of service had expired, because the detachment ordered to relieve them did not arrive to take their place. The complaints and murmurs at this detention grew louder and louder. Kosciuszko, well aware both of the justice of these complaints, and of the inconvenience which a longer absence from their homes might occasion these militia-men, with kindly earnestness addressed them as follows:—

"'My good friends, you have been promised your dismissal, and to me this promise is sacred: if you are not willing to stay, go home in peace. You are dismissed! As for myself, I cannot desert the post intrusted to me, and shall remain here with our few regular troops.'

"These words were more powerful than argument or entreaty; all unanimously exclaimed, 'We will stay! We will not desert our leader!' And afterwards no one of these militia-men could have been induced to leave the army, except by giving him a certificate that illness, or some other cause actually compelled his departure."

Upon the signature of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Kosciuszko returned to Poland with the American rank of general of brigade. He was kindly received by Stanislaus, and re-entered the Polish army, retaining his American rank; he was before long raised to that of major-general in the service of his native king and country. For some years after his return, he appears to have lived in great retirement, from which he was in some measure called forth when Stanislaus endeavoured, by introducing really great improvements and reforms into the Polish constitution, so to increase the energies of his kingdom as

might enable him to shake off the ascendency of Russia. Stanislaus drew up a new constitution, certainly very far from a perfect scheme of civil polity, and too like the equally unsuccessful and equally short-lived French constitution of the year 1790, but still very much better than the anarchy which had previously reigned in Poland; especially inasmuch as it obviated the tremendous evils almost always incident to the election of a king, by making the crown thenceforward hereditary. This Stanislaus could do with the better grace from having no children.

"On the 3rd of May, 1791, in spite of the opposition of all the partisans of Russia, the king swore to observe the new constitution; the whole assembly, (a sort of national assembly convoked for the purpose,) followed him into the church, where the evening twilight, dimly illuminating the primeval arches, heightened the solemn effect of the oath-taking scene. Two days afterwards, the new constitution was accepted by the whole assembly. And Kosciuszko, to whom the independence of his native land was the first of blessings, loudly declared in favour of this new charter, and received with deep felt joy from the hands of the king, who was now wholly bent to avert Russian influence, his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general."

Enthusiasm like Kosciuszko's was unluckily far from universal in Poland. The new laws deprived the haughty nobles of many of those proud and elsewhere unparalleled prerogatives, in which they had so long gloried, through which they had already well nigh destroyed their country; and their reluctance to part with them, though for a while brooded over in secret, at length produced the confederation of Targowica. This was a professedly patriotic confederation, instituted for the sole purpose of saving the old republic, as the kingdom of Poland was designated.

"The confederates bound themselves to annihilate the constitution of 3rd of May, as the grave of liberty. Potocki declared himself marshal-general; Branicki and Rzewuski appointed themselves counsellors to the confederation."

And so blinded were these Polish magnates by political prejudice, and surely we must add by selfishness, that in their frantic detestation of the royal innovations,—

"They published an address to the nation on the 22nd of February, 1792, in which, amongst other things, they said, 'No hope remains for the republic, save an appeal to the magnanimity of the incomparable Catherine. Should the Poles not listen to the counsels of this exalted Princess, they will themselves precipitate the ruin of their country. Upon this consideration, and in the name of that country so infinitely dear to us all, we implore the inhabitants of Warsaw, and of the provinces, not to take any hasty steps that may undermine the general safety.' .....

"The Empress Catherine simultaneously announced her entire dis-

approbation of the new constitution, and her intention of sending a body of troops into Poland, to support the confederation of Targowica."

Poland was now divided into two hostile parties, the constitutional royalists and the confederates of Targowica, in arms against each other: the first headed by a timid, vacillating, and nearly powerless king; the other supported by the able, ambitious, and unscrupulous Catherine, wielding the power of Russia. The issue of such a contest could hardly be doubtful; but whilst it lasted it afforded Kosciuzsko some opportunities of displaying, in the cause of his native land, the skill and valour he had already proved as the champion of foreign liberty. Many slight encounters occurred, with fluctuating success. These are not worth dwelling upon; but the battle of Dubienka, (pronounced Dubienkon) was more important, and upon it Kosciuszko's Polish military fame seems, at the period in question, to have rested. The orders of the government were to defend the passage of the Bug against the Russians.

"This river, which joins the Vistula, near Warsaw, is broad, but so shallow as in summer to be fordable in many places. Prince Joseph Poniatowski was to guard the banks from Dubienka to Brzesc, in Lithuania; Zabiello, from Brzesc to the Vistula.

"Kosciuszko was posted at Dubienka. ..... The main attack of the Russians, led by their general-in-chief, Kochowski, at the head of 18,000 picked troops, with 40 cannon, was made upon Kosciuszko. The Polish commander had but 4,000 men and eight pieces of cannon, to defend a post, strengthened only by such works as he had been able to throw up in the four and twenty hours that he had been there stationed. Yet, with these feeble means, did he repulse every attempt of the Russians, and maintain his ground for five whole days. Then, finding his position menaced from Gallicia, he retreated in good order, the Russians having lost 4,000 men, the Poles barely 900. The best military judges pronounced with one accord that the affair of Dubienka might stand a comparison with Greek and Roman deeds, and that Poland, if she had no Thermopylæ, yet boasted a Leonidas upon her open fields."

But the efforts of the Polish Leonidas were less beneficial in their result than those of his prototype, perhaps in proportion as the sacrifice at which they were made was less. The Bug was now passed; and Stanislaus, already terrified by the menaces of her, under whose superior mental energies he had doubtless painfully quailed, even when revelling in her guilty tenderness, was completely subdued when he beheld her troops ready to pour upon his capital. Exactly a week after the attack upon Dubienka, on the 23rd of July, 1792,—

"Stanislaus summoned his ministers, and the marshals of the confederation of the realm, showed them the last letter of the Empress,

spoke of the league of the three neighbouring states, of the impossibility of resistance, of the necessity of obtaining the protection of Russia, and concluded by saying, 'I have determined to sign the Targowica Confederation.' ..... Kosciuszko could not remain a witness of the consequent degradation of his country. He rejected the most brilliant offers of advancement in the Russian service, preferring poverty and exile to any sacrifice of principle. He resigned his Polish commission; and with the words, 'Grant, oh my God, that I may once more draw my sword for my native land!' entered the carriage that conveyed him to Dresden. Thence he proceeded to Leipzig. His example was followed by sixteen young men of the first families in Poland."

At Leipzig Kosciuszko received a diploma making him a French citizen, a compliment paid him by the French National Assembly, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of liberty, as well in America as in Poland. This compliment did not however then lure him to Paris. He was at that time too much engrossed by the calamities and prospects of Poland to visit foreign countries. His heart and soul were engaged in organizing the insurrection which broke out in less than two years afterwards; and he remained in great retirement and privacy at Leipzig, whence he could easily superintend and regulate the proceedings of the conspirators, until an alarm of premature discovery induced him to remove to a greater distance. He then repaired to Italy with a show of secrecy and incognito. The newspapers however loudly and repeatedly announced his journey, and his arrival in the transalpine peninsula; and the announcement that the dreaded Kosciuszko was amusing himself upon a distant tour was so well calculated to serve the schemes of the confederated patriots, by lulling the Russian authorities into perfect security, that we cannot suppose it more than a seeming contravention of the traveller's wishes and designs.

The King, "infirm of purpose," was now a mere puppet in the hands of the Targowica Confederation, the heads of which were themselves equally puppets in the hands of Catherine, whose troops, pouring in, occupied and tyrannized over great part of Poland. On the 14th of October, 1793, the second partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria was completed.

"The popular ferment was now at its height, but the prudent Kosciuszko remained quiet, like a volcano consumed by its internal fires. ..... A proposal, in the nature of a command, made by the Russian envoy, General Baron Igelström, to reduce the Polish army to 16,000 men, incorporating the rest of the troops with Russian regiments, provoked the explosion.

"Madalinski, commander of a brigade of national cavalry, learned that his brigade was one of those to be reduced. His resolution was immediate, to kindle at once the torch of insurrection. He made some

Prussian officers prisoners, seized the Prussian military chest, outwitted Igelström by a stratagem, and, marching southward, reached the woiwodship, or palatinate of Sendomir. Here Madalinski proposed to the nobles a confederation to rescue Poland. But they dreaded the foreign armies ..... The patriots wanted a leader, upon whose experience and abilities they could rely, to whose hands they could entrust their country's cause. .....

* * * * *

"Under these circumstances General Igelström called Russian troops from all sides to Warsaw: but his military force could not check the growth of the popular fermentation, which abundantly revealed itself by incendiarism, red caps, (copied from France) and other symptoms. In Cracow affairs looked more serious.

"Kosciuszko, who had watched the progress of events, now thought that the hour of need was come. Hastily he retrod his steps, hurried to Cracow, and, in the night of the 24th of March, 1794, entered the old capital of Poland, at the head of a few friends.—

"The people thronged to meet him. Torches were lighted and the night turned into day. Even ladies hurried into the streets to gaze upon the great Captain, who, in his dusty travelling dress, repaired to the town-house, whence he issued orders to close the gates of the city, and to bring in all the arms that could be found.—Meanwhile the multitude shouted incessantly, 'Kosciuszko for ever! Poland for ever! Long live the deliverer of the country!' The assembled nobles solemnly declared him commander-in-chief of all the Polish forces; and an act entitled the Insurrection-act of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the Woiwodship of Cracow, which placed unlimited dictatorial authority in his hands, was signed."

This extraordinary document, which received many thousand signatures, not only committed unlimited authority, military and civil, to Kosciuszko,—it further authorized him to name the members of the National Council which (after the manner of the French committee of public safety) was to supply his place in political and administrative concerns, when his time and attention should be exclusively dedicated to conducting the war against the three Great Powers who had appropriated to themselves so large a part of Poland. But be it observed that this appointment of a kind of provisional government indicated no purpose of superseding the King. The object was to provide a substitute for his authority so long as he should remain, in fact if not in name, a prisoner to the Russians, and the case very much resembled that of Spain, during the peninsular war, when Ferdinand the Seventh was a French prisoner. To return to Cracow.

"Scarcely had the morning dawned when the *Naczelnik* (a Polish title meaning Supreme Chief,) Kosciuszko was escorted to the market-place by the whole body of citizens. Here he harangued the people, pointing out the importance of the present moment to the future

weal or woe of Poland, and demanding a cordial reception for his warriors, and vigorous co-operation. Shouts of exultation, and unanimous cries of 'Kosciuszko for ever! Liberty and Poland!' told the dictator that his exhortations would be obeyed."

After naming the members of the National Council and proclaiming anew the Constitution, abrogated by Russian command, Kosciuszko repeated his call for vigorous co-operation, and made it more general, by a proclamation of which we extract a few passages; the whole being somewhat lengthy:—he, perhaps, had learned the thing, as we have the word, beyond the Atlantic.

"Fellow-citizens! Called upon from all sides to save our country, I appear, in obedience to your will, at the head of the lovers of liberty. But I alone cannot shake off the yoke of slavery, and break our chains. Every one must do his part; and then I can and will effect our deliverance. ..... In our common cause, one spirit must *ensoul* us, one zeal fire our hearts. Each for all and all for each! Consecrate to your country a part of your property, now not so much yours as the destined booty of despotic mercenaries! Fill our ranks with armed men! ..... Sacrifices made to liberty and our country will be worthily rewarded by a nation's gratitude! ..... The first step towards liberty is the resolution to be free; as the first towards victory is the knowledge of our own strength.

* * * * *

"My dear fellow-countrymen! I expect every thing from your zeal. ..... 'He who is not with us is against us!' He who is not ready to sacrifice his life for his country means to oppose her, or to remain neutral; and both are sins against Liberty, against Patriotism!"

A proclamation, more original, as also much shorter, was addresed by the *Naczelnik* to his countrywomen.

"'Ornaments of the human race!..... You too, noble ladies, have felt the sad lot of our country, pining under the iron yoke of her enemies. Learn that we men will free you from this yoke! But allow me to make a request of you. Your tender sensibilities will awaken; you will feel that an oppressed nation can only recover her rights and liberties by the greatest sacrifices on the part of every man and of every woman.

"Your husbands, sons, brothers, gird them for the fight—our blood must lay the foundation of your liberty. Women! Be it your's to care for us when that blood streams. Prepare lint and bandages [alas! for the necessary bathos!] for the army. The work of such fair hands will allay the pangs of the sufferer, of the wounded!'

"These manifestoes acted like an electric shock upon the whole nation. The clang of arms resounded. The handicraftsman left his work, and presented himself with his axe; the peasant came with his scythe, the day-labourer with his spade, the townsman with his sword and pike. The nobleman opened his castle, distributing guns and hunting weapons to the unarmed men who asked for them. Kosciuszko

had required a soldier for every five hearths, but additional volunteers flocked from all sides to the banner of their *motherland* [this is the Polish tenderer, and, we think, more appropriate form of the German *fatherland*] to stake life and property for freedom. Side by side stood the noble and the bondsman, the greybeard and the boy; nor was it uncommon to find in the ranks women, wrapped in large coats, and with pikes on their shoulders, confronting death, braving toil and hardship; ofttimes their sex remaining unsuspected till they were wounded or slain. . . . .

" From women whose patriotism was more feminine were received in abundance shirts, garments of all kinds, bandages, lint, plaisters, balsams, tea, all that could be wanted to dress wounds or to alleviate the toils of war. The noblest ladies of Warsaw secretly sold their jewels, and sent Kosciuszko the produce."

On the 4th of April, Kosciuszko, with 4,000 soldiers, and a body of these half-armed, untrained volunteers, without cannon, encountered a corps of 6,000 or 12,000 Russian troops.

" Several Russian battalions boldly attacked his left wing; the Poles resisted valiantly, and the Russians retreated. A new attack upon the centre;—similar resistance, and a similar result. Now a second column advances upon Kosciuszko's left wing and a third upon his right. The patriots, animated alike by the valour of their *Naczelnik* and by the prosperous commencement of the affair, rush dauntlessly forward. Twice only can the Russians fire their artillery; the Poles are amidst their ranks; three guns are in the hands of the peasants. On all sides rages an obstinate, a bloody battle. . . . . Neither party gives or asks quarter. The Russians fight desperately, lest they should be conquered by men whom they despise: but the impetuosity of the Poles is irresistible. The peasantry, shouting 'Kosciuszko and Liberty!' wield their scythes and pitchforks with inconceivable fury, and enable the few regular troops to gain a complete victory. . . . . Two of the scythe-armed peasants so distinguished themselves in this sanguinary conflict, that Kosciuszko, in his *bulletin*, placed their names before those of all the other heroes of the day. . . . . They were Pawle Glowacki, and Thomasz Switacki."

Meanwhile, the insurrection had spread so generally that Igelström had been obliged to send out detachments from Warsaw in all directions.

" He thus reduced the Russian garrison of Warsaw to 6,000 men. . . . . Encouraged by this diminution of numbers, and reinforced by an influx of peasants, artisans, and even of soldiers, the leaders of the malecontents deemed this a favourable opportunity for effecting their object. The popular rage daily increased, and acquired a more serious aspect. Polish plays, even such as under other circumstances would have been altogether insignificant, now produced first sullen murmurs, then satirical allusions, and finally loud threats. . . . . Igelström sent an express to the Prussian General Wolki, to hasten his approach, and required of the king the immediate disarming of the Polish troops, the surrender to him of the arsenal and powder magazines, and the execution of twenty of the most suspected persons.

"The king, shocked at these demands, sends a person to remonstrate with Igelström, who persists in his requisitions. The crown high-chancellor, Prince Sulkowski, seeks the Russian in his palace to soften him, if possible. In vain! Igelström is inexorable; he issues commands, he utters taunts; the deeply touched chancellor faints away, and is carried home insensible. The iron commander now requires the outlawry of all the insurgents: and on the 2d of April the feeble Stanislaus blindly signs the condemnation of Kosciuszko, of his adherents, and of the declaration of Independence.

"The announcement of this act inflames the public exasperation to the uttermost. . . . . On the Thursday of Passion Week, April 17th, soon after midnight, the men of Warsaw occupy the streets leading to the gates, the arsenal and the powder magazine; and with the first grey dawn a crowd of Poles, nobles, citizens, and clergy, appear before the castle, demanding to speak with the king. . . . . The crowd augments every minute. Arms are distributed. . . . . The royal guards, horse and foot, the Dzialynski regiment under Colonel Haumann, the artillery, in short all the Polish troops leave their barracks; and at five o'clock in the morning Count Mirsch's cavalry makes the first attack upon a Russian post, cutting down the men and spiking the cannon. . . . . With shouts of 'Liberty! Kosciuszko!' the Poles assail the Russians, drive them back, and bring one gun in front of the arsenal. But that was already in possession of the gallant General Cichowski, who had beaten the Russians, and taken their commander. The alarm-bell sounds. Citizens rush out of their dwellings, with guns, pistols, sabres: boys, women, all are ready for the struggle. They who dare not confront the enemy in the street, fire pistols from the windows, and greybeards and children fling stones from the roofs of houses. . . . . .

Igelström's troops, familiar with battle, unacquainted with defeat, fight with the courage of desperation. The Poles are equally resolved to conquer or die. . . . Every where the Russians are overpowered, and no retreat offers. At length they fortify themselves in Igelström's mansion, a chapel, and three adjoining houses, barricading the doors. . . . . They are besieged there. . . . . Igelström, with his subordinate generals and 900 men, all that remain of his troops, and many of them wounded, effects his escape through his garden, through court-yards and alleys, and over a ruinous part of the city wall. But all his riches, his official papers, his artillery, and the baggage of his army, are the prize of the victors."

This most legitimate insurrection, in which the insurgents rose only to expel foreigners and restore the constitution spontaneously granted by their lawful king, was now triumphant, and it seemed as though there were nothing to regret but the native bloodshed with which the stormily-vindictive passions of the unbridled Warsaw populace occasionally defiled their success. Kosciuszko hastened to Warsaw, repressed such outbreaks, and ruled Poland with absolute power, administered with wisdom and moderation. His regular forces daily increased, and, for a few months, although

the fortune of his arms was not unvaried, he had reason to flatter himself with the prospect of ultimate success. During this period of prosperity, Kosciuszko's fearless and generous disregard of consequences, when the path of duty was clear, was evinced on occasion of a burst of sanguinary popular violence, provoked by the tidings of the defeat of one of their armies.

"The hatred for suspected traitors now burst forth. With wild shouts of 'Kosciuszko for ever! The free nation for ever!' the populace stormed through the streets, set up gibbets, and tore out of the prisons all persons confined under suspicion of treachery. In vain did the most revered patriots (Kosciuszko was not in the city,) rush amidst the crowd to stay the arm uplifted for murder: in vain did the executioner refuse to perform his office at their lawless bidding. Passion conquers all impediments: hundreds of hands were put forth to supply his place, and the women twisted cords of their ribbons. On the 28th of June, eight men of the first Polish families, all, probably, more or less guilty, fell victims to mob vengeance. They were Prince Anton Czetwertenski, Ignaz Massalski, Prince-Bishop of Wilna, the Privy-Councillor, Boscamp-Lassopolski, the financier, Grabowski, Majewski, Raguski, Pientka, and the lawyer, Wulfers, who was suspected of having suppressed papers of Igelström's, that might have inculpated important personages, perhaps the king. A ninth only, Count Moszcinski, could be rescued even by the favourite demagogue, Zakrzewski.

"On hearing of the tumult, Kosciuszko sent a body of troops from his camp to Warsaw, with orders to imprison the ringleaders, and march off a number of the most active rioters to his army, where they might expend their fury upon the enemy. He at the same time admonished the towns-people to prevent such excesses, lest the hirelings of tyranny or extravagant revolutionists should confound the sacred cause of freedom with licence and murder. The author of the rising, Casimir Konopka, who afterwards distinguished himself in Napoleon Buonaparte's Polish legion, he banished.

"Kosciuszko said to those about him, that the loss of two battles would not have grieved him like the barbarities perpetrated at Warsaw in his absence; nor could such defeats have been so detrimental to their great cause as the bloodshed on the 28th of June."

These are the sentiments that we love to find in a champion of liberty: and it is grievous to think that the excellent Kosciuszko failed, whilst the execrable Robespierre and his brother terrorists succeeded, in repulsing foreign aggression. But let not these opposite results be ascribed to the opposite courses respectively pursued. The virtuous Washington succeeded, if his Polish disciple failed; and the failure of the latter was the almost inevitable consequence of numerical inferiority, aided by the national character already described. Warsaw submitted quietly to the rebukes and chastisement of the *Naczelnik*, and, doubtless, honoured him the more for them, when the momentary frenzy had subsided.

But in the field the aspect of affairs changed, and the hopes of Poland vanished, on Suwaroff's nomination to the command of the Russian army. Kosciuszko posted himself in an intrenched camp, protecting Warsaw.

"The *Naczelnik* took possession of the works amidst the rejoicings of the people, and his presence inspired all with hope and resolution. Senators, artisans, clergy, and soldiers, all hastened to labour, under Kosciuszko, at the intrenchment. Whole corporations, whole families went to work. Such was the enthusiasm that numbers of women, of all ranks, repaired to the fortifications to assist in their completion. They were led by a lady mounted and armed, and escorted by fife and drum."

Here Kosciuszko long maintained his ground, repulsing many attacks. But at length the insurgents in other quarters were overthrown, and it became necessary to march against Suwaroff.

"Kosciuszko, at the head of 20,000 men, crossed the Vistula, towards the end of September; and then, before prosecuting his hazardous march, thus addressed his troops:—'Brave comrades and dear brothers in arms! Are you still determined, like me, to conquer or die? If there be one who feels discouraged, let him stand forth, lay down his arms, and go home in peace.' No answer; no movement in the ranks. 'Once more,' exclaims Kosciuszko, 'I pledge my word as commander; to any one who hesitates, a release from our service! Scarcely were the words spoken, when unanimous cries arose—'With thee, *Naczelnik!* We'll fight to the death with thee!' 'Then, march!' rejoined the deeply-affected General."

Unfortunately, all Kosciuszko's plans for defeating the Russian armies separately were foiled by the interception and capture of the messenger who bore his orders for co-operation and various important manœuvres. The Russians, in possession of his intentions, resolved to surprise him in his camp at dawn of the 10th of October.

"'Warsaw and revenge!' was the cry of the Russians: 'Victory or death!' the answer of the Poles. The Russian boldly assaults the works; a deadly fire receives him. His first step upon the bulwark is his last. Thus repulsed, Fersen again leads his infuriated soldiers to the assault. . . . . He has only led them to death.

"He orders a third attack. . . . . At the point of the bayonet the Russians carry the first redoubt. 'Forward, lads!' cried the brave Denisow to his Cossacks! 'If we fail, may none escape to report our shame!' A second, third, fourth redoubt is carried: no Pole surrenders; no Russian gives quarter. . . . . .

"Undistinguished by his dress, recognizable only by his almost incredible daring, Kosciuszko was in the thickest of every danger. Three times had he repulsed Fersen, when Suwaroff appeared with a fresh army, and the two great generals stand face to face; but with most unequal forces. The Russian has double Kosciuszko's numbers, and his

well-armed troops are tried soldiers. The Pole is armed with little more than love for his *mother-land*, and whatever had first come to hand, whether musket or scythe. No wonder if the weaker army gives way. The Polish infantry could not resist the Russian; and vain were Kosciuszko's efforts with the cavalry. Three horses had been shot under him, when a wound in the shoulder prostrated him on the ground. Then did the Poles begin to tremble. Kosciuszko recovered himself, and, with the aid of his friend, Niemcewicz, who fought as his adjutant by his side, mounted a fresh horse and hurried after his flying cavalry, to rally them and restore the fight. But, in leaping a ditch, his horse fell. Cossacks and carabineers are upon him: one wounds him in the head, another in the neck. Completely exhausted, with the exclamation '*Finis Poloniæ*' (the end of Poland), he swoons."

Our author gives several other narratives of this fatal battle of Macziewice, from various writers, differing only in immaterial details; but this one is enough for us.

Kosciuszko's falling exclamation was re-echoed throughout Poland. The tidings of his capture and reported death produced indescribable dismay at Warsaw. Eye-witnesses affirm that—

"Invalids were seized with burning fevers, and some pregnant females with madness, whilst many infants were prematurely born. Men and women were seen running about the streets, wringing their hands, dashing their heads against walls, and shrieking, in despair, 'Kosciuszko is dead! Our *mother-land* is lost!'"

They were in the right. Within a month of the battle of Macziewice, Suwaroff was master of Warsaw, and Poland was conquered. The following year, Stanislaus was commanded by his once fond and now imperious mistress to abdicate. The small remnant of his kingdom was then allotted amongst the three original partitioning powers, and the very name of Poland disappeared from the roll of European states. But our business is with Kosciuszko.

The hero was kindly treated by his military captors; but he was insensible from loss of blood, and the Russian surgeons would not dress his wounds until the following day, lest a renewed hemorrhage should prove fatal. This, to us, who are unprofessional, seems odd leechcraft; and not the less so when we find that he was afterwards surgically neglected at Petersburg. Right or wrong, however, we are further told that, when, 23 years afterwards, Kosciuszko died, the Swiss surgeons, who opened his body, ascribed his death to continued debility, produced by the loss of blood at Macziewice. But he is not yet dead, and we must give an anecdote of his captivity.

"Kosciuszko was seated at a table, resting his head upon his hand, silent, and thoughtful, whilst an obstinate engagement was in doubtful progress at no great distance. At length an officer came in with tidings,

that the Russians had, after a desperate struggle, broken through the enemies' ranks with the bayonet. 'God! God!' exclaimed Kosciuszko, starting up and striking his forehead, 'Why had not I such soldiers to fight in such a cause as mine!'"

Kosciuszko was taken to Petersburg, and there confined in the fort Petro-Pawlosk, but not, according to a popular error, sent to Siberia: nor does it seem that a heavier evil than perpetual imprisonment was contemplated for the invalid warrior even by the angry Catherine. But in December, 1796, she died, and we are glad to relate a pleasing trait of her unpopular and assuredly partially insane successor:—

"Paul, accompanied only by his two eldest sons, the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine, repaired, in person, to the castle in which state prisoners were confined, released the Polish Phocion, and, in the following words, did homage to his virtues:—'I restore you your sword, general, asking you to pledge your word never more to use it against the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko is said to have declined the sword, saying, "I need none, having now no *mother-land;*" but pledged his word as the price of his liberty.

"The Czar then inquired whither the released prisoner would go. To which Kosciuszko firmly replied, 'To America, where I shall find brothers in arms and glorious recollections.'"

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"The Czar bestowed on Kosciuszko 1500 peasants;* and, knowing that he and his friend, Niemcewicz, proposed to share one and the same fate, he likewise gave the noble poet his liberty, with a present of 1000 peasants. The further imperial offer to Kosciuszko of 6000 rubles a year, with the rank and title of a field-marshal in the Russian service, were, of course, rejected by him."

Kosciuszko, accompanied by Niemcewicz, now visited England, where he was received with the kindly respect befitting a country proud of her own liberty. Thence the two friends sailed for America, where Kosciuszko's arrival and short stay were marked by honours analogous to those since paid to his American commander, Lafayette. The Congress likewise conferred upon him a substantial mark of gratitude, that could not but be welcome to the impoverished exile; they discharged the apparently long arrears of his pay, with interest, and by additional gifts made the whole a sum of money, (Falkenstein calls it a capital,) which enabled him,

"To repay the Russian emperor the money received of him, and, with the warmest expressions of respectful gratitude, to implore that monarch's permission to decline the other gifts of his bounty, (in-

* This is, we believe, the Russian mode of denoting the size of an estate.

cluding the 1500 serfs,) and depend for his future support upon that which he had fairly earned in America."

We do not propose to detail the profuse demonstrations of reverence and respect showered by brother Jonathan upon Kosciuszko, which seem to have soon become painfully oppressive to our modest hero. One or two anecdotes of this visit to the scene where his earliest laurels were gathered are however worth extracting. The first shows that his celebrity had spread into the yet uncleared native forests of the New World, and excited the admiration of the red men.

"The chief of the Creeks, bearing the appellation of Little Turtle, was then at Philadelphia, and chanced to be in company with a party of statesmen and officers, whose conversation turned upon the division of Poland and the artifices of the Empress Catherine. The Little Turtle suddenly rose from his seat, walked rapidly about the room, with angry gesticulations, and swinging his tomahawk; and then, in accents of bitter contempt, exclaimed, 'The woman had best bethink her of what the man who is my friend can do.' General Harrison afterwards explained to the Creek chief, that the last king of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, was a very handsome man, by which personal qualification chiefly he had gained the Empress's favour, and through that had obtained the Polish crown. He answered disdainfully, 'Had my friend, Kotscho,' (this was the nearest approach to Kosciuszko that his unpractised organs could accomplish,) 'been ever so handsome a man, he would not for that have undone his country.'"

Those whose organs can better pronounce the Polish name, even to this day, mark their respect for their former champion by christening their children by that name, in common with those of Washington and Lafayette.

"Before leaving America, Kosciuszko deposited in the hands of his beloved friend Jefferson a sum of money, to be afterwards employed, if Jefferson should think it good, in founding a school for negro children, and such others as their slavery excluded from the usual means of education. ..... It appears, that afterwards Jefferson did so employ the sum intrusted to him, which, under his management, had then increased to 15,000 dollars, and that the school prospered, proving most useful. Kosciuszko is said to have also assigned a considerable sum for educating and portioning slave girls, but above all for purchasing their freedom."

Kosciuszko's military career being closed by his promise to the Emperor Paul, his admiring German biographer appears to deem it requisite to exhibit his courage, and his constancy of body as well as of mind, under different circumstances. He accordingly informs us that, upon his return to Europe,

"The ocean wished to try Kosciuszko's spirit. A fearful storm arose in the Atlantic; the sea raged more and more fiercely: the

vessel was repeatedly in imminent peril of being dashed in pieces, or swallowed up by the waves. The danger increased; death seemed inevitable. The crew had already abandoned themselves to despair, and to the wild oaths and imprecations of the sailors had succeeded silent prayer. Then did Kosciuszko, the hero who had braved death in so many battles, come upon deck; he walked calmly (qy. steadily?) from place to place, gave advice, and often assistance. This splendid example of courage and contempt of death revived the crew; they exerted their last energies; the storm gradually abated, and all were saved."

M. Falkenstein really should have told us to what nation belonged the vessel, (we feel pretty confident it could be neither English nor American,) of which the crew, and of course the captain, required in the hour of peril, to be thus encouraged and directed by one, whom, in spite of his well merited title of a patriot hero, they would assuredly think little better than a land-lubber, unless indeed his wonderful power of keeping his feet in such a storm saved him from the ignominious designation. But we have already intimated that the biographer was scarcely equal to his subject: no more therefore of this marvellous adventure.

In 1798 Kosciuszko took up his abode in France, and was, after the fashion of French demonstrative enthusiasm, much made of. His friendship with Lafayette was renewed, and every distinguished person sought his acquaintance. Of all this an instance or two may suffice.

"Kosciuszko's arrival at Paris was celebrated by a banquet, at which 500 persons attended. The first toast given was 'The independence of Poland,' and in giving it, the District-President Bonneville exclaimed 'Liberty is rescued—Kosciuszko is in Europe!' Tears of emotion and confusion burst from the eyes of the modest general. He attempted to answer, to disclaim such exaggerated praises, and to give as his toast, The liberty of France. But the whole company interrupted him, to drink with joyous acclamations to 'The tears of Kosciuszko.'

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"In proportion as Kosciuszko shrank from great diplomatic assemblies did he love the society of distinguished statesmen and men of letters, and he particularly enjoyed the conversation of agreeable women. .....

"It was in such a circle that he met the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, Peter Joseph Zeltner, a man of equally plain republican honesty, depth of judgment, and abundant knowledge, who was then in political relation with the greatest European diplomatists. ..... His wife was adorned with every quality of mind and heart. Kosciuszko presently became the intimate friend of the family, and soon afterwards their inmate. ..... When political relations were altered, and Zeltner, resigning his post in consequence, condemned himself and his family to

great privations, the connexion between the friends remained unchanged. Kosciuszko shared every privation, every sorrow of his friends. His occupations were as characteristic as were his every word and action. One half of the day he dedicated to private study (generally in history and mathematics); the other half to the education of his friend's children, to whom he supplied the place of their always over-occupied father. .....

"Beyond the circle of the Zeltner family he kept up most intercourse with the talented Madame General Fiszer, (by birth a Countess Kulieska,) the widow of his former adjutant. With her he loved to converse in their mother-tongue of their *mother-land*. After a while he regularly drank tea with her. Those who wished to make Kosciuszko's acquaintance procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer. One evening this lady met her countryman, as he entered her apartments, with the information that he would now have an opportuity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish it was to make his acquaintance. 'With all my heart,' said Kosciuszko; 'provided it be not a learned lady, for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy.' —'A learned lady it certainly is,' was the reply, 'and the most celebrated in the French literary world—Madame de Stael Holstein.' At these words Kosciuszko snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of eagerness for the anticipated pleasures of the evening, the Polish Countess frankly told her what had passed. ..... Madame de Stael invited herself for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciuszko, with the observation, 'Perhaps the oddity likes to be taken by surprise.' She soon afterwards withdrew. Next evening Kosciuszko came as usual, found several countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When the established forms of presentation were over, she went up to Kosciuszko with her innate, vivacious eagerness, loaded him with flattering speeches, and concluded with the words, 'General, tell me your history. Pray relate to us the principal events of the Polish revolution.' With perfect composure and self-possession, he laconically replied, 'Madam, I made, but cannot relate it.' "

The First Consul received Kosciuszko, upon his presentation, with compliments, and endeavoured to engage him in the service of France. The exile steadily rejected his offers, and to the proposal of a seat in the senate answered, "What would you have me do there?" Falkenstein assures us, nevertheless, that with Kosciuszko had already originated the formation of the Polish legion in the French service. He however quotes as his authority for this statement a French author, M. A. Jullien, in his *Notice Biographique sur Th. Kosciuszko;* whence we may conclude that it does not rest upon a verbal communication of the exiled patriot, or of any Polish survivor of that legion. And it is in great

measure refuted by the course of Falkenstein's own narrative, since, a page or two afterwards, he inserts a proclamation of the Polish general, Dombrowski, addressed to his countrymen, announcing the formation of Polish legions as part of the army of Italy, and inviting them to swell the numbers of those legions, which proclamation is dated "Head Quarters at Milan, 1st *Pluviose*, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible." This, being translated, means the 20th of January, 1797: at which period Kosciuszko was in America, or on his way thither. But, whether he were or were not the proposer of the formation of the Polish legions, he was an object of enthusiastic love and reverence to those legions, however formed; of this our biographer gives us a pleasing anecdote.

"The Roman Consulate, in token of Roman gratitude to the victorious Polish legions under the Generals Kniazewicz and Rymkiewicz, resolved to present them with two trophies of old Polish renown. These were the Mahometan banner, taken by King John Sobieski, at his glorious deliverance of Vienna from the menacing arms of the Turks, in the year 1683, and the same heroic monarch's sword, with which, upon that occasion, he put the Ottomans to flight. Both had ever since, in fulfilment of a vow, been hanging up in the chapel of our Lady of Loretto. They were now to be restored to the Poles. Dombrowski joyfully received authority to take them, and ordered Captain Kosakiewicz to march through Loretto for that purpose. The captain found the banner of Mahomet at Loretto, brought it to Rome, and deposited it, with all military honours, in the house of his commander. This trophy was thenceforward kept at the Polish headquarters, until the end of the war, or the wars rather of the French Revolution and of Napoleon. In 1818 it became the ornament of the National Museum, founded at Warsaw by The Society of the Friends of Science. But, in the fatal year 1831, it fell, together with the library and other treasures of the society, a prey to Russians.

"Sobieski's sword was not at Loretto, nor had it retained the diamonds that had once adorned it. The jewels had been turned into money to supply the Pope's urgent necessities in the recent times of difficulty and distress; and the despoiled sword was in the custody of the Consul Angelucci. It was now presented to Dombrowski, who deemed that the *worthiest* of Poles was its only fitting owner. He consulted the officers of the legions; who exclaimed with one accord, 'None should wear, none possess, Sobieski's sword, but Poland's champion Kosciuszko!'

"The bravest of the leaders, it was resolved, should be the bearer of the gift. ..... The choice fell, and worthily, upon General Kniazewicz, who ranked second to Dombrowski alone.

* * * * *

"With tears of joyful emotion, Kosciuszko embraced his old fellow-

soldier and friend, whom he had not seen since the battle of Maciewice, and received from his hands the sword of Sobieski, as the last pledge of the nation's gratitude."

The next material incident in Kosciuszko's life occurred in 1806, when France, attacking Prussia, became involved in war with Russia. Upon this occasion Napoleon desired to make use of the exiled patriot's popularity in Poland.

"Kosciuszko promised his aid upon condition that the emperor should preliminarily bind himself by a public instrument to re-establish Poland as an independent state."

For Napoleon's rejecting terms, alike useful and honourable to himself, it is difficult to find any reason, unless we suppose him actuated by his natural abhorrence of popular energies and national movements. But reject them he did, and in consequence all the assistance he received from Kosciuszko consisted in his exhortations to such of his banished countrymen as were not, like himself, pledged to inactivity, "to consider that the future prospects of their common country, as well as their own, depended upon France, and that they would therefore do well to join her, without however suffering themselves to be dazzled by Buonaparte's personal qualities."

Still, however, the emperor did not despair of gaining the more effective support of Kosciuszko's name and presence at headquarters; and Fouché was employed to lure the patriot to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of his promise to his liberator, Paul,—a breach of faith, of which it seems he would have incurred the personal guilt, for the sake of his wronged *mother-land*, had he been sufficiently assured of the beneficial effects to her. How far this might or might not have been justifiable, is a question of political morality, which we are very glad that we are spared the task of here discussing, by the imperial arrogance of Napoleon in refusing the required engagement.

"Fouché employed every art of persuasion, and menaced the most terrible consequences in case of obstinate refusal. ..... Kosciuszko, in the last of these conversations, replied: 'I will have no concern with your enterprises in Poland, unless a national government, a liberal constitution, and her ancient limits, be preliminarily insured to my country.' 'And suppose you were conducted thither by an armed force?' asked the Duke of Otranto.—'In that case,' rejoined Kosciuszko, 'I will proclaim to the whole Polish nation, that I am no free agent, that I take no share in any thing.'—'Well then, we shall do without you,' were the concluding words of the angered Fouché."

And they "did without him," although not exactly in the way in which Kosciuszko had understood the words; for they did without him really, but not nominally. A proclamation in his

name, calling upon all Poland to arm in support of Napoleon, and declaring that he himself, the *Naczelnik*, was setting out to head the national army, was published by the command of the French emperor; and it was not until Paris was in the hands of the allies, that Kosciuszko was enabled publicly to disavow this fraudulent abuse of his name.

From the period of this refusal to obey Napoleon, Kosciuszko lived undisturbed in the retirement already described, in a country-house called Berville ,until the eventful spring of the year 1814. Then, if he did not resume his sword in defence of the country that sheltered him, he, without so doing, effectually protected his French neighbours against the hostile troops that were desolating the district.

" The aged hero could not endure the sight of such horrors..... He mounted his horse, and rode off alone towards the village of Cugny, where the thickest smoke proclaimed the greatest danger. There he found Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, firing the miserable cottages of the peasantry, thinking amidst the confusion to plunder the more undisturbedly.

" He galloped into the midst of them, and, turning to the Polish battalion, known by their uniforms, shouted ' Hold, soldiers! When I led brave Polish troops, no one thought of plundering : and severely should I have punished any inferior officer who, regardless of my commands, had dared to suffer such disorder. But the leaders are yet more blameable,' he added, addressing the officers, 'who by their example or their neglect tempt the privates into such conduct.'

" ' And who are you, to talk to us ?' resounded on all sides.—' I am Kosciuszko !'—At this name officers and men flung away their arms, and, according to the custom of their country, fell down before their *Naczelnik*. Those nearest to him touched his knee with their right hands, whilst with the left they uncovered their heads, which they strewed with dust in token of repentance..... The kindled fires were promptly extinguished; what could be saved was saved. He assisted actively in the operation, and remained till all the stolen property that could be collected was replaced."

This power of a name is so fine, that it has been made the subject of a drama by a Prussian poet, Karl von Holteiv. This piece, *Der Alte Feldherr* (the Old General), was very successful. The occurrence was much talked of at the time, and attracted the attention of the Emperor Alexander, who invited Kosciuszko to visit him at Paris.

" The frank republican, who was no longer to be blinded by words, lured by promises, or deluded by hopes, hesitated to accept the invitation, when an imperial carriage and aide-de-camp, sent to fetch him, appeared..... The Czar received him, not as a mere general officer, still less as a former enemy and prisoner. He welcomed him, as a

friend, with an embrace upon the palace steps..... After a while, the Czar turned the conversation upon the condition and prospects of Poland. Kosciuszko pointed out, upon an open map, the old frontier line between Poland and Russia, and urged the necessity of its being so fortified as to protect the former from invasion.

"After this conversation, the Grand-duke Constantine declared in the Parisian *salons* that the decrepid old man was in his dotage. But the emperor authorized Kosciuszko to explain and detail his views by letter."

The letter is long, but deserves to be generally known, as well for its simple disinterestedness, as because the Polish patriot herein recommends the very plan which the late Lord Londonderry successfully urged at Vienna, when, from the ambition of Russia and the selfish coldness of the other allies, he despaired of effecting more for Poland. The letter is in French, and it is not improbable that this language, so general upon the continent, might be the medium of communication between the Pole and the Russian. But Falkenstein gives in French other letters and speeches, which we feel morally certain must have been written and spoken in Polish, thus proving them to rest upon French authority, not upon Kosciuszko's or that of the Zeltner family.

"Sire!

"If from my obscurity I venture to address a petition to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me.—I ask three favours of you.—The first is to grant a general amnesty, without any restriction, to all Poles, allowing the peasants who are scattered abroad to be free upon returning to their homes. The second is that your majesty would proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution, something like the English,—would establish schools, at the expense of government, for the education of the peasants,—would abolish the villenage of the peasants in the course of ten years, and allow them to hold their possessions as freehold property.

"Should these my prayers be granted, I shall hasten, ill as I am, to throw myself at your majesty's feet, there to express my gratitude, and to be the first to do you homage as my sovereign. And, should it be thought that my poor abilities could be of any use, I would instantly set out for Poland to serve my country and my sovereign, honestly and zealously.

"My third prayer, Sire, though of a private nature, is deeply interesting to my heart and feelings. For fourteen years I have resided with M. Zeltner, a Swiss, formerly envoy from Switzerland to France. I am under great obligations to him; but we are both poor, and he has a large family. I ask an honourable post for him, either in the new government of France, or in that of Poland. He is well informed, and I will answer for his integrity.

"&c. &c. &c.

"Berville, 9th April, 1814." KOSCIUSZKO."

The emperor's answer is autographic.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction, general, that I answer your letter. Your dearest wishes shall be fulfilled. With the aid of the Almighty, I hope to effect the regeneration of your brave and respectable nation. I have solemnly pledged myself to this, and the prosperity of Poland has long engaged my thoughts. Political circumstances alone have hitherto shackled my intentions.—Those obstacles exist no longer.—Two years of a terrible but glorious struggle have removed them. A little while, and prudent conduct, and the Poles shall recover their country, their name; and I shall have the gratification of convincing them that it is he whom they have thought their enemy, who, forgetting the past, will realize their wishes. How satisfactory it would be to me, general, to see you my assistant in these salutary labours.—Your name, your character, your talents, will be my best support.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem,

"ALEXANDER."

"Paris, 3d May, 1814."

We know not whether the Polish patriot mistrusted the autocrat's sincerity, whether a revolutionary prejudice, by no means *unique*, made the constitutional charter of the restored Bourbons appear to him more inimical to liberty than the military despotism of Napoleon, or what other, perhaps immaterial, motive influenced him, but, even during the sitting of the Vienna Congress, he left France and the Zeltners, to make a tour through Italy.

"He had scarcely crossed the Alps, when a deputation from the Polish Senate overtook him, to entreat, in the name of the whole nation, that he would, in the fateful year 1815, as heretofore, be the champion of Poland, and appear in their behalf at Vienna. ..... The noble old man, although ill with a fever brought on partly by fatigue and partly by a severe cold caught in passing Mount St. Gothard, immediately set out for Vienna. ..... He arrived too late; the Congress was dissolved; and only by a fortunate accident did he obtain an interview with the Russian Czar at Braunau.

"The monarch received him with the same cordiality as at Paris. In a long conference Kosciuszko explained the object of his journey: but, if he returned to Italy honoured with every mark of personal esteem, he carried with him little hope of the independence of Poland. ..... Alexander had said, amongst other things, 'The destinies of Poland must be those of the Sclavonian people.'"

Poland received a constitution, however, which, as Falkenstein, thinks, might have made her very happy, had it been faithfully observed. But Kosciuszko either differed in opinion from his biographer, or, as a Lithuanian, he held himself released from his engagements with the emperor, inasmuch as the latter kept Lithuania as a Russian province, instead of re-uniting it to Poland: a

re-union which was, perhaps, necessary to make the nominal restoration of Poland anything but mockery. Kosciuszko did not return either to Poland or to Lithuania, and this was the last public act of his life. We have now only to add some few details of his latter years.

After resuming and completing his Italian tour, Kosciuszko paused in Switzerland, and went to Solothurn to visit the family of his friend, Zeltner, when he was so charmed with the Zeltner, there resident, a brother of Peter Joseph, that he domiciliated himself with him for the short remainder of his existence.

The following extracts will show the simplicity and benevolent tenor of the life he led at Solothurn:—

"For his meals, he partook of the ordinary frugal fare of the rather indigent family. He usually wore a threadbare blue great coat, with a rose or a pink in his button-hole. But this ornament was indispensable even in winter, and the Solothurn ladies took pleasure in supplying him with the requisite flowers.

"He slept upon a hard mattrass, with very little covering upon him, and rose, in summer at five, in winter, at six o'clock. He felt no privation, except when he found himself without the means of relieving the distressed. He breakfasted with the Zeltner family, then withdrew to his own room, where he occupied himself with his correspondence, his studies, and the preparation of lessons for his little pupil. [This was Emilie Zeltner, the eldest daughter, then about 12 years old, for whom he had conceived a parental affection, and whose education seems to have been one of his chief pleasures.] About ten o'clock he rode out, quite alone, avoiding the high roads and seeking the most unfrequented paths, where he might do good unobserved..... When he found a poor-looking cottage, he would tie his little black horse to a tree, or a hedge, go in, talk kindly to the inhabitants in his broken German, question them as to their circumstances, proportion his gift to the result of his inquiries, and then, hurrying away to escape their thanks and their earnest desire to know their benefactor's name, mount his horse and disappear.

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"If he heard of the illness of a poor person, he was wont to say to the Zeltners, 'Do not wait dinner for me to-day;' and, ordering his horse to be saddled, he would ride off, with a bottle of wine in each pocket and each holster, to the sick house; there, with his liberal donation, he bestowed the consolations of a father, the admonitions of a pastor, encouraging the invalid with hopes of the divine mercy and of eternity; and, at his departure, he would advise the sufferer not to drink too much of the wine, lest it should injure instead of strengthening him."

This secret beneficence was revealed in various ways. One of his betrayers was his horse, which, Xavier Zeltner having one day borrowed, positively refused to pass a beggar without stopping

for his rider to speak to and relieve the mendicant. One more trait of Kosciuszko's generosity and considerate kindness—

"A young orphan girl, wishing to take the veil, and having no means of raising the sum required by the Solothurn convent, as a nun's portion, applied to Kosciuszko..... In a grave and fatherly tone, he said, 'I do not like to see a young maiden bury herself in a convent: go, therefore, and take a year to reflect maturely upon your project. If, at the end of that time, you persevere in your wish, your portion shall be ready.' At the end of the year the maiden appeared, constant in her purpose, when Kosciuszko paid her portion, and attended at her pronouncing her vows."

Kosciuszko was visited by many Poles, in whose society, or in Zeltner's, he made excursions about Switzerland. Amongst other spots, celebrated in Switzerland, Zeltner led him to Morgarten, one of the Alpine Thermopylæ.

"Kosciuszko grasped Zeltner's hand, and mournfully exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had had, at Macziewice, a Hunenberg to warn me, and that Poninski had been a Reding!' "

A fall from his horse on one of these excursions has been assigned as the immediate cause of his death. This his biographer, whose word upon this point is decisive, denies, averring that he perfectly recovered from its effects, and again enjoyed his usual health, which, however, at best, was but infirm, and had been so ever since the fatal battle of Macziewice. In the spring of 1817, Kosciuszko freed the peasants upon his patrimonial estate from bondage; and although this article is extending to a greater length than we had contemplated, the public document is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"He appeared before Xavier Amiet, now chancellor, then accredited notary of the state-council of Solothurn, and directed him to prepare the following deed:—

" 'Being convinced that villenage is contrary to natural law and to the welfare of states, I hereby abrogate villenage upon my Lordship of Siecnowicze, in the Woiwodship of Brzesc, situate in Lithuania, from this time forwards to all eternity, for myself and all its future possessors. I declare the peasants of the village, dependent upon this lordship, to be free citizens and full proprietors of the lands they occupy. I exonerate them from all imposts, duties, and personal services, which they have hitherto owed to the lords of the castle; and only implore them, for their own sakes and the good of their country, to establish schools for the education of their children.

" 'After this solemn act, I further declare that I, out of especial good will, give the said castle of Siecnowicze, with the lands thereunto belonging, now and for ever, in full property, to my niece, the Lady Catherine Estkowa, and her children.'

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"When the notary Amiet first called upon him respecting this instrument, a favourite canary bird was flying about the room. Amiet ventured to ask why he did not set this little bird likewise at liberty? He answered, 'The little creature is too delicate to be set at liberty; it would perish.'"

Kosciuszko's end was now at hand, but its approach was cheered by the sight of the object of his early and constant attachment, now Princess Lubomirska.

"The princess, who was travelling to Geneva and Italy, stopped at Solothurn to spend some weeks with Kosciuszko, cheering the already declining old man by her agreeable pleasantry, and her rare gift of social wit. Kosciuszko had a presentiment that he should not see her again; and, when she bade him farewell, with a promise to return the following spring, tears swelled into his eyes, and the agitated hero asked for a token of her remembrance. The princess accordingly sent him, from Lausanne, a ring, with the motto, 'Friendship to Virtue.' But when the ring reached Solothurn, Kosciuszko was no more!

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"On the 1st of October, 1817, he was seized with a nervous fever, then prevalent at Solothurn, which, in spite of his struggles, confined him to his bed. Foreseeing the event, he made his will, bequeathed ample legacies to his friends, the Zeltners, especially to Emilie, and others to the town hospital, the orphan house, and the poor of Solothurn. ..... He left 1000 *francs* for the expenses of his funeral, upon condition, that his body should be carried to the grave by six poor men. ..... He ordered all his Polish papers to be burnt.

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"After signing this will, he laid down the pen, raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, 'Now I am easy!' He spoke often and long of his approaching end. His mind grew calmer and calmer, and voice and look bespoke the peace of his soul..... His parting from his beloved friends, the blessing he bestowed upon Zeltner, his wife, and children, had all the august solemnity of a religious ceremony. According to the custom of the heroic times, he asked for his sword, that which had been shattered in his hand at Macziewice. To this broken sword he committed the guard of his ashes. The sabre of King John Sobieski, which he had received, in the year 1799, from his brothers in arms, he directed to be sent to Poland, and there preserved for other times and other deeds.*

"He retained the full possession of his faculties to his last breath; but his pulse grew fainter. On the morning of the 15th, he awoke from a heavy sleep, and his eye fell upon the whole Zeltner family, assembled round his bed. He seemed stronger, cheerfully stretched out his hand, and bade them good morning, with his wonted cordiality. But

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* It was preserved by Princess Czartoryska, in her noble collection of arms and other Polish antiquities, at her castle of Pulawy, until the year 1830: since then, who can tell its fate?

whilst he spoke, his voice nearly failed, and he himself asked for his physician.....

"Towards ten o'clock, he raised himself, as though wishing to say something that required all his energies. He gave Zeltner his right hand, Madame Zeltner his left, smiled to his little friend, Emilie, who stood at the bed's foot, and, thus taking leave of three beloved beings at once, he sank slowly down, sighed, ——— and his pure soul was in the presence of his Maker."

The body was embalmed, and, as he had directed, borne to the grave by poor old men, relieving each other. The funeral was attended by all Solothurn, for he was mourned by the whole canton, especially by the class so indebted to his liberality. His death was lamented, and his praises were celebrated by poets and orators in all languages. In Poland, the grief and mourning were universal; and at Warsaw, the funeral oration was pronounced by the national poet, the friend of his youth, Niemcewicz.

But Poland grudged the remains of her noblest son to a foreign land, and Alexander readily sanctioned the national desire to bring them home. The body was asked of Switzerland by a formal Polish embassy, which having obtained, escorted it to Poland. At Cracow it was received by the senate, and, with all military and civil honours, interred in the cathedral. But the Polish senate and the Polish nation wished to raise to their heroic champion a more peculiar and more durable monument than other men can boast, at least in modern times—

"A monument that might be an object of general enthusiasm, of heart-felt veneration to all Poles. The senate decreed the raising of a mound (in fact, a barrow,) upon the eminence called *Bronislawa* (meaning, the guardian of fame), which commands the Vistula. At this mound, young and old, senators and citizens, nobles and peasants, even the magnates of the realm, and the most delicate ladies, laboured with their own hands. A countryman, who came from Volhynia to assist, accidentally received a severe wound; and, in the fear that he might bleed to death, several persons were carrying him off in quest of surgical assistance, when he resolutely exclaimed, 'Oh, let me bleed here! it is the only tribute I can pay to the great *Naczelnik*.'

"From the 16th of October, 1820, to the 16th of October, 1823, the labour continued. The *Mogila Kosciuszki* (Kosciuszko's Mount), measures 276 feet in diameter at the base, and 300 feet in height. It is the largest ever formed by human hands.

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"The sepulchral mounds of Queen Vanda, and of St. Cracus, respectively on the left and right banks of the Vistula, meet the traveller's view at some distance from Cracow, reminding him of the origin of the actual inhabitants of the country. Kosciuszko's monument completes the triangle, and connects the present with the past..... A convenient road, paved, and planted with trees, for pedestrians, leads

thither; for, since the beginning of the work, this has been the favourite *promenade* of the Cracovians. . . . . From the ample contributions of the whole country, an adjoining piece of ground was purchased, upon which, close to the old chapel of St. Bronislawa, houses were built for four peasants, who had served under Kosciuszko. It is their duty, and that of their families for ever, to plant the mound as pleasure-grounds, and to take the greatest care of the *pomnik* (monument).

"The management of the purchase, of the construction, and of the whole affair, was intrusted by the Cracow senate to a committee of twenty persons, with General Franciszek Paszkowiski as president . . . The expense was defrayed by contributions, not only of the most considerable families of Poland, but likewise of peasants, artisans, and private soldiers. Count Arthur Potocki alone gave 10,000 *gulden*,* with which (we presume the expense of the monument being paid) three orphan kinswomen of Kosciuszko's, whose existence had been but recently discovered, were portioned."

A view of this most extraordinary and most honourable monument, and a portrait of Kosciuszko, are the graphic ornaments of the volume, which we now close and lay down the pen.

ART. VI.—*Marco Visconti: Storia del Trecento, cavata dalle Cronache di quel Secolo, e racontata da Tommaso Grossi.* (Marco Visconti: a Story of the Fourteenth Century, extracted from the Chronicles of that Age, and related by Tommaso Grossi.)

THE extraordinary success which this work has had in Italy, where it has recently appeared, and the great interest that it has excited there, would entitle it to our notice, did it even come less strongly recommended than it is by its intrinsic merits. The first edition (published, we believe, in Milan, about the end of last year) having been sold off in the course of a few weeks, a second edition of 10,000 copies has already been printed at Turin; whilst in Florence, Leghorn, and most of the other principal cities of Italy, large editions are either published or in preparation. No doubt this success is partly owing to the favourable circumstances under which the work has appeared. The historical novel, hitherto known in Italy only by translations of the works of Sir Walter Scott and of other foreigners, has lately been naturalized there by the production of "*I Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni; and as that work stands as yet almost alone in this department of Italian literature, the field is still open to any new

* In English money, about 1,000*l*.

aspirant. The name, too, of Visconti—a name once celebrated throughout Italy—has no doubt had its effect in attracting attention. Besides, Grossi is already favourably known in Italy. In adverting to these auxiliary circumstances, we by no means wish to detract from the intrinsic excellence of the book before us, but only to account for the phenomenon that any work whatever should have been able to rouse, to such a degree, the dor mant energies of the Italian press, bowed down as it is under the weight of a rigid and jealous censorship.

The author has chosen, for the date of his story, a very interesting period, rich in the materials of romance.

After the death of the emperor, Henry VII., in 1314, a long contest for the imperial crown having ensued between Louis of Bavaria and Frederic of Austria, Italy was left for eight years without a sovereign, and abandoned to intrigues and fierce struggles between the rival parties of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. At the head of the former party was Robert, King of Naples, who, possessing also several cities in Piedmont and the whole of Provence, being allied with the Guelphs throughout the rest of Italy, and keeping the papal chair in complete dependence, endeavoured to take advantage of the interregnum to annihilate the Ghibelline party in Italy. But the Ghibellines had chiefs, whose great talents, supported as they were by the ardent zeal of their partisans, enabled them to make a long resistance, and even frequently to triumph over their rivals. Among these was Matteo Visconti, of Milan, (the father of Marco,) who, on account of his advanced age and the superiority of his forces and talents, was considered the head of the Ghibelline party. Against him Robert first directed his attack, but, having been unsuccessful, he caused the Pope John XXII. (who had recently been elected at Lyons, and who was entirely devoted to him,) to issue a bull, declaring that all those who had received the title of Imperial Vicar from Henry VII. lost their right to this title after his death. Matteo Visconti, against whom this bull was in particular levelled, unwilling to declare himself openly against the Church, but still more unwilling to resign his power, relinquished the title of Imperial Vicar, but prevailed on the people whom he governed to confirm his authority, and with their approbation he took the title of "Captain and Defender of the Milanese Liberty." This, however, was far from satisfying the Pope, who immediately excommunicated Visconti, and laid Milan under an interdict.

The struggles between the rival parties continued for some years, during which Matteo Visconti died, and his eldest son, Galeaz, assumed the sovereignty of Milan; while Marco, who was the second son, distinguished himself by many daring ex-

ploits. In the end, however, the Ghibellines were losing ground, when Louis of Bavaria, who had at length obtained undisputed possession of the imperial crown, sent assistance to Galeaz Visconti. The Pope, (John XXII.,) enraged at this, excommunicated Louis, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him. Louis, in his turn, having soon after descended into Italy and caused himself to be crowned at Rome, instituted a process against the Pope, whom he cited before his tribunal, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him as guilty of heresy and *lese-majesté*. He appointed as his successor Pierre de Corvanio, who took the name of Nicolas V. Thus there were, at once, two Popes, John XXII., who resided at Avignon, and was acknowledged in Italy by the Guelph party, and Nicolas V., whom the Ghibellines maintained to be the true Pope.

Such was the state of affairs in Italy at the opening of our tale, and it may be supposed that the struggles of the two hostile parties, the private jealousies and quarrels among the leaders of even the same party, and the disputes and contests between the supporters of the pretensions of the rival Popes, give rise to abundance of incident. We will not attempt, therefore, an outline of the story, which the limits of this notice would not admit of, but confine ourselves to a few extracts, as specimens of the work, taking care to select such passages as will not lessen the interest to the reader of the book itself.

The people of Limonta, a small district on the Lake of Como, pertaining to the monastery of St. Ambrose of Milan, continue to adhere to Pope John XXII. The abbot, who is one of the Visconti family, is of course a supporter of the antipope; and Pelagrua, whom he sends to Limonta as factor for the monastery, pretends to have discovered from some old deeds that the Limontese were not vassals, but serfs, of the monastery. As they, of course, are not disposed to allow this, the question, in the absence of sufficient evidence on either side, is settled by trial by combat, of which the following passage gives an account:—

"The two champions went to place themselves in face of each other, one at each extremity of the field. They were each dressed in a pair of drawers of chamois skin, tight at the waist, which, fitting close to their limbs, descended to their feet, and entered into red boots which met them above the ankle. The rest of the body was uncovered. They had each on the left arm a wooden shield, squared at the two ends, slightly convex, and covered with parchment, and in the right a thick and knotty club of oak."

Not being noble, these were the only arms allowed to them.

"Ramengo, the champion of the monastery, appeared to be about

thirty-five years old, short, stout, broad in the chest and shoulders; he had a thick, bull-like neck, short, brawny arms, and red, thick, bushy hair.

"Lupo, better proportioned in limbs, higher by the head, more handsome, and more light and active than his opponent, was yet far from promising the strength of that herculean form.

"The crowd had become silent. Those at the back, around the square, were mounted on chairs, tables, and benches; the balconies and roofs all around were crowded with spectators. Every eye was fixed on the champions, every heart was beating, and the looks of the greater part showed the interest they took in favour of Lupo—an interest gained for him both by the justice of his cause, and by the sympathy which at first sight his manly and handsome form and his beautiful and animated countenance excited.

"The young Limontine, whose back was turned towards the church, raised his eyes to the palace of the archbishop; and seeing the Count, Ottorino, and Bice, he saluted them with a slight nod, and then, casting down his eyes, he directed for a moment his looks to his father, Ambrose, who stood behind him, and that glance meant to say, '*Leave it to me—fear nothing!*'

"The trumpet gave the last signal, and the champions moved towards each other with measured and cautious step, covering their heads with the uplifted shields, and making masterly flourishes with their clubs. Arrived at the middle of the field, and now within reach of a blow, Ramengo stretched out his legs, advancing one before the other, and leaning slightly over his right thigh, planted himself firmly on the ground to await the attack of his opponent. Lupo commenced by trying him with various feints, moving round and round him; but the other, old in the art, purposed to allow the first ardour of his adversary to exhaust itself, and did nothing but turn round, describing a circle, of which his right foot traced the circumference, and his left was, as it were, the axis, which yielded to every motion communicated to it by the other. Thus this valiant champion defended himself from the blows of his antagonist, either with his club or his shield, with an agility, an address, and a settled and tranquil air, as if quite at his ease regarding the event. But all at once, when Lupo, in fetching a blow, left his flank uncovered, he, seizing the moment, struck him such a back blow in the middle as must have fractured his ribs, if the young man had not been nimble as a cat, and sprung backward. The club, therefore, merely razed his skin, swinging clear round with a whizzing noise, which resounded to the heart of poor Ambrose, who turned pale as death.

"The crowd, who took part with the Limontine, drew an unfavourable augury from this, and began to fear for their favourite; but he, rendered furious by the danger he had incurred, and, burning with shame, returned to the assault with redoubled vigour; so that Ramengo, hotly pursued, was obliged to yield ground, and in defending himself he could no longer maintain the same measured and cool command of himself. So thick was the tempest of blows poured in upon him, that

they defied not only the hand but the eye to follow them, so furious and violent was the onset of the young champion. His adversary, however, was watchful enough, in the continued retreat which he was forced to make, to take advantage of a false movement of his antagonist to strike him another blow, which struck his shield in the middle and split it from end to end. Lupo, seeing the broken shield hanging uselessly on his arm, threw it on the ground, and grasping, in desperation his club with both hands, he raised it high above his head, and with his whole force aimed a tremendous blow directly at the head of his adversary. He instantly covered the part threatened with his shield; but the thick and solid mass descended with such irresistible force, that the shield itself was struck back against his head, and he was completely stunned. He heard a whizzing in his ears, his sight grew dim, and, having reeled and staggered for a moment, he fell at full length on the ground like a corpse.

"Lupo's father, during the combat, had never ceased to follow his son in every motion with his eyes, his arms, his whole body, and his mind. At one time, drawing back his head to his shoulders, he contracted himself, he shrank, he crouched, as if to escape a blow which he saw directed against the young man. At another, pointing his toes to the ground, grasping with all his force the rail against which he was leaning, he raised himself up, as if to give more force to the blow which his son was in the act of levelling at Ramengo."

The following passage introduces the principal personage to the reader:—

"Having now come to the point where this Marco, of whom we have already so often spoken, makes his appearance on the scene, it is necessary for us that we present our readers with, to use the usual expression, a sketch of his life and character.

"The second son of Matteo the Great, Marco Visconti, had followed his father with fidelity and love both in prosperity and adversity, and had always been his favourite son. Of a generous disposition, of ready wit, and active of body, always the first in all the manly sports and exercises practised by the young men of his time, he forced his rival to pardon his incontestible superiority by the modesty of his manners—a virtue which was the more pleasing in him from the splendour of his birth, his beauty of countenance, and elegance of figure. But woe to him that crossed his path, who ventured to oppose his impassioned, impetuous nature, untamed in anger or in love! His father alone, whilst he lived, could temper his passions by the authority of his paternal word.

"A brave and fortunate leader of armies, he acquired, in course of time, a name celebrated among the first captains of that age. His most celebrated enterprize was that siege of Genoa, commenced and maintained by him, with a skill and perseverance that were reckoned marvellous, against the whole force of the Church, of the principal Guelph cities in Italy, and of Robert, King of Sicily. It was on this occasion that that prince, having sent a message to him intimating that

if he did not soon retreat from the Genoese territory he might expect to meet him under the walls of Milan, Marco returned for answer, that without going so long a journey Robert might find him when he pleased under the walls of Genoa, and, in short, challenged him to single combat; at which, the historians say, the king was highly indignant, but thought it better to take no farther notice of it."

In a subsequent part we have a farther picture of Marco, who had just unexpectedly obtained possession of the city of Lucca, which had lately belonged to his friend, Castruccio Castracani, now ruined and dead:—

"The hour was late, and, having dismissed the councillors and nobility of his new court, Visconti walked alone in a vast saloon of the palace, which but a few months before had been inhabited by his friend, the celebrated Castruccio, now and then turning his eyes towards a Gothic window which looked down on the square, from which window were seen towers and columns, then resplendent with an infinite number of lights; whilst below, in the square, an immense bonfire spread a red and unsteady light on the agitated crowd around it, who were feasting merrily and singing lays in praise of their new lord. In the distance, on the tops of the surrounding hills, were seen innumerable fires, and from every quarter was heard the sound of bells ringing the merry peal of rejoicing.

"Marco stopped a moment to contemplate this spectacle, like a bridegroom who contemplates the adorned and smiling beauty of his young bride on the marriage-day; till, turning his eyes from the window, the portrait of Castruccio, which was hanging on the wall over the chimney, met his view; and this sight at once withered every joy, and destroyed all the enchantment. He sat down, and, keeping his eyes constantly fixed on the likeness of his dear friend, dead only a few months before, he said to himself:—

"'At Rome, when, full of life and glory, he was the right eye of the emperor—when all the Guelph cities, King Robert, and the Pope, trembled at his name—when I felt proud of being his friend, and hoped by his means to obtain the government of Milan—if a prophet had come and told him, 'Castruccio, in a few months all will be over, and you will be beneath the ground'—what an amazement! Fresh in years and in vigour—in the flower of his strength—yet life is so uncertain, so frail!—and he knew that he was mortal. But if the prophet had continued thus, 'Do you see this man who stands at your side—this man whom you seek to make great in his own country—this Marco, who has aided you, as far as was in his power, to rise to the height at which you have arrived, and who honours and loves you more than a brother—do you see him? Then know, that in a short time he will be lord of your city—that your house will be his house—that your widow and children will go wandering about, seeking an asylum which will be denied to them, and that he will obtain their heritage!'—Oh, what would that proud spirit have answered? what would have been the feelings of his heart? And I—what should I have said!"

"He again approached the window, and stood some time looking down into the square, and casting his eyes around it. He then exclaimed, 'What a beautiful city is Lucca!—But it is not Milan!' he soon added, with a sigh—'To be prince where you have been a subject—to command where you have obeyed—to be great amidst friends to whom your greatness is dear, imparts a share of it to them, and—yes—also in the midst of your enemies, and to see them consumed before you, and to triumph over their abasement;—this is worth living for. Here are smiling hills, covered with vines and olives—here are gallant knights, fair dames, riches, and honour; but all is mute to the heart of Marco!'"

We had marked another passage, in which the grief of a poor old boatman and his wife for the loss of their only son, who had been recently drowned in the lake, is very simply and naturally described; but as we have been informed that this story is likely to be presented to the reader in an English dress, we abstain from farther extract.

ART. VII.—*Beiträge zur Aesthetik der Baukunst, oder die Grundgesetze der Plastischen Form, nachgewiesen an den Haupttheilen der Griechischen Architectur.* Von J. H. Wolff, Professor zu Cassel. (Contributions to the Æsthetic of Architecture; or the Fundamental Principles of the Plastic Form displayed in the principal parts of Grecian Architecture.) 1834.

HAD the work, of which we are now about to treat, made its appearance some months earlier than it did, we should certainly have referred to it in that article of our twenty-seventh number, where, while noticing some of the modern architects of Germany and their productions, we adduced one or two instances of the change that has taken—or, we may say, is now taking—place in the tone of architectural criticism. In returning to the subject itself, little or no apology will, we conceive, be requisite, because the flattering mention which that paper obtained in various quarters, leads us to suppose that it was not entirely devoid of interest even for general readers; and, unless we greatly mistake what to us appear to be indications of a growing interest, more attention certainly is now given by the public to such topics than was formerly paid to them. One thing that has hitherto prevented architecture from being taken up otherwise than as a professional pursuit, has been the erroneous idea that, as a mere study, it is

nearly barren both of instruction and amusement, and, moreover, beset with difficulties of the most formidable nature; than which nothing can be more remote from the truth.* This unfortunate prejudice has been more or less fostered even by architects, who have frequently made pompous mysteries of things that are in themselves perfectly simple; and the injurious consequence has been that this display of seeming arcana has deterred most persons from attempting to make any acquaintance with the study. Hence, ignorance on the part of the public has produced indifference likewise,—an indifference in no small degree, and in various ways, prejudicial to the interests of the profession itself.

Undoubtedly the study necessary to qualify a man for an able practical architect demands severe application; not so that which will enable the amateur to enjoy in its full relish all the delight which the *art* of architecture is capable of yielding. In the former case, much labour, much dry and repulsive routine, and no little drudgery must be submitted to; and in proportion as the student is a mere plodder, so will they prove disgusting. In the other, all is or may be rendered pleasurable, from the acquisition of the very first elements, till such proficiency shall be made that further progress is instinctively pursued, in the full confidence of obtaining increased enjoyment. In this path we have merely to cull the flowers that present themselves on every side; the toil of rearing them falls to the lot of others. The amateur, as such merely, has nothing whatever to do with the various processes of construction: the *art*, not the mechanical *science*, of architecture is his province; and to argue that no one can properly appreciate or fully relish the former without at the same time being conversant with the latter, is like maintaining that no one but an anatomist can thoroughly perceive the beauty of the human face or form; whereas, according to our feelings at least, the reverse is more likely to happen. As the anatomist is apt to consider the structure and framework of the body rather than the external graces of form, and of mind expressing itself through

* Until the appearance of Loudon's Architectural Magazine there was not a single periodical professedly and exclusively devoted to the pursuit, though it is one so exceedingly multiplex, and dividing itself into such various and widely spreading ramifications, linking it with archæology, domestic economy, landscape gardening; with history, criticism, topography; with the opposite extremes of engineering on the one hand, and luxurious decoration on the other. Such a journal, which is open to all communications and remarks, becomes in the course of time a repository for a great deal of discussion, and for much information that might otherwise never come before the public in any shape. Besides a great mass of miscellaneous information, several very able papers have already appeared in it; those especially by Mr. Trotman, which contain not only original but sound and instructive criticism.

that form, so is the professional architect likely to have his attention engaged by other qualities in a building than those which have reference to art, and which, although they may be curious or laudable in themselves, have no æsthetic value because productive of no æsthetic effect.

Here it may not be improper to guard against a fallacy which we might otherwise seem to countenance: it is not to be imagined, from the analogical case we have pointed out, that the beauties of a fine building are like those of a fine face, self-evident—as apparent to the ignorant as to the connoisseur. Up to a certain degree, unskilled eyes can judge of architectural beauty as well as that of other things. Yet in architecture there is so much which is conventional, that it is also to be considered as having a language of its own; and unless we make ourselves acquainted with this language and its various dialects or styles, our enjoyment must be exceedingly limited and imperfect. Either self-sufficient, blundering ignorance, or a state of uncomfortable doubt, must be the condition of those who pretend to give an opinion, while ignorant of the simplest rudiments, of the mere "accidence" of such language. To be sure no one has any occasion to offer an opinion of the kind, more than upon any other subject to which he may be an absolute stranger; yet how frequently do we hear persons, almost in the very same breath that they admit their complete ignorance of architecture, express their unqualified approbation or disapprobation of some particular edifice! and unqualified of course it must be, because it is impossible for them to judge otherwise than according to mere fancy, or to assign any reason whatever either the one way or the other.

After all, it is not very surprising that architecture should be considered a sealed study—one exclusively set apart for those who are formally initiated into its high mysteries—when hardly a single attempt has been made to produce a popular and attractive elementary book on the subject. Of treatises of one kind or another there is abundance even to perplexity; yet in vain do we tax our memory for the name of one that can be confidently recommended for our purpose. The majority of them are little better than compilations, extracted without either judgment or taste; others are overlaid with a great deal that is more likely to bewilder and embarrass a beginner than to facilitate his progress; and the very best are, as may be supposed, rather calculated for the professional than for the amateur student. What appears to us a leading objection to nearly all is that they begin at the wrong end—namely, with the history of the art, while the learner

yet knows nothing of the art itself. First, let the student make himself acquainted with the principal styles, the leading characteristics, and the component details of each, and then he will be able to attend to what are matters of historical information and inquiry with greater interest, when provided with such a fund or capital for the purpose. It is important, moreover, that every step should be made clear and intelligible, and that, for the dry technical rules now given, reasoning and critical remark should be substituted. A person who voluntarily enters upon such a study is not to be treated exactly like a child who is just beginning his grammar; but may very well be supposed capable of understanding the *rationale* of what he is learning, and of analysing, reflecting, and comparing. Although such a mode might be *lengthier*, it would be far less tedious than those now adopted, because there would be something to attract and interest from the very outset.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that Professor Wolff's book is exactly the one suited for such a pupose, because it is intended not so much as an elementary work for mere beginners, as a treatise for those who are already familiarized with the subject. Nevertheless it affords a sound basis for something more to the level of a tyro's capacity, something that might proceed upon the same principles and pursue the same course, without entering into the more abstruse and subtile metaphysical niceties here brought into view, although not in every instance perfectly evolved. The leading object of the treatise is to trace and to explain the principles of æsthetic beauty, as they discover themselves in the purest monuments of ancient Grecian art, particularly in the Doric and Ionic orders. Successfully to establish such principles is of the highest importance, because they will be found to guide where mere rules stop short and authorities fail; consequently, to protect against servility, on the one hand, and caprice on the other—the Scylla and Charybdis of the art, ever since the moderns first professed to take their models from ancient Rome and Greece. The author himself points out, in his preface, this unfortunate compromise between pedantic bigotry and licentious extravagance; and proceeds to observe, very justly, that it is impossible to *imitate* the ancients, unless we previously make ourselves acquainted with those *laws* which they followed, whether instinctively, and in consequence of a more delicate apprehension of the essentials of architectural beauty, or owing to their having matured their taste by profound study and reflection. With equal correctness he remarks that, notwithstanding the assiduity that has been displayed in measuring and delineating again and again the remains of ancient edifices, very little

has hitherto been done towards deducing satisfactory laws from such documents; laws applicable under all circumstances, and which, instead of excluding, rather promote originality in feeling and taste. Proceeding upon a fallacious empirical system, we have been in the habit of satisfying ourselves, with repeating, on every occasion, certain routine and proverbial phrases of the art; whereas we ought rather to strive to catch the ideas, and to adopt, if possible, the same modes of thought, so as to be able to express ourselves with ease and idiomatically, without repeating, parrot-like, just what we have been trained to; and without falling into the mere gibberish of the art, whenever we attempt to deviate at all from a precise model. We clearly perceive how widely the very best Grecian examples vary from each other, how each is stamped with a certain individuality of character, at the same time that it conforms to one general type; which was because that type itself was established on artist-like principles, and capable of numerous modifications without being destroyed. It is futile to argue that all that the art admits of in this way has already been exhausted by the ancients themselves, and that we have consequently no alternative, save either to abandon their system altogether, or rigorously to adhere to the models which have come down to us from their stores; such certainly was not the case when little was known of either the Doric or the Ionic, except in the spurious and debased Roman examples of those orders. Then, at least, there was ample room for improvement, as the originals since discovered amply testify; yet these base and unworthy copies were as blindly and indiscriminately admired as the genuine specimens now are. We do not say that it is by any means easy to deviate from prescribed forms without departing from the spirit of Grecian architecture; and we are also ready to allow that it appears impossible to surpass some of them. As to the first point, that is one which every artist must determine for himself; to say that he cannot determine it, that it is impossible for him to step ever so little from the beaten track without instantly finding himself in sheer darkness, without clue or compass, or beacon, by which to direct himself—what is it but to proclaim that he is altogether unworthy of the name of artist, and that, whatever title he may assume, he is, in fact, no other than a mechanic? Many, whom nature never designed to adventure upon such a course, would undoubtedly sink; what then? that is one of the risks inseparable from attempting originality in art. There have been not a few shipwrecks in poetry, in painting, in sculpture; at the same time more power and mind have been brought out than could possibly have been the case under a fetter-

ing system of restrictive caution, and colder policy. What has just been said is almost a sufficient answer touching the other point; for by interdicting all attempts to deviate from what is admitted to be excellence, in despair of being able to produce aught of similar quality, we may indeed prevent many heresies in the art; yet that will not prevent the worst of all debasement, the extinction of the spirit which should animate it. Unless occasionally renovated by fresh accessions, the feeling of art gradually wears out and sinks into the imbecility of sheer mechanism. It has been asserted, and also by one, whom many will regard as almost the highest authority,—by Sir Christopher Wren,—that architecture admits of no fashions, although his own productions prove how little his practice accorded with his doctrine, they being in a fashion altogether different from anything Grecian, and some of them most grotesquely so. It is of little avail, therefore, to tie ourselves down to a superstitious reverence for certain minutiæ, if we at the same time allow ourselves the greatest licenses in other respects.

This is so far from being the way to maintain architecture in its purity, that over-scrupulousness in regard to certain particulars almost necessarily leads to extravagances in all the rest, as the only means of avoiding sickening repetitions, and of manifesting aught that can be termed design. Hence it has happened that architects, while they have almost invariably discountenanced innovation, so far as it consisted in a departure from their own technical system, have admitted an exceedingly great number of licenses, quite at variance with the genius of the style which they professed to follow and to reverence, although they may not clash with positive authority, merely because ancient architecture affords no instances admitting any direct comparison. It is to little purpose, however, that we affect to follow the ancients ever so closely, as regards the positive examples they have left us, if we oppose them in all the rest, and thereby produce things more truly barbarous, owing to the discordant tastes which they exhibit, than would be the case if they made no pretension whatever to Grecian character. Far better would it be to emancipate ourselves at once from classical precedents than to adopt a wavering indefinite course, one that injudiciously challenges immediate comparison, by pointing to professed models, and so forcing into notice the discrepancies engrafted upon them; greatly, therefore, do we prefer many specimens of the *ante-reformed* architecture of Italy, if we may so term it—when, although columns and circular arches appear, even the latest Roman style was entirely lost sight of, and one altogether different substituted for it—to the productions of the Palladian school, which seem, for the most part, blundering copies, undertaken in

utter ignorance of the works from which they pretend to be derived.

Of late, some have not only felt that the trammels which architects impose upon themselves operate imjuriously upon their art, even to debasing it from the rank of one, but have spoken out their opinions explicitly enough. Mr. Purser, in his pamphlet on the National Gallery, very justly remarks that, instead of copying from Grecian examples, we ought to found a style upon Grecian principles, because "although the architecture of ancient Greece was undoubtedly the simplest and purest of all antiquity, and may be considered as perfect—so far as it went—yet, in reference to its application to modern wants and circumstances, and the subsequent advances of science, it does not go far enough." Copying—and that too very imperfectly and partially—their productions is, he continues to say, "not in conformity with, but in *opposition to*, the example of the Greeks themselves." * They studied the Egyptian temples, not in order to produce copies of them, "but with a view to investigate the general principles on which the Egyptians wrought—to translate, not to transcribe,—to engraft so much of their masters' art on the altered circumstances of their own as their truth and judgment might dictate." If, then, the differences between the religious edifices of Greece and those of Egypt demanded such change in order to produce perfect consistency of style, how much more necessary is it that we moderns should adopt a similar course, our buildings being so totally unlike in purpose those of the ancients that it is rarely possible to do more than transfer some detached parts from the latter? We do not even blend together what we appropriate from that source and what we are compelled to add of our own, but merely place them in juxtaposition and in harsh contrast with each other. If we are determined upon retaining the Greek orders, without any change or modification, at least we ought to take care that every other feature shall be in perfect accordance with them —all uniform as to style, the same character of detail supported

* Another writer has the following remark of the same tendency: "Buildings are as capable of as many varieties of perfection as of destination; each may be perfect in its kind, if perfectly suited to its end. But therefore it follows, as a necessary consequence, that it is impossible to transfer its merit to an 'example' erected for another purpose, amongst another people, and in another climate: the more its imitation is correct, the more is its application falsified by its original character." As far as climate alone is concerned, we ourselves do not think that it presents any obstacle to the adoption, or we would say, the adaptation, of Grecian architecture in this country. The flimsy and fantastical mode of building employed by the Chinese would undoubtedly be unfit for our climate, yet that of Greece is assuredly unobjectionable, inasmuch as it is of durable construction, and moreover affords considerable shelter from the weather.

throughout—the same finish kept up, and extended to every part; which is so far from being the case, that this exceedingly obvious principle is violated even as regards the orders themselves, and that, moreover, by architects who profess to be ultra-classical. Although it would almost be deemed a profanity to deviate from the original in a single moulding or any of its proportions, it is considered a matter of perfect indifference whether a plain frieze be substituted for the carved one in the original example, and whether the pediment be similarly treated, notwithstanding the very great difference of effect thus occasioned. Several recent and sufficiently striking examples of this kind might be pointed out, in which the entablature and pediment appear most cold, naked and unfinished, in comparison with the columns themselves, and the capitals of the latter are thereby rendered so many spots, there being nothing answering to them in richness, or any way in keeping with them. When the decoration of the frieze is thus omitted, the more requisite is it that greater embellishment should be bestowed on the cornice than was done originally, and that it should be a more important feature, so as in some degree to restore unity of character and effect in the columns and in the parts which they support. The monument of Lysicrates, which seems at first to countenance an opposite mode of treatment to what we deem correct, the capitals of the columns being elaborately worked and the mouldings of the cornice quite plain, strongly supports our doctrine, since the whole of the roof is richly sculptured, and the architectural unity of the design thereby fully preserved. We may further remark that the *antefixæ*, or ornamental tiles, immediately above the cornice of most Grecian buildings, although not considered as belonging to that member of the entablature, as far as effect is concerned, add to its height, and impart to it an additional finish. Matters of this kind seem too palpable to be overlooked, and yet how rarely do we find them attended to! Still more rare is to meet with a building in which the subordinate parts are in perfect accordance with the order itself, and every thing so duly proportioned, that while the character of that order is fully maintained, it does not overpower what it accompanies, causing the other features to appear trivial and insipid.

We shall, perhaps, be accused not only of forgetting Wolff, but of so far forgetting his object as in some degree to be running from it, his purpose being to analyse the beauties of Grecian architecture, and to account for them; while, from the tenor of some of our remarks, we may seem to undervalue the style itself as one hardly sufficient for present purposes. What is his immediate aim, however, must, more or less, tend to conduct the architect to originality, by disclosing wherein lies the proper power and

resources of his art, and how by adopting the same course we may attain similar excellence without servilely treading in exactly the same footsteps. Without properly directed study there can be little real originality in any art; least of all in architecture, where fancy ought ever to go hand in hand with severe judgment, and submit to its counsels; and in whose productions we should discover some satisfactory, at least some assignable, reasons for all we behold. Unless we are acquainted with the primary laws and essential conditions of the art itself, we cannot very well judge how far we can go without infringing them, or whether the course which we are pursuing will not convey us beyond their limits. Little, therefore, need we be surprised at so many instances of complete failure among modern architects, whenever they have attempted to deviate at all from the beaten track and to introduce any innovations; because, instead of searching for novelty within the proper boundaries of the art, and where, although latent, it may nevertheless be discovered and brought to light, they have generally launched out into extravagance. They have ventured to make material changes in particular parts, without any reference to what they have left unaltered; they have made just change enough to destroy the unity and character of their model, yet not sufficient to obtain such consistency of expression as would compensate for that which is thus broken in upon—greatly impaired, if not altogether expunged.

How studiously observant the Greeks were of this consistency of expression in architecture, in all its minutest shades, is satisfactorily shown by Wolff, whose scrutinizing study nothing seems to have escaped. Indeed, he is likely to be considered somewhat too subtle and refined in some of his observations and the reasonings upon them; too abstrusely metaphysical for the generality of students, few of whom may be able to follow up his theory, and apply his doctrines in whatever case may occur. As preliminary to his examination of Grecian architecture itself, the author sets out by investigating the fundamental qualities of the art, which he deduces from the laws of gravitation, equipoise, counterpoise, and those of symmetry and proportion, arising from them. These qualities, he observes, present themselves in the animal structure, although there more or less modified by an inner working and directing force; consequently they require to be more decidedly manifested in the productions of architecture, where the principle of gravitation alone operates. This latter is maintained by the prevalence of horizontal and perpendicular lines; and when even any interruption of, or deviation from, these occurs, in order to avoid monotony, their continuation is indicated to the eye in some way or other. Thus, in columns, whether with

or without bases, strict verticality is kept up by such projection being given to capital, either in its abacus, as in the Doric* and the Corinthian, or in its greatest width, as measured across the volutes of the Ionic, as renders that extremity of the column equal to the lower one, so that the same perpendicular line would touch both. With the same view, in windows that are narrower at top than at bottom, a break, or *knee*, as it is termed by workmen, is made towards the top of the architraves surrounding it, projecting till within the line of the base. The same kind of verticality, Wolff contends, may be traced in Gothic architecture, where pinnacles are employed for the purpose of contrasting with and counteracting the inclined lines and curves of gables, pediments, and arches. In like manner acroteria were introduced at the angles of Grecian pediments, in order to preserve both verticality and horizontality of lines, and suggested parallelism with the entablature,—perhaps also with the sloping cornices; at the same time, that some play and variety of outline were thus obtained. Conformably with this principle, the more acute gable and arch of Gothic architecture are harmonized by corresponding height in the pinnacles accompanying them, and such we find to have been the general practice.

Our author's next step is to show that, though the rule admits of some latitude and exceptions, the best general proportions may all be traced to the application of squares, whether for the entire building, its leading divisions, or its apertures. He does not mean to assert, that the front of a building should present to the eye a single square mass: it may be composed of a double or triple square—or, in fact, of almost any series and disposition of that figure. Neither does this system exclude variety of outline, it being sufficient that the whole be comprised within one or more such squares; for Wolff shows, in illustration of this part of his theory, what would generally be referred to the pyramidal principle of composition, namely, a building so arranged, yet answering his purpose, because its greatest height corresponds with its greatest width. For our own part, we are not quite sure that there is not almost as much of the fanciful as of the solid in this doctrine, since it probably would not be difficult to produce many excellent examples that would appear to overthrow it. Still it may not be unserviceable as a sort of general guidance, although it can never be closely adhered to, unless as far as regards certain parts of a façade, because uncontrollable circumstances will generally interfere with it, where a building is not

* It is true that the width of the abacus in this order generally exceeds the diameter of the columns, yet in so very trifling a degree as merely to occasion optical equality between them.

completely insulated from all others. Perhaps it would be better, instead of striving to accommodate circumstances to any rule of the kind, to consider how the most can be made of them, and what mode of treatment is the most likely to produce the happiest composition.

We are far better satisfied with the author's ideas on the subject of intercolumniation, which has hitherto been regulated by the diameter of the column, without regard to its height; whereas he shows that it should be governed by the latter rather than the former. Whatever be the height of the column, that will give the distance from the axis to that of some other in the same range, whether it be the third or the fourth—according as it is intended to have them closer or wider apart; and this, of course, determines the spaces between these and the intermediate column or columns, and all the succeeding ones. By this means, an harmonious succession of squares formed by each column and the third or fourth from it is obtained; neither, as he further observes, is it necessary that such squares should invariably be restricted to the measurement from the axis, and admit of no other change than that arising from the number of intermediate columns, because the fourth column may either be included in or excluded from such figure, whose boundary will then be defined by one of its sides. He also shows how, in the Doric, the measure may be regulated, not by the height of the column alone, but by that to the top of the triglyph in the frieze, as that gives an extent of vertical line.

We are not among those who attach much importance to the precise origin of different styles of architecture: unless founded upon direct historical testimony, questions of that kind are apt to lead into chimerical and bewildering hypotheses—mere ingenious speculations, that afford scope for fanciful conjecture, but are almost utterly barren of any advantage to the art itself. There has been too much of this vague inquiry in regard to Gothic architecture, relative to the origin of which various contradictory and nearly equally plausible theories have been started, that leave the point at issue as undecided as it was at first. Controversies of this kind may in some degree be useful, because they excite public interest in behalf of the subject; yet, on the other hand, they are apt to engross attention too exclusively, and to withdraw it from more profitable and important considerations. It is, however, a matter of something more than mere historical curiosity, to settle whether we ought to attribute the formation of the Greek style to an original stone or timber construction, because much turns upon that point, inasmuch as we shall accordingly be able to judge how far Greek taste refined upon the earlier elements of form. Many, if not most, still adhere to the

theory of Vitruvius, and trace back the rich marble temple to the primitive wooden hut; yet both analogy and internal evidence oppose such an idea, for construction in timber would undoubtedly have led to a far more fanciful and lighter style. We cannot do better than let our readers see what Wolff himself says upon this subject.

"The entire character of Grecian, as well as of Egyptian and of our own German style, is essentially connected with construction in stone, which alone is capable of accounting for the architectonic principles that it exhibits. These, together with the forms deduced from them, the disposition of the masses as regards bearing and support, the collocation of the different members, their profiles, and other circumstances, become quite unintelligible and inexplicable, as soon as we substitute mere beams of wood and light timber materials,—which although easily supported, do not keep compacted together by their own weight,—for massive blocks and ponderous architraves of stone, which require corresponding massiveness in the parts that sustain them, and by their pressure upon them give great firmness to these latter. Even where, either owing to scarcity of stone, or for some other reason, wood has been employed, it is evident that the forms are derived from construction in stone, and as closely copied as possible from such prototype; for the nature of wood itself affords no motives whatever for the forms adopted. The contrary opinion, maintained by Hirt in his work on the Architecture of the Ancients, where he endeavours to account for every thing on the supposition of its having originated in timber construction, has misled that able writer, and by this one leading error, has considerably lessened the value of his otherwise important inquiries. The proofs that stone construction manifests itself in Grecian architecture, both in its very rudiments and in the minutest parts, are so numerous and so obvious that they cannot be overlooked by any one who considers them impartially and without prejudice. We shall have opportunities of noticing them more particularly as we proceed, and shall therefore now pass to some general remarks on the columns.

"We are certainly warranted in supposing that the form of these supports was originally square, especially in cavern structures and the interior of buildings, and the angles began in time to be splayed off, until it gradually became polygonal and afterwards cylindrical; which successive mutations might easily be corroborated historically by Egyptian examples. We shall, however, content ourselves with taking up our observations at the period when the Greek column had assumed this latter shape, after which it was left for art to refine it into beauty, so as to contribute to its æsthetic effect in architecture.

"The very nature and purpose of such supports prevented their having any perfect *architectonic* form. They possess no *entireness* of character in themselves; but rather, by their loftier proportions and shape, seem to rear themselves up, not like so many inert masses, but as if endued with internal organic power. It remained, therefore, for art to develop this idea, to remove them from the class of unorganic

shapes, to round off all their angles, and, moulding them by degrees to some similarity of vegetable character, to render them more attractive to the eye.—For effecting this purpose, that refined and reflecting taste, which taught the Greeks to observe the due limits of every art, contented itself with merely indicating the principle of organization, still maintaining the expression of mathematical form."

As further proof that Grecian architecture is not derived from an original construction with wood, the author observes that a like regard to æsthetic beauty of form is apparent in the cylindrical pillars of the Egyptians, whose country affords no timber materials for buildings of any magnitude. Having thus, as he conceives, ascertained the principle of *form*, his next object is that of *proportion*; which he says cannot possibly be derived from the vegetable world, since that hardly affords any law for fixity of proportion. This, therefore, he is inclined to attribute to a free imitation of the general proportions of the human figure; but certainly not that mechanical, fancifully exact, and immediate imitation to which Vitruvius would refer us. Wolff sees in this kind of imitation no more than a *motive*—an indirect aim, just sufficient to catch and preserve similarity as far as regards general impression. Conformably with this aim, he considers that deviations from a fixed standard of proportion are not only allowable but advisable, since such shades of distinction are favourable to that particular individuality of character, which may best accord with other circumstances in the building.

We cannot pretend to follow our author throughout his reasonings, or even to enumerate the leading particulars which he minutely examines; we shall, therefore, before dismissing the book, briefly refer to one or two detached points that, as far as they are concerned, may suffice to indicate how fully the rationale of every circumstance is here explained. In his remarks upon the capital and its abacus, he shows that, independently of its supposed office, the propriety of beauty and æsthetic consistency demand this member as a completion, of integration, of the whole column. Not only is the upper extremity thus made to accord with the lower, and, as before observed, the verticality lost by the diminution of the shaft upwards restored to the eye; but it is indispensable, as preparatory to the architrave resting upon it. Since the architrave stretches only in one direction, a circle inscribed upon it by the capital terminating in that form, would ill agree with the merely horizontal expansion of the soffit. By inscribing the circle within a square, the imperfection is overcome: both forms have then one common centre, while the overhanging angles of square produce the effect of an harmonious contrast between the two. Another inconvenience is moreover

avoided, and another beauty obtained; because the intervention of this square plate allows the soffit to be made somewhat narrower than the diameter of the upper part of the capital, and while the architrave is thereby rendered less heavy in appearance, the abacus displays itself to greater advantage, and produces greater perspective variety. The value of fluting, as contributing to the play of light and shadow on the shaft of the column, as well as to finish of surface, has been pointed out by others; yet we do not recollect that any preceding writer has assigned to it that particular æsthetic quality which Wolff has explained and illustrated by analogical examples. By their all tending to and indicating one common centre in the axis of the column, he says that the channels and their arrises, or fillets, render the circularity of the shaft more apparent, less vague, and less indefinitely expressed to the eye, than is the case when the surface of a cylindrical or conical body is left plain. Perhaps this is rather a super-refinement of reasoning, because, though only half of such an object is visible, the eye instantly recognizes its true form, even when it is little assisted by direct light and shade. Some modern architects have taken great and very useless pains to determine the proper pitch for pediments, according to their width, without much regard to other proportion; whereas Wolff is of opinion, and herein we perfectly agree with him, that the height of the pediment admits of little variation under any circumstances, since it must be regulated by that of the entablature beneath it. It never ought much to exceed this; consequently, the wider a building or portico is in proportion to the height of the order, the lower must the pitch of the pediment be made, in order to preserve harmony and consistency between the height of the building and that of its roof.

Here we must take our leave of Professor Wolff for the present, hoping that it will not be very long before the appearance of the continuation which he promises will enable us to return to his interesting and able inquiries. Even as mere speculative opinions, his observations are highly deserving attention; but we are willing to anticipate much practical good from their dissemination,—more discriminating and enlightened views of the art on the part of criticism, and emancipation from that servile spirit of routine, which, while it damps all inventive energy in the architect, and in fact degrades him to a mere mechanic, is, as daily evidence too clearly proves, no protection against the extravagancies of perverted taste and caprice. Nor is caprice rendered at all less offensive by its being associated with hopeless dulness.

ART. VIII.—1. *Des Pauvres, des Mendians et de leurs droits,* par Loubens, Avocat. Paris, 1829. 8vo.

2. *Economie Politique Chrétienne, ou Recherches sur la Nature et les Causes du Paupérisme &c.,* par M. le V^te^. Alban de Villeneuve-Bargemont, ancien Préfet du Nord, &c. Paris, 1834. 3 vols. 8vo.

3. *Etat numérique de la Population indigente de Paris,* 1832. Sheets, 1834.

4. *Procès-Verbal de l'Assemblée générale du Bureau de Bienfaisance du 5^me^ Arrondissement.* Paris, 1834.

5. *Rapport de M. le Comte Rambuteau, Préfet de la Seine, au Conseil Municipal.* Paris, 1834.

"SI quantum pauperum est, venire huc, et liberis suis petere pecunias cœperint, singuli nunquam exsatiabuntur; respublica deficiet; * * et securi omnes aliena subsidia expectabunt, sibi ignavi, nobis graves." Such was the reply of Tiberius to some importunate applicants for places in the Roman *Black-book.* Although spoken of the high-born, it may likewise be addressed to such as seek to be entered in the Black-book of the parish. And unless the new Commissioners find means to stop the mischief as successfully as the old emperor, we may hereafter find reason to exclaim—*deficiet respublica.*

But, though most sorely afflicted, our own country is not the only one suffering under the disease. In Great Britain the paupers compose one-sixth of the inhabitants. In Holland and Belgium they are one-seventh, and in Switzerland one-tenth; whilst in France and the German confederacy they are one-twentieth; in Austria, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, one-twenty-fifth, and in Prussia and Spain only one-thirtieth.

Of the causes of this great discrepancy it is not our present business to speak. Let us content ourselves with laying before our readers some of the information concerning *pauperism in France*—the most important of the continental nations—which is afforded by the productions prefixed to this paper, and resulting, in part, from our own investigation.

The calculations of M. de Villeneuve are based upon inquiries made immediately before the events of 1830. Affairs of more pressing importance have engaged the attention of the Government, since that period, to the exclusion of inquiries of this kind; so that no late information can be obtained. But it may be safely assumed that the number of paupers has not diminished. It is more likely to have increased. M. de Villeneuve seems to have conducted his researches with diligence and care, and his

account may be safely taken as a fair approximation to the truth, which is almost all that can be said of arithmetical statistics.

By a French pauper, we mean any Frenchman subsisting permanently, or for a considerable time, and either in whole or in part, upon public taxation, charitable endowments, or private charity.

In 1830, the population of France was 31,880,674* and the number of paupers (exclusive of aged persons, foundlings, and others maintained in hospitals) 1,583,340. In the department du Nord, every *sixth* inhabitant is a pauper; in the Pas de Calais every eighth; in the department du Rhone the proportion of paupers is one-thirteenth; in the departments of the Aisne, Seine, and Somme, one-fourteenth; whilst in those of the Meuse, Meurthe, and Moselle, it is one-thirtieth; in those of the Lozère and Lower Rhine one-fortieth; and in that of the Creuse only one-*fifty-eighth*. For convenience, France may be carved into three sets of departments, taken without reference to geographical bearing; viz.:—

The *worst set*, containing 20 departments and 10,062,769 inhabitants, of whom one-*thirteenth* are paupers.

The *middling set*, embracing thirty-eight departments and containing 13,043,514 inhabitants, of whom one-*twenty-third* are paupers.

And the *best set*, comprising twenty-eight departments and 8,774,391 inhabitants, of whom one-*thirty-third* are paupers.

The proportion of paupers varies greatly between town and country. If all places above fifteen hundred souls be reckoned as towns, it will be found that, of their 7,762,450 inhabitants, 767,245, or about one-tenth, are paupers; whilst 819,195 persons, or about one-thirtieth, are paupers out of the 24,205,718 country people.

The geographical division of France in familiar use, exhibits the following proportions; viz.:

The nineteen departments of the *centre* comprise a proportion of about one to twenty-three—the fourteen *Eastern* departments, one to thirty—the thirty-two *Southern* departments, one to twenty-three—the fifteen *Western*, one to nineteen,—and the six *Northern*, one to nine. The difference is surprising, and shows that a large portion of French pauperism exists, as with ourselves, *in masses*. Of the *worst* set of departments only three are comprehended in the *centre*,—those of the Loiret, Seine, and Lower Seine; whilst none are to be found in the *East*. The general features of both these districts (some of which are obviously connected with the growth of pauperism) are the same. The climate is temperate. Wine, maize, and nearly all the pro-

* Census of 1827.

duce of French husbandry are grown throughout. The population is essentially agricultural, and the number of small owners great. Nearly every village possesses public property from which the poorer sort derive benefit. The *droit d'affouage*, or right of taking fuel in the national and village woods, for a small consideration paid to the village and oftentimes free of charge, is almost universal. In a great number of localities the larger portion of the village property is divided by rotation amongst the inhabitants for short terms and at low rents, and the funds from these sources are applied towards diminishing the local expenses. The *droit de parcours* and *droit de vaine pâture*, or common rights of feeding stock on the plough and grass lands of private persons, after the harvest and aftermath till seed and spring time, are equally general, and, although great hindrances to farming improvements, afford important conveniencies to the peasantry.

The *South* likewise comprises three departments of the bad set; viz., those of the Rhône, Bouches du Rhône, and Tarn and Garonne. The climate is warm and the winter short, by which the suffering from cold and the necessity for outlay in fuel and clothing are diminished. Landed property is more divided than in the rest of France. The villages are generally possessed of common rights and property, and, in addition to the produce of the centre and East, this district possesses the chestnut and olive trees and the silk-worm.

The *West* comprehends nine of the bad departments; viz. those of the Côtes du Nord, Finistèrre, Ille and Vilaine, Lower Loire, Morbihan, Mayenne, Orne, Sarthe, and Two Sêvres. The first five of these compose the territory of Brittany, and exhibit a proportion of one-sixteenth as paupers, which is partly attributable to the great and sudden diminution of the linen manufacture, occasioned by the introduction of cottons, and to the political disorders to which Brittany has been so long exposed. The four other unfavoured departments labour more or less under the same disadvantages; whilst the rest of the Western district, partaking of most of the advantages of the South, exhibits an equal exemption from pauperism.

Of the six *Northern* departments, five are comprised in the worst set. In this district the climate makes fuel and clothing objects of first-rate necessity. The population is more abundant than elsewhere. There are but few villages in the possession of forest or common rights. Landed property is but little divided, agriculture is carried on with considerable capitals, and the farming peasants are day-labourers. The towns are engaged in the cotton manufacture, which has been exposed for a long time to extreme fluctuations.

The proportion of one to thirteen, appearing in the bad set of departments, is a mean proportion. The actual proportion varies in each. In the department of the North it is one to six; in that of the Pas de Calais, one to eight; in those of the Rhône, Aisne, Seine, Somme and Finistèrre, one to fourteen; Bouches du Rhône, one to fifteen; Côtes du Nord, Ille and Vilaine, Loiret, and Lower Seine, one to sixteen; Mayenne, one to seventeen; and Lower Loire, Morbihan, Oise, Orne, Tarn and Garonne, Sarthe, and Two Sêvres, one to eighteen.

The paupers in the middling set vary from one in nineteen in the department of the Ain, to one in twenty-eight in that of the Puy de Dôme. Half have a mean proportion of one to twenty-one, and half of one to twenty-five.

In the best set the proportion varies between one to twenty-eight in the department of the Côte d'Or, and one to fifty-eight in that of the Creuse. Half average rather more than one in thirty, and half somewhat exceed one in fifty.

In the department du Nord, where pauperism has reached a height surpassed in few districts even in England, we find a population of 962,848, of whom 568,116 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and 394,732 in manufactures, chiefly cotton. The entire number of paupers is 163,453, exclusive of 7667 aged persons and others subsisting in the hospital. The proportion of agricultural paupers is about one in thirteen; the others belong almost entirely to the manufacturers, and in some places form a fearful proportion of the whole number of the inhabitants. Thus, in

Lille, the population is	70,000, and the paupers are	22,281
Valenciennes . . .	19,841	5,047
Cambrai	17,031	4,150
Dunkirk	24,517	4,880

The quantity of mendicancy in France is below what would be inferred from the spectacle presented in the districts to which the majority of our countrymen confine their excursions. The entire number of beggars is 198,153, which exhibits a proportion of one to one hundred and sixty-five upon the aggregate population, and one to eight upon the body of paupers. In the *Centre*, every fourteenth pauper is a beggar; in the *East*, every ninth; in the *South*, every seventh; in the *West*, every fifth; and in the *North*, every tenth. In the bad set of departments the proportion of beggars to paupers is about one to eleven; in the middling set, about one to twelve; and in the best set, one to eight. The minimum is in the department of the Seine (Paris), where it is only one to forty-six; and the maximum in those of Finistèrre, Ille and Vilaine, and the Creuse, (the last being the most exempt from pauperism,) where it is as high as one to two. It would,

therefore, seem that, if the absolute quantity of beggary is a useful fact to be known in statistics, its quantity relative to the mass of pauperism is not much worth knowing, except as showing the value of the measures which are adopted for its prevention or repression.

We had intended to furnish the comparative amounts of pauperism and crime from M. de Villeneuve and the late *Compte Rendu* of the French minister of justice; but as the facts do not *appear* to correlate, as they are well known to *do*, it would be a bootless task, without entering upon a minuter investigation than we have space for.

Of the French institutions connected with pauperism, the first in order are the laws against vagrants and beggars, the history of which may be briefly sketched. One of Charlemagne's capitularies forbad the giving of alms to beggars, and, by a sort of anticipatory relief-law, enjoined each locality to support its own paupers—*suos quæque civitas pauperes alito.* In the twelfth century the beggars by profession were an object of alarm in all the leading cities, and during that and the following centuries they formed, according to Dulaure, (*Histoire de Paris,*) one-fifth of the population of Paris. Saint Louis ordered them to be banished from that city. In 1350, King John ordained that the able-bodied poor should quit Paris, and not beg, under pain of whipping and the pillory, and, on a third offence, of being branded with a hot iron, and banished. These injunctions were renewed in 1524. Two years afterwards, the parliament of Paris ordered able-bodied beggars to be chained two and two, and employed in cleansing the streets and sewers; and, in 1535, such as were not natives of that city were commanded to withdraw to their birth-places, and work for a livelihood, on pain of being hanged—*sous peine de la hart.* About the same time a royal ordinance was published for the whole kingdom, enjoining the able-bodied poor to work, under pain of banishment, and forbidding women, children, and infirm persons to beg, under pain of whipping. Ten years later, an ordinance was issued by Henry II. ordering male beggars to be sent to the galleys, to which the local magistracy of certain towns added *mutilation.* In 1656 an edict put the ordinance of Henry II. into fresh vigour, and forbad almsgiving to beggars, on pain of being fined four livres parisis; and the public were bound to hand them over to the police. These regulations were made in order to ensure the enforcement of certain rules, by which a general hospital was established in Paris for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, and the employment of the able-bodied poor. The directors had power to imprison, whip, and put in the pillory the inmates; and, as an additional guarantee, an edict of 1661 ordered beggars, who had thrice in-

curred punishment in the hospital, to be sent to the galleys. In 1685 and 1687, three edicts appeared, ordering the ordinance of Henry II. to be put in force throughout the entire kingdom. All houseless beggars and vagabonds, such as passed for old soldiers, or should assemble to above four in number, were to be tried by a species of martial law (*prévôtalement*), and condemned, the men to the galleys, and the women to be whipped, branded and banished, with pain of death in cases of resistance. Domiciled beggars were to be whipped and marked for a second offence, and on a third, were to be sent to the galleys, or if women, to bridewell (*maison de force*). The injudicious severity of these measures prevented their execution; the galleys would not have held all the condemned. In 1709, in consequence of the scarcity, the number of beggars in Paris had increased to 50,000. Some years afterwards, the regent entertained a plan for banishing them to the colonies, but he was opposed by the parliament; and another project for employing them at convict labour on the roads was abandoned from an apprehension of the danger to travellers. Various edicts of Louis XV. ordered beggars to be imprisoned, branded, and, for certain offences, sent to the galleys. At the beginning of his successor's reign, their number had again become so alarming, and the previous regulations were found so inefficacious, or had been so much neglected, that an ordinance was issued, (13th July, 1777,) by the advice of Turgot, which surprises by its severity. Able-bodied male beggars and vagrants, from sixteen to sixty, without means of livelihood, and who should have exercised no regular calling for six months, were to be sent forthwith to the galleys; and women, children and old men, engaged in the same pursuit, shut up in an hospital. At the same time various beggars' houses were to be established for the reception of aged and infirm paupers, and for the employment of the able-bodied; but so little progress was made with these receptacles, that no more than thirty were in existence at the Revolution. The Legislative Assembly took up the subject of mendicancy, but did little more than declare, that the legal regulation of beggars was not an infringement of the new-invented "Rights of Man." The Convention supplied the deficiency. "Ce mot honteux de *mendiant* ne fut jamais écrit dans le dictionnaire du républicain," said the Report of Barrère, and thereupon the assembly decreed, (law of 15th October, 1793,) that in each district work should be found for paupers, with wages one-fourth beneath the average rate; and, to punish such as should prefer begging to this resource, each department was to have a beggars' bridewell (*maison de repression*), where beggars were to be sent to hard labour for one or two years; and on a third

offence, or if not domiciled, on a second, were to be transported to Madagascar. The confusion of the times prevented the establishment both of bridewells and colony, and matters remained on their old footing till 1808, when Napoleon, taking the subject in hand with his usual precipitancy, ordered a beggars' workhouse (*depôt de mendians*) to be established in each department; and to give further efficacy to this provision, articles were inserted in the new Penal Code for the punishment of vagrants and beggars with from three to six months' imprisonment, (Art. 271, 274,) and the latter were to be sent to the depôts at the expiration of their sentences. In departments unprovided with depôts, able-bodied beggars were to be sent to goal for from one to three months, and, if found out of their cantons, from six months to two years, (Art. 275). And both vagrants and beggars punished under these articles were afterwards to be at the disposal of the government, *i. e.* subject, if necessary, to a forced residence in a particular spot, for the purpose of being watched by the police.—(Art. 44.) The depôts, like most of Napoleon's establishments, were but partially erected, and those which were erected instead of being reserved for beggars, sunk into indiscriminate receptacles for paupers, whom their own ingenuity, or the suggestions and assistance of the petty local authorities, readily qualified for admission. The abuses were so great that the Restoration abolished most of those that had been established, and the tribunals have since limited the operation of the law to Art. 275. But this is seldom enforced except in the capital and certain large towns, or on particular occasions, requiring an extraordinary riddance of persons become dangerous to the public peace: so repugnant does it seem to the feelings of judges to punish men for doing that which it is difficult to prove they have any means of avoiding. The annual number of beggars convicted does not exceed 500—a very small portion of the 198,000 mentioned by M. de Villeneuve. The law against vagabonds is executed with greater severity. But neither law, in practice, deserves the severe strictures with which both have been visited by several French writers, by whom it is contended that, in addition to their inhumanity, these laws present unjust obstacles to a free circulation of labour. Such laws are to be judged of rather by local or temporary peculiarities than by considerations of so vague a character.

"At the present day," says M. de Villeneuve, "the right of the poor to legal relief (*assistance obligée*) is *not* recognised in France." A mighty contrast with the principle which, according to some, makes the right to relief the poor man's freehold! With the exception of the faint trace appearing in Charlemagne's capi-

tulary, and of an alleged assignment of a fourth of the church revenues to the poor, the first mention of legal relief occurs in some letters-patent of Francis I., of 6th of Nov. 1544, by which a general board was formed at Paris, composed of thirteen citizens and four counsellors of the parliament, with powers to raise annually upon the princes, seigneurs, ecclesiastics, and other proprietors, an alms tax (*taxe d'aumône*), and jurisdiction to constrain the rate-payers (*cotisés*). This rate was destined for such of the poor as could not get admission into the endowed charitable institutions, and was distributed in kind by the clergy. The liability of the rate-payers, distinctly established by this instrument, was repeatedly recognised during the same century by several subsequent ordinances, particularly in 1566 and 1586; but neither the means of enforcing the administration of relief, nor even the abstract right to it, were allowed to the poor. The ordinance of 1586, due to Chancellor de l'Hôpital, enjoined the inhabitants of other towns to support each its own poor by tax (*contribution*) or otherwise, and according to proper ordering. The Paris board seems to have fallen into disuse during the succeeding century, and to have been replaced by a board in each parish, the ecclesiastical division being adopted instead of the civil, doubtless for the convenience of the parish clergy, who were the chief managers of the indigent. In 1740, the parliament of Paris ordered that the curates, churchwardens, and leading (*notables*) parishioners should meet at the parish board to provide relief, and should make out two lists, one of the poor and another of the householders (*habitans*), and the latter were to be forced to contribute according to their means; and, if need were, recourse might be had to an additional levy of king's taxes. The pauper's right to be inscribed on the list of the poor, if such a right existed, seems to have been ascertained by the laws against beggars, which, as we have seen, empowered the police to confine beggars to their birthplaces; the difficulties resulting from such management being doubtless eluded by the habitual irregularity with which public business was transacted. In the rest of France the practice of forced contribution was gradually abandoned; only a faint show of it was kept up in Paris. In 1783, according to a writer of that day,* the *bourgeois* or better sort paid annually from thirteen to twenty-six sols, and the wealthiest only fifty. The National Assembly referred the subject of indigence to a committee, whose report, although followed by no measures of importance, is worthy of remark, from its stating, in loose but intelligible language, that the "right" of the poor to relief was a "national debt." The committee like-

* Mercier, Tableau de Paris.

wise reported that relief was a *national* and not a *local* charge, on the ground of inequality of pressure, and proposed that the revenues of all charitable institutions—hospitals and the like—should form a single fund, distributable amongst the departments according to their wants; the deficit to be supplied out of the king's taxes. The money was to be applied towards maintaining hospitals, succouring paupers at their dwellings, and instituting *ateliers de charité*, or establishments of various sorts, where the poor might find work, which, according to the notions of the day, was supposed to be creatable at pleasure. In spite of its disorderly philanthropy, the Assembly was alarmed at this new "national debt," and let the matter drop; but the Convention was less timorous. By a law of 19th of March, 1793, it solemnly recognised this "national debt." Hospital and other charity property was to be sold for the state. "Plus d'aumônes, plus d'hopitaux!" said the reporter Barrère: "c'est la vanité sacerdotale qui créa l'aumône!" The poor were to be relieved out of the national property and public revenue. By another law, of 26th of June, 1794, a book of "national beneficence" was to be opened, in which each department was to have the right of entering about 1000 names of paupers, (*patriotes indigens,*) who were to have yearly pensions of from 160 to 60 francs, whilst relief was to be granted *per capita* for all children above a certain number in each poor family. Honorific annuities of 120 francs were awarded to unmarried mothers, (*filles-mères,*) for their services in giving children to the state. It is needless to say that the only part of these projects put into execution was the order for the disposal of hospital property, much of which was sold. The laws of the Convention were repealed by a law of 27th of November, 1796, and the hospital property remaining unsold was restored to those establishments.

The existing institutions for giving public relief are,—1. *Hôpitaux*, or sick hospitals. 2. *Hospices*, or hospitals for the aged, infirm, foundlings, and the like. And, 3. *Bureaux de bienfaisance*, or charity boards for administering the means of subsistence to the poor at their homes. The sick hospitals may be passed by; for, although the relief which they afford is for the most part gratuitous—we shall allude to their revenues presently—yet so large a portion of the patients, particularly according to the habits of France, do not belong to the strictly indigent population, that it would be impossible to ascertain their real bearing upon pauperism. The inmates of the *hospices* are all paupers, with the exception of a small number who pay pensions for their admission. In 1834, (*Rambuteau*, 69,) the number in the Paris endowments, exclusive of foundlings, was 13,737; the mean number at one time about 9500, and the total yearly expenditure, 3,050,159 fr.,

or about 13*l.* each. Of the majority of the *hospices* in the departments, and, we may add, of the sick hospitals, no account exists, or, at best, the items are for the most part buried in the unattainable and inscrutable budgets of the préfets. Such of them as have 100,000 francs of income appear in the accounts of the ministers of the interior or of commerce, according to the changes of ministerial arrangement, and would seem to exist in fifty-eight of the principal cities, and to lodge 26,000 inmates. Of the foundling hospitals we have more information; and as they bear on our bastardy laws, we may dwell on them at greater length. The virtual foundation of the vast establishment at Paris took place in 1670. During its early years, the number of infants annually received was restrained within certain limits. In the first year it was 312; in 1680, 890; and in 1700, 1600. But in the following century the progression was more rapid. In 1740, it had advanced to 3150; in 1750, to 3789; in 1760, to 5032; and in 1780, it exceeded 7000. During the latter period, 2000 children annually arrived from the provinces round Paris by the hands of the common carriers; and of these, nine out of ten died during the journey, or shortly after reaching the hospital. It is needless to render an account of the various measures taken for the governance of these institutions. They sometimes succeeded in relieving particular hospitals from unequal pressure, but they entirely failed in diminishing the whole number exposed. Their present organization took place in 1811. Napoleon was possessed with the old fancy for encouraging population, and in that view he ordered a foundling hospital to be established in each arrondissement. A *tour*, or turning shelf, was to be adapted to the exterior wall, upon which the depositor was to place the infant; a bell, suspended for the purpose, was to be then rung; upon which the sister of charity, or guard, was to turn the shelf from within, and receive the deposit. By this contrivance, the modesty of the depositor, who was supposed to be generally of the female sex, was meant to be protected. The paternity of the child was excluded from investigation, and likewise the maternity, unless at the instance of the woman alleging herself to be the parent. The regulations for the nurture and apprenticeship of the children resemble those in similar institutions and adopted for parish children, except one (now abolished) for placing the male adults at the disposal of the minister of war, to be *used* as soldiers. At the same time, the new penal code was furnished with highly penal provisions against child-dropping and killing, and voluntary abortion (art. 302, 317, 349). Napoleon's plan has received its appropriate reward. Child-murder still maintains its usual proportion to other homicides; for it is not poverty, but

shame, that prompts to the practice; and neither hospitals nor the abominable machinery of secret midwifery* can conceal pregnancy. In 1809, the number of foundlings in France was 69,000. Since the measure of 1811 it has advanced to 84,500 in 1815; to 102,100 in 1820; to 119,900 in 1825; to 125,000 in 1830; and during the last four years it has advanced with a still more remarkable acceleration. At Paris, the proportion of foundlings to births was as 1 to 10; it is now little less than 1 to 4. The number of foundlings in that hospital at the end of 1833, was 17,433; the number received in 1834, was 5693: making a total of 23,126. Thanks to the improvements in the treatment of infants, the wholesale infanticide so justly imputable to these institutions† (founded, be it kept in mind, to prevent child-killing by retail) has decreased. In 1780, the mortality during the first year was eight out of ten; at present, it is reduced to a trifle above seven out of ten; the average infant mortality of France, during the same age, being a trifle above four out of ten. We have no means of ascertaining the existing number of these hospitals, but there is hardly a department without a specific establishment or adequate accommodation in *hospices* of another character. The expense has advanced in a parallel proportion to the numbers. It amounts at present to 11,500,000 francs per annum; the Paris institution alone costing, last year, 1,731,239 francs. A useful inquiry might be made into the effect of these establishments on the married—a point on which we are only able to repeat a general, and, as we believe, a well-grounded suspicion that a large share of the children exposed are of legitimate birth. If we may trust a Report of the Academy of Sciences upon the work of a French statistician,‡ the legitimate children form *one-half*. "Nous observons," says the reporter, "que parmi "ceux qui sont venus à l'hospice (à Paris) il n'y a peut-être pas "moins d'enfans provenant des nœuds légitimes que des fruits de "l'inconduite * * *. Sur dix enfans naturels portés sur les re- "gistres de l'état civil, quatre seulement avaient été abandonnés "par leurs parens." This reasoning would be conclusive, if it could be shown that all the children came from the locality to which the numbers refer, which is doubtful, as is seen by what has been stated concerning the arrivals by the common carriers. * * * "Ce qui nous paraît prouver," continues the reporter, "ce qu'on vient de dire, c'est que le nombre des enfans "apportés à l'hospice est beaucoup plus grand en hiver qu'en

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* See Rousseau's Confessions, ii. 7.

† The mortality is least in the Paris hospital, and greatest in the Dublin.

‡ M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf.

" été, et dans les années de disette que dans celles de l'abond-
" ance." It may be questioned, nevertheless, whether the peculiar evils created by the bastardy laws, before the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act, were not more formidable, in many respects, than those resulting from these institutions; for, if each department possesses one of these hot-beds, with us each parish furnished the same encouragement, by giving the female parent the security of Bridewell against the male. A curious inquiry might be made into the comparative frequency of illegitimate birth in the two countries. We doubt whether it would turn out to our own advantage. The average proportion in France is as 1 to 13.164; but it varies (almost in the same ratio as the density of the population) from 1 to 23 to 1 to 2½. A second inquiry might be made into the number of children left chargeable to parishes by runaway parents, so as to form a second parallel with the practice of our neighbours.

But the institutions, specifically devoted to paupers, enumerated by M. de Villeneuve, are the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*. They owe their existence to the law of 27 Nov., 1796, already adverted to. According to that law, a board was to be established in each canton, to manage the hospitals, and also to make distributions among the indigent. The times were not favourable to putting the latter branch of the law into extensive activity, but the principle was not forgotten, and, on the first appearance of tranquillity, was eagerly recurred to by the consular government. In 1801, improvements were made in the regulations, and the system was realized in many of the principal towns. But these boards owe their present form and extension to the Restoration, the attention of the executive being forcibly drawn to the subject by the wide suffering that followed the reverses of 1814-15, and the contemporaneous failure in the harvest. According to the existing organization, in every considerable town, containing either an hospital or a *hospice*, a committee of management, composed of five of the principal inhabitants, under the presidency of the mayor, is appointed by the home minister, and, in the smaller towns, by the préfet. A charity board, composed in the same manner, is named for each canton and large city, if judged necessary by the local authorities. The committee and board can, and, in practice, generally do, unite in one body. The office is gratuitous. Each has its paid treasurer, and sometimes a treasurer in common, who is obliged to furnish deposit security, and to submit his accounts to an annual audit, by the council of prefecture. In Paris, where the difficulties are greater and more complicated, the mechanism is more extensive and minute. By an ordinance of the 2nd of July, 1816, a charity board is appointed in each of the

twelve wards (*arrondissemens*), consisting of the mayor of the ward, his adjuncts, or aids, the officiating priests, the protestant minister, (if any,) and twelve of the principal (notables) inhabitants, the latter of whom are named by the minister of the interior, and are annually renewable by a fourth. Each board has its paid secretary-treasurer, furnishing deposit security. And the twelve boards act independently of each other, but under the superintendence of the council which manages the hospitals and *hospices*.

The revenues of the charity boards are derived from the following sources, viz.: First—when acting in unison with the hospitals, they take all that can be spared out of the revenues of the latter, which, in their turn, consist of the income from hospital property, allowances from the town tolls (*octrois*), for the most part in the nature of an excise, tolls of markets, fines, and forfeitures in courts of justice, taxes on play tickets and public amusements, the profits of the *monts de piété*,* money paid for admission, and arising from work done, by the inmates. Where no hospitals exist, the same revenues, or such of them as are available, are paid directly to the boards. Second—legacies, gifts, and the interest of savings. Third—church poor-boxes, and church-plates, public subscriptions, charity sermons, balls, and similar resources, as practised in England. And fourth—in cases of extreme necessity, a levy of an addition to the govern-

* The *monts de piété* were introduced in the middle of the last century, but their present organization did not take place till the Year IX. Their object is to protect the poor against usury. They are confided to a division of the hospital boards, and are divided into central and branch establishments. Each is managed by a salaried director, who has the necessary subordinates for transacting the business of pawning, and both directors and their subordinates furnish deposit security. The capitals of the *monts de piété* are made up of the security deposits of the responsible persons employed in charitable institutions, and of borrowed money, for which they pay interest at four per cent. for the deposits, and from three to three and a half for loans. The Paris *mont de piété* borrows at three and a half per cent. The net profits are paid to the hospital treasury, and, last year, the Paris establishment yielded 281,970 francs. The interest on pledges varies in different places, and, in some degree, according to the wants of the hospitals. In Paris, it has lately been reduced from twelve to nine per cent. At Cambrai, it is fifteen; at Bergues, ten. In some places it is greater in the branch than in the central establishments; thus, at Lille, it is twelve per cent., and at Roubaix, and other places in that department, fifteen. There are certain go-betweens, who act ostensibly as agents to deposit and redeem pledges; but it would seem that their real business is to add to the loan of the *mont de piété*, but at an increased interest; securing themselves by a simulated purchase of the pawn ticket; and by these means, the pretended protection afforded by the monopoly is defeated. Clandestine pawning, without the intervention of the *monts de piété*, seems also to be extensively practised, notwithstanding the severity of the penal code (*Art.* 411), which inflicts from a fortnight's to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of from 100 to 2000 francs, on the lender. Strange as it may seem, it has been discovered that much of the pawning takes place to procure means for gambling in the petty lotteries. In 1829, it was remarked at Brussels, where the same institutions exist, that, when the lottery, termed the Genoese lottery, was suppressed in that city, the number of pledges during the succeeding five months, was less by 7,837, and of redemptions, more by 3,609, than in the corre-

ment taxes, under the name of *centimes additionnels*, sometimes made in and for a particular commune, and sometimes extending over a whole department. The government reserves to itself the right of judging of the cases requiring the local levies, and its rigour is such, that the amount annually levied for relief, including small surpluses of taxes accidentally remaining in the hands of the local tax-collectors, has hitherto not exceeded 2,000,000 francs. The portion of revenue yielded by each source may be understood by the following abstract of the last year's income of the fifth arrondissement at Paris, viz:—

	fr.	*c.*
From Hospital-board.....	72,851	69
Donations and collections	18,962	60
Poor boxes and church plates....	1,471	98
Interest of savings	665	72
Extraordinaries	563	34
	94,522	33

of which about 33,000 francs would appear to be derived from the *octrois*, or public taxation. There was also a balance from the previous year of 22,727 fr. 78 c. *(Procès-Verbal)*.

The principle by which the boards are guided in administering relief is the salutary—the indispensable one of VISITATION of the paupers at their own dwellings. The present practice is only an improvement on that which had been always followed in France, both by public and private charitable bodies. To carry it into effect, an indefinite number of visiters of both sexes, (*commissaires-visiteurs* and *dames de charité*,)—in all about a thousand—voluntarily join the boards, but without the right of deliberation. We speak more particularly of Paris, but a similar practice prevails in the departments. Each arrondissement is subdivided into twelve quarters, and each quarter is placed under the superintendence of one of the board, and has its own resident visiters, varying in number from six to sixteen. The duties of such superintendent and his visiters are to visit

sponding five months of the previous year.† The chief objection to giving facilities to pawning, is identical with that against abolishing the usury laws, in so far as they respect persons under years of discretion, and the hospitals have often been reproached for obtaining money by such means. But it may be questioned whether restrictions, either on borrowers or lenders, can have any other effect than to worsen the situation of borrowers. And if pawning, gambling, dram-drinking, or other misconduct, cannot be stopped, why not force them to have their good side?

† To add a note to a note, it appears, on the authority of M. Rambuteau, that, since the praiseworthy multiplication of the Paris savings' banks, since 1832, the deposits have increased from 3,643,000 francs in that year, to 17,269,226 francs in 1834; and that, during the same period, the pawning has decreased from 17,600,000 francs, to 10,711,423 francs; a fact which, although taken with due allowance for the intervening increase of employment, speaks strongly in favour of the banks.

new applicants, and report their cases to the board, and also to visit old applicants, to watch their conduct, the use which they make of the relief, and the state and number of their families. Relief is chiefly administered IN KIND,—another most important principle — and mostly through the medium of tickets upon the baker, butcher, &c., appointed in each quarter by the board. One or more medical dispensaries (*maisons de secours*) are kept up in each arrondissement, and served by some of the sisters of charity hired for the purpose. Relief IN MONEY is reserved for the aged and the infirm, with few exceptions. As the mode of relief is one of the most interesting features of the subject, we shall give, from the official account (*Procès-Verbal*), the divisions of expenditure in the fifth arrondissement last year. They confirm an account drawn up some years since by M. Degérando* from private, and therefore disputable, sources of information of the combined expenditure of the twelve boards, an official account not being in existence.

In Kind.	*fr.*	*c.*
Bread, flour, meal, and broth	35,287	71
Fuel	1,736	23
Clothing	22,961	36
Lodging	250	0
Medicine	5,158	47
Schooling	7,754	48
	73,148	25

In Money.	*fr.*	*c.*
To persons above 70 and 80, or blind	22,292	0
Allowance on vaccination, to sick nurses, and the like	2,542	25
Special allowance to various paupers	3,409	50
Surplus, specific legacies, &c., chiefly given to the aged and infirm	6,701	80
	34,945	55

Total, 108,093 fr. 80c.

The money allowance is made in addition to the relief in kind, and is fixed at present at eight francs per month for paupers above eighty; at five, for those above seventy; at five for the blind; and at three for the infirm; and the first three of these classes, as it would appear by the foregoing account, take more than two-thirds of the whole money-allowance. It may be added, that meat and broth are almost exclusively restricted to the same classes and to lying-in women.

The entire number of persons entered upon the lists of the Paris boards last year was 68,986, of whom 16,167 were men, 28,021 women, and 24,798 children; but it is understood† that more than one-third of the whole get themselves inscribed in order to have the power of sending their children to the charity-

* Visiteur des Pauvres, p. 403.

† Degérando's Visiteur, &c.

boards' schools, or to be qualified as paupers for admission into the *hospices*, or for having the privilege of keeping street-stalls and baskets; so that the actual number relieved may be taken to be 45,000, and of these 15,836, or more than one-third, are above sixty years of age (*Etat Numérique, &c.*); an additional evidence of the caution exercised in the distribution.

The total expenditure of the same boards last year was 2,038,177 francs. We have not succeeded in discovering an account of the portion specifically destined for relief; but if an average be struck for all Paris, grounded upon what has been mentioned of the example of the fifth arrondissement (*Procès-Verbal, &c.*),* we shall find that the total of the relief amounted to 1,793,337 francs. This sum would yield within a trifle of 38 francs for each pauper. But such an average must not be too much insisted on; for, in addition to the inequality in the rate of relief, according to age and the like, it should be stated that one-third of the whole receive only temporary succour, principally during the winter half-year.

The bright side of this mode of administering relief to the poor must have been easily visible to our readers. Relief is not founded on legal right; but is given and received in the form and with the feelings of charity. *Avoir recours à la charité*, is the popular expression for denoting an application to a charity-board, and is in striking contrast with the demand, at once insolent and abject, for parish-pay. The pauper is well impressed with the knowledge of the limited nature of the funds at the disposal of the boards. Penury alone is not a sufficient title for solicitation. He must still procure the countenance and interest of a visiter. And these causes, joined to the severe discrimination of the boards in ultimately granting the relief, have succeeded, at Paris, in checking the augmentation of the numbers succoured, contrary to the results of all other legal institutions for the assistance of the poor. One evidence of this is the disuse into which the still-existing law for sending the indigent to their birth-places has fallen, which would not have occurred if the pressure were much on the increase. Out of 3,347 adults relieved in 1834, in the fifth arrondissement, 2,196 were not of Parisian birth, and 179 not of French extraction.—(*Procès-Verbal, &c.*) But a stronger circumstance in favour of this system is the positive and undoubted decrease of applicants from 102,806, before the ordinance of 1816, to an average of 60,000, during several successive years up to 1830. The subsequent want of employment and the

* Schools, 7,754 fr. 48 c., Management, 12,648 fr. 42 c.,=20,403 fr. 30 c., to be deducted.

cholera have since given an increase to the number, but it is not expected to be permanent.—The virtues of the system will appear in a stronger light, if this permanency of numbers be compared with the shocking augmentation that we have adverted to in the children despatched to the foundling hospitals, which, to a certain degree, resemble in principle our own system of poor relief.

But the doubtful side of the French institutions must not be overlooked. In the first place, it is not clear that their operation, *in Paris*, gives a complete picture of Parisian pauperism or of its alleviations. Private charity acts widely. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur, &c.*) a single charitable association, strictly of a private nature, under the management of the clergy, and acting upon the same principles, and to some extent with the same machinery,* as the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*, distributes at least *one half* as much as the latter. Various other private societies, as well as individual beneficence, are in extensive and abundant activity. And the effect produced by all ought to be known before it can be safely averred that the boards are a sufficient check upon applications. The suspicion here suggested is strengthened by what passes in the department of the North, where the paupers entered upon the lists of the charity-boards are in an enormously greater proportion than at Paris, whilst the proportion of aged and infirm, instead of comprising one-third of the number, extends to only one-seventh. A proportion of a sixth, or as at Lille a little more than a third of the inhabitants, as paupers, would almost seem to defy not only the good-will but the powers of proper gratuitous visitation, and M. de Villeneuve states that it is but little practised.

"Ces sortes de fonctions, peu recherchées, ne sont guère exercées avec dévouement, que par l'effet d'un sentiment religieux assez fort pour braver tous les dégoûts et même les dangers qui les accompagnent. Ce degré de vertu est plus rare que la charité qui se borne à donner; aussi se trouve-t-on obligé, le plus souvent, de s'en reposer, pour la distribution des secours, sur des agens officiaux qui, sous le nom de *pauvriseurs*, remettent directement l'argent ou les bons de pain, selon qu'ils le jugent convenable, d'après les listes d'indigens qu'ils ont la faculté de dresser sans contrôle. Ce n'est que dans un très petit nombre de paroisses que des sœurs ou des dames de charité distribuent des secours à domicile aux malades et aux indigens."—vol. ii. p. 61.

A strong check is put upon the issue of funds from the public revenue, by the public authorities of the department. Out of

* The *Maisons de Secours.*

945,985 francs distributed by the Bureaux de Bienfaisance only 220,985 francs proceeded from the government. But whether this restriction can be kept up, or whether the rigour of the existing system of succour can be maintained, may be questioned.

"Dans la plupart des communes," says M. de Villeneuve, "les fonds affectés aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, réunis aux produits des quêtes et des dons charitables, sont toujours insuffisans, surtout pendant la saison rigoureuse. Alors l'administration supérieure est assaillie, de la part des communes et des bureaux de charité, de demandes tendant à autoriser des impositions extraordinaires pour venir aux secours des pauvres. Dans plusieurs villes, en 1828 et 1829, on a même employé secrètement, à cet objet, des allocations destinées à d'autres services. L'impérieuse nécessité était le motif et l'excuse d'actes aussi irreguliers; *ainsi la* TAXE DES PAUVRES (Poor's Rate) *s'est déjà forcement introduite, avec le* PAUPERISME ANGLAIS, *dans cette portion de la France.* * * * L'administration n'a cessé, surtout dans les années 1828 et 1829, d'opposer tous ses efforts au développement officiel de cette taxe. Mais en vain se déguise-t-elle sous le nom de travaux de charité ou de supplément de secours aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, son existence est consacrée de fait, et la force des choses a fait reconnaître le droit des pauvres à l'assistance publique. L'opinion générale, dans le département du Nord, est préparé à cette innovation dans la législation française. * * * *Les abus* speciaux à la taxe des pauvres en Angleterre se manifestent graduellement. On remarque que, dans les communes du departement du Nord, le nombre des pauvres est toujours en rapport avec la quotité des fondations charitables."

And yet, observes M. de Villeneuve elsewhere,

"la plupart des administrations de bienfaisance *n'osent* entreprendre aucun essai d'améliorations nouvelles, dans la crainte d'indisposer, par des innovations sans succès, une multitude en proie à toutes les horreurs du besoin."—vol. ii. pp. 61, 62.

Nor is the small progress which the system of charity-boards has made in the departments to be passed over. According to a French minister and economist,* only thirteen departments, containing a population of 4,790,797—or about one seventh of the whole nation—have had recourse to them. And of these the number is said to be 583, and the expenditure only 1,045,653 francs; from which some have taken occasion to infer the happy state of the departments, and others the inefficiency of the boards, whilst both reason on a false basis, for their expenditure must be much greater, as may be seen by that of the boards of the single department of the North. The doubt excited by the neglect of the departments concerns rather the applicability of the system to the rural districts. How, it may be asked, can a cantonal board superintend the dispersed population of a district

* M. Duchâtel, De la Charité, p. 416.

twice as large as two average English hundreds? Or how can a sufficiency of competent or even willing visiters be found in the ordinary country population of France? On the latter point, M. de Villeneuve, speaking not only of the smaller communes but of considerable towns in the North, observes that

"Les membres des bureaux de charité, ayant peu de tems à sacrifier aux soins et à la visite des pauvres, dont le nombre est excessif, trouvent plus commode de déterminer une allocation en argent, et quelquefois en pain, à des époques fixes, par mois ou par semaine."—vol. ii. p. 59.

A greater obstacle in most districts is, we believe, the power to raise the *centimes additionnels*, at the call of an independent body, which is greatly and justly dreaded. Moreover, a board might be established, where tolls or endowments were to be managed, but would seem an undue interference where its resources, as would be generally the case, should be derived solely from charitable contribution.

A last, and not unimportant doubt, regards the sufficiency of the succour, which can be only cleared up by an inquiry into the local rate of living. The means of subsistence, in France, are cheaper, and the living in most respects of an inferior kind; rye, pulse and maize, with potatoes and other vegetable diet, forming 99-100ths of the Frenchman's food. Yet, even with this abatement, the average *quantum* of relief accorded *seems* out of all proportion with the measure necessary for the lowest scale of existence. The mean value of food distributed to each pauper last year, in the fifth arrondissement, (*Procès-Verbal, &c.*) was 6fr. 62c. (the Paris price of sixty-five pounds of the worst bread),—of fuel, 32c., and of clothing and bedding, 4fr. 16c. But even this allowance is high, compared with the practice in the department of the North, where the average relief of all kinds, and without discrimination of classes, is only 5fr. 42c., and in the arrondissement of Dunkirk only 4fr. 22c. We are unwilling to give our own description of the destitute population of Paris, or of the more miserable *canuts* or silk-weavers of Lyons; but the following passage, abridged from M. de Villeneuve's work, may suffice —although somewhat obscure—for the manufacturing towns in the North; viz.—

"The paupers consist of weavers, unable at times to support their families, and wholly chargeable to public or private charity in case of illness, scarcity or discharge from work; of workmen, ignorant, improvident, brutified by debauchery,* or enervated by manufacturing

* Excessive gin-drinking, we have reason to know, prevails in all these towns as widely as in Manchester or Glasgow.

labour, and habitually unable to support their families; of aged persons, prematurely infirm, and abandoned by their children; of children and orphans, a great number of whom labour under incurable disease or deformity; and of numerous families of hereditary paupers and beggars, heaped together in loathsome cellars and garrets, and for the most part subject to infirmities, and addicted to brutal vice and depravity."

More than one-third of the Lille paupers are comprised in the four last classes; and if this arithmetic is correct, it cannot be readily understood how the relief given by the charity-boards can palliate such extensive privation. "La mendicité s'exerce publiquement *par des bandes nombreuses* qui alarment les propriétaires isolés" (vol. ii. p. 63); nevertheless, begging in company is an offence specially punishable with imprisonment from six months to two years: (*Code pénal*, art. 276.) The number of beggars is above 16,000, and forms a tenth of the indigent population.

"Nulle répression n'existe contre ce fléau. Il est, en effet, impossible de ne pas le tolérer là où l'on ne saurait donner du travail et un salaire suffisant aux indigens valides, ni des secours et un asile aux pauvres hors d'état de travailler."—p. 63.

Upon the whole, we suspect that the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* have earned more approbation, as well here as in France, than the extent of their institution, or our knowledge of their real working, justly deserve.

In the rest of France the only resource of the destitute is private charity, much of which is under the direction of the Catholic clergy, who, we believe, are the most active and judicious of all managers. Visitation is said to be generally observed; but a trustworthy account of their system, or of its extent or operation, is out of the question. That private charity, abundant as it is in France, is insufficient in most districts, is shown by the mass of beggary. In some, mendicancy is the only resource of half the poor;* although in others, where, if its relative quantity is great, the absolute amount is small, it may be supposed to be rather the result of vagrant habits than of a deficiency in private charity.†

Several circumstances, and amongst them bad seasons, political disturbance, and our own discussions on the Poor Laws, have of late years drawn much public attention in France to the sub-

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* Ille and Vilaine....Poor, 35,555.....Beggars, 15,257
Finistère 34,200 13,720
Côtes du Nord ..... 34,778 ..... 10,115.

† Creuse..... Poor, 4,326.....Beggars, 2,000.

ject of pauperism; and plans have been brought forward, not only for reducing it, but for its entire extirpation. One of these is *Emigration*, which is strongly advocated by a portion of the public. The other is *Home Colonization*, and if we may trust a report made by the late minister, M. d'Argout, nearly three years since, but not followed by any practical effects, the latter is adopted by the government. Both call for a few observations.

The two systems would seem open, although in unequal degrees, to a preliminary objection, which, if a true one, confines their practicability within very narrow limits. Emigrants or colonists, with the views in question, must, beyond all other settlers, belong to the classes that can labour. But, if we dissect the pauper population, we shall find that this condition is for the most part impossible, from the nature of its constitution. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur des Pauvres*), the pauper population of Paris is composed as follows; viz.—

In a mean hundred, there are of

Men, married	16,0
Widowers	1,7
Single men	0,7
Women, married	6,9
Widows	13,5
Single women	3,4
Children, living with their parents	48,7
Paupers without description	9,1
	100

That is, nearly *one-fourth* are women, and *one-half* children; and the *Etat Numérique*, as already mentioned, shows that of the 68,986, one-fourth are above sixty years of age, and a large portion are infirm.* What proportion, it may be asked, remains for practicable emigration or home-settling, after deducting the unavailable parts? The reader will readily guess.

It is unnecessary to examine the subject of emigration or the mode in which it might be practised; but, even if it be considered as advantageous, a colony is still wanting. Algiers is pointed to by the emigrationists. But as of all emigrants those who ought to be the least exposed to danger, trouble or loss, are resourceless, undisciplined paupers,—so, of all territories, Algiers, by the confession of all who have investigated the affairs of that possession, offers the least security for person or property. Nests of weavers, beggar-women and children, tilling

* M. Degérando's analysis does not perfectly agree with the *Etat Numérique*; the latter exhibits more men and fewer children, but a much larger number of women.

the arid plain of the Metidja under the Bedoween rifles, may form a pleasing landscape in the eyes of over-fervent philanthropists, and even answer the ends of scheming land-jobbers; but common sense will say, that to perpetrate such economics would be throwing money away, and sending the paupers to almost certain extermination.

The *home-colonization* is not so easily disposed of. In old and peopled countries, where property and industry are tolerably free from restraints, waste lands are not susceptible of profitable culture, unless under peculiar circumstances, which, because they are peculiar, call for the severest scrutiny. An unfavourable suspicion therefore attaches itself *à priori* to these colonies, which is strengthened in no small degree, when it is considered that in France the cultivation is not to be carried on under the only motive that has ever succeeded in drawing a profit from business exposed to open competition, private interest, but under the management of the government. Examples, even when successful, are to be little relied upon; for minute differences—more important under such circumstances than in ordinary situations—may prevent successful imitation. But even the examples themselves would seem—as to one of the two solitary cases cited, to be enveloped in obscurity—and, as to the other, to exhibit a signal failure, although both were distinguished from the French project, by being worked by private companies from motives of profit. M. de Villeneuve, who visited the Dutch and Belgic settlements, furnishes a description that is so singularly incomplete and unsatisfactory, that we are obliged to have recourse to another economist,* to whose account M. de Villeneuve also refers us. According to M. de Pommeuse, (p. 89,) the debtor and creditor account for the colony of *Frederick's Oord*, in North Holland, for the year 1829, stands thus,

Cr.	Florins.	Dr.	Florins.
For board and lodging of paupers foundlings, &c. by contract with hospitals, &c. per annum....	235,000	Interest on capital borrowed, 3,800,000 florins	190,000
Rent for cottage farms .	20,000		
Subscriptions	35,000		
	290,500		

This statement exhibits a great balance; but our readers will observe that there is no item for expenses of management, sala-

* M. Huerne de Pommeuse, *Des Colonies Agricoles*, 1832.

ries, repairs, replacing stock and utensils, or losses; an omission which deprives it of all trustworthiness.* And, as if this were not sufficient, M. de Pommeuse sets down such uncertain receipts, as pauper-paid rent and voluntary subscriptions, as parts of a regular income. On turning to his estimate of the profit and loss of the cottage-farms—(too long for our pages)—for the purpose of ascertaining their capabilities for maintaining the paupers —we find the items calculated with a regularity and nicety well known to be impracticable in agricultural concerns. M. de Pommeuse avers that his estimate is grounded on the mean profit and loss of all the farms during "several years;" but a collective average of this description is totally inadmissible under such extraordinary circumstances, which require an account from each farm, in order that it may be seen whether their profits and losses are equal in all, or whether—as we suspect—the losses of the great portion are not compensated by the extraordinary returns of a few possessing peculiar advantages. The suspicions excited by the mysterious defects in the statements of MM. de Villeneuve and de Pommeuse are strengthened by the recent fate of the other of the two examples. The Belgian colonies—which received as much eulogy from those gentlemen as those of Holland—have been recently abandoned, at the end of fourteen years' existence, loaded with a debt of two or three hundred thousand florins.

M. de Villeneuve takes great pains to show the feasibility of home-colonization in France, where wastes abound, the climate admits of more varied produce, and the original outlay would be less, from greater cheapness, than in Holland. His views *may be* true, but, unless he succeeds in every instance in proving the practicability of the scheme, the "original sin" of waste-cultivation will adhere to it in the eyes of prudence.

But it must not be omitted, that a deficiency in profit, or even a positive loss, is not sufficient for the condemnation of such establishments. Either must be weighed against the expense of existing modes of relief, the public inconvenience of pauperism, and its injuriousness to the working people; and in this respect, home-settlements may peradventure be best confided to the government.

It has been urged against them, that they would give an undue

* The company borrowed its capital on condition of repaying it by an annual sinking fund of 190,000 florins, which even according to this account would leave a deficit of 89,500 florins. To supply this, M. de Pommeuse composes a fund, 1st, of the rent *already once counted;* and 2dly, of the net profit of the farms, which belongs not to the company, but to the tenants; a whimsical blunder, characteristic of a sanguine projector.

impulse to population, by making, on one side, a void in the labour-market that would encourage the breeding of fresh labourers, and by breeding, on the other, additional labourers in the colonies themselves. The objections are not without weight. But upon the first it may be observed, that they would only take off unoccupied labourers, and the absence of these would not leave a void in the supply of occupied labour, as this objection erroneously supposes. Whether the occupied labourers remaining would not breed *fresh paupers* is another question; and, if put forth as an objection, must not be urged so much against the colonies in particular as against pauper-relief in the abstract. The second objection is mainly of the same nature, and fails to show that the colonies would breed more additional labourers than other modes of relief. The example of the Irish cotter-system is pointed to; but does the Irish peasant breed because of his cot; or does he not take his cot because his breeding prevents him from doing better? Is not the cot effect, and not cause—the cause being improvidence? Besides, examples of a directly contrary nature may be found in France and other parts of Europe, where the *petit culture* or cottage-farm system successfully prevails, whilst in England the paupers are most numerous where farms are largest. Overbreeding is not to be checked by the form in which property is distributed, but by proper habits and acquirements in the population, and it is in no wise apparent that these cannot be successfully imparted in agricultural colonies under proper management. Perhaps it would not be going too far, to maintain that overbreeding is in the same ratio as the means of existence are uncertain. The class living on wages in towns is notoriously prolific. Whether the home-colonies can be successfully managed with these views will be partly determined by the results of the new system of direction adopted for our own workhouses.

The leading difficulty is the inapplicability of home-colonization to the great majority of paupers, and on this account the system of well-ordered workhouses, in spite of many unfavourable features, would seem preferable.

The extirpation of pauperism is a dream; a great reduction is all that can be reasonably desired or expected. In the far largest and happiest portion of France, there is not room for extensive reduction; perhaps it is not much desired. But there are other parts, as we have seen, where a change would appear unavoidable, and, it is to be hoped, will be successfully accomplished.

Art. IX.—*L'Angleterre, La France, La Russie, et La Turquie.* Paris, 1835.*

Notwithstanding the all-absorbing interest of the questions relative to our internal policy now under discussion, public attention has been turned to the actual state of our foreign relations with an earnestness hitherto almost unknown. We hail this circumstance as a happy omen: such is the intelligence of a British public, that, we doubt not, when once engaged to study the question, a solution will be found of all the difficulties with which it seems at present beset. We must, however, declare that the question is as yet little understood by the majority; and we lament that the moment chosen for discussing it, and even learning what it is exactly that is to be apprehended, is one when circumstances imperatively call for decision and instant action. The public perceive that a crisis is at hand. They feel that we are on the eve of one of those momentous events which give a name to eras in history, and that, unless a course of foreign policy be adopted by our ministers, far different from that which has been pursued of late years, a gloomy morning will arise when we shall find the established order of things violently changed, not for the better but frightfully for the worse, and the balance of power destroyed. We are aware that this phrase has, of late years, been so indefinitely used that its import has been weakened. But if our readers will take the trouble of a moment's reflection they will find that it implies neither more nor less than the maintenance of the independence, and even political existence, of the states forming the European confederacy. If, then, we can show that the balance of power is at present in danger, we think we shall have made good our position, that it is to the interest of every state in Europe, but especially of England, which holds such a commanding station, to do the utmost to avert a catastrophe pregnant with such awful consequences.

The quarter whence we look for this catastrophe is too obvious to require mention.—It cannot escape the most careless observer of passing events that it is Russia.—It is no less obvious that this catastrophe is consequent on the occupation by that ambitious and uncivilized power of the commanding position of Constantinople,—consequent on her taking into her own hands the important passage of the Dardanelles and rendering herself, *then for the first time, really inaccessible and invulnerable,* capa-

* It may be right to mention that the pamphlet to which this title belongs, is of English origin, being a translation. We trust that the great importance of the political question which it affords occasion to discuss will be a sufficient apology for a slight deviation from the general practice of this Review.—Editor.

ble of turning at her leisure against the states of Europe her formidable means of aggression and subversion.

After all that has been left on record by the most enlightened statesmen of every country—after all that has been written in books, pamphlets, and reviews—it were needless to occupy our pages with proving that Russia entertains designs incompatible with the tranquillity and independence of Europe—that she does exercise powerful and hitherto almost uncontrolled agency in the furtherance of these designs—that she pursues them with perseverance and undivided attention—that she looks on the possession of Turkey and the subjugation of Persia not as an end, but as the means of attaining an end. But there are points connected with these designs, which must be brought home to the mind, before we can appreciate their object and our critical position. While the designs, the views, and progress of Russia are on all hands admitted, the admission is deprived of its practical utility in various ways; as if men sought refuge in fallacies, to save themselves from being obliged to follow out reasonings that lead to inevitable conclusions, but which they dread to arrive at. Some think Russia too weak to be feared, and deem that no danger can accrue to the civilization and power of Europe from designs entertained by a poor and savage state. They conceive that it is impossible for her to consummate the acquisition of Turkey so as to draw from it financial, commercial, or military resources; that the possession of Constantinople will destroy the power she actually possesses, and tend to the dismemberment of her empire, although it does appear somewhat a gratuitous supposition that the increase of strength should have a tendency to weaken. Few, very few, can appreciate the real value of Constantinople, because the want of centralization of the power that at present holds it prevents its importance from being injuriously felt. Fewer still can appreciate the danger impending over our Indian possessions, because they have only taken into consideration a danger which does not exist, viz. a military expedition through a country impracticable for her; we say impracticable, as we want to make out an *à fortiori* case.

We are aware that this expedition is not considered so impracticable by enlightened travellers who have gone over the ground: still we maintain that this expedition will never take place, because, uncalled for, Russia is not led astray by romance; she does not strike a blow when it can be done for her by others. Her every motion is the result of calculation; and she knows that she has only to establish a military camp at Herát to turn to account those solvents which she has found so successful elsewhere, and to avail herself of those means, which, with a fore-

seeing eye, she has already created. She will not attempt to expel us with her own hand, she will render India too hot for us to maintain our position there. If then Russia can gain a useful possession of Turkey, possess herself of all the advantages of the occupation of the Dardanelles, render herself thereby invulnerable,* at the same time accumulating unlimited means of aggression within these straits; if, by their possession, she can establish a paramount influence over the German states on the one hand, effect on the other the subjugation of Persia, convert into obedient vassals the potentates of central Asia, direct the resources of Turkey against Europe and the Mediterranean, march her armies, to use the words of her own journalist, by Constantinople to Paris, if the king of the French should prove refractory; and turn the resources of Persia against our possessions in India:†—then, indeed, these designs assume a very different and momentous character, and that progress demands our most immediate and solicitous attention. However the incredulous may smile, we assert with confidence, that these consequences *are directly deducible* from the occupation of Turkey and the Dardanelles by Russia. Having so much matter to compress into a short review we must content ourselves with assuming this, and refering such of our readers as are unwilling to take our *ipse dixit*, to the able and eloquent pamphlet, the title of which stands at the head of this article; where they will find these positions maintained with argument capable of overwhelming all scepticism on the subject.

While some believe Russia to be too weak to give cause for alarm, others deem it hopeless to oppose her progress at least in the East. They believe her to be possessed of overwhelming

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* Mons. Dupin, speaking of this power, and taking it for granted that she is invulnerable at present, continues to observe, "such being the case, who can doubt that her means of aggression are irresistible!"

† Such is the view that the able Member for Westminster, in his work on the Designs of Russia, takes of the consequences of the occupation of Constantinople by that power. It has seldom been our lot to meet with a work which, in the main, followed out its reasonings with such precision. We regret that the gallant Colonel has not since pursued the subject. We would suggest as a possible cause, that he felt one weak point in his argument. His design was to keep the Russians out of Constantinople, and the way which he proposes must have appeared to his logical mind, on more mature reflection, too chimerical, viz. the creating of a confederation of separate and independent states to oppose the progress of a power so artful in promoting dissensions. He had to learn that the Turkish empire possesses all the elements of political strength and organization within herself, if allowed to develop them; and, considering that nothing could be proposed to save the East from the grasp of Russia, abandoned the subject in despair. But where the gallant Colonel felt his weakness, there in truth lay his chief strength of argument, and the chief attractions of the question; the nationality and the restoration of Turkey are the very knot that binds together the otherwise divided parts of this great question.

strength, and her neighbours too weak to make any effectual resistance. If allowed to state the case in our own way, we, in part, coincide with both. While the Dardanelles are Turkish she is weak, and trembles even for her own existence; once possessed of the keys of her house, as the Emperor Alexander designated these straits, her power is irresistible.

The practical question for England is, whether she can prevent Russia from obtaining the means of becoming so powerful, and how? To answer this, we must study the power itself. The details of the last war form a sufficient basis for our investigations. It is a notorious fact, that its results would have been far different had not Turkey been put under a political ban,—had she received one word of encouragement from any of the European states—nay, had not the departure of our ambassadors made her imagine that she was at war at once with three great European powers; and lastly, had not her fleet been destroyed at Navarino. During the campaign of 1828, the armies of Russia were beaten, and chiefly (as the Turks had no force to meet them in the field) from the want of the means of transport. It was in 1829, after she had covered the Black Sea with transports, that she was able to supply her troops with provisions by sea—an event which, every one knows, could not have happened, had the Turkish fleet been still in existence. Notwithstanding this advantage, such is the innate defect in the organization of her commissariat that her troops were in a wretched condition, and driven to commit excesses in the provinces, which have completely weaned from her the minds of the peasantry there. In spite of the news with which Russia furnished us of her daily victorious progress and the triumphs of her arms,—a false glare with which she thought to disguise her internal weakness,—we well know that she herself despaired of terminating the war with success, and that a Prussian General was dispatched to Constantinople, to negotiate there the least ignominious treaty he could procure for her. It was then that General Diebitsch bethought him of a rapid passage across the Balkan, and of an attack, or rather feint, on Adrianople, from which he hoped to derive only better terms.

The attempt, which was rather a diplomatic than a military manœuvre, was justifiable only from its having succeeded beyond all expectation. Yet the position of Count Diebitsch was eminently critical. Ten thousand Russians alone were effective, while a body of thirty thousand Albanians occupied the mountains, and would have cut them off to a man, had not the treaty come opportunely to rescue them from annihilation. The diplomacy exhibited, while Adrianople was in their hands, was sufficiently crafty. The inhabitants were daily alarmed by the sounds

of drums and fifes, and news came to Constantinople that every day new troops were pouring into the town, consequently that communications were open. No such thing! These were troops marched out by one gate and in by another, after having made the circuit of the town!

How did England behave on this occasion? Our representative at Constantinople, having neglected to inform himself of the true state of things, laboured to bring about peace, and effected his object just at a moment when the Porte was awakening from its panic, and prepared to view matters in their true light.* How Russia rejoiced at this ignorant activity on our part, so opportune for her, we may gather from this incident. Our admiral was at the Dardanelles, watching the motions of the Russian admiral, who every day expected to hear that England had declared war against his government. He was in bed, *indisposed*, when a young lieutenant came to inform him that the preliminaries of peace had been already agreed on. He jumped up in his shirt, and in this plight embraced him.

If the facts of that campaign be not sufficient to show the physical weakness of Russia, shall we adduce the Polish war? How can we reason with men determined not to yield when plain facts are stated to them? But, if we may assume it as proved that Russia, after having had every advantage in her favour—the material assistance of England and France at Navarino—the moral support after,—having put forth all her military resources, having terminated just at that time her war with Persia to prevent her forces and attention from being divided by having to cope with two enemies at once,—after all this, if she made such a poor fight,† what shall we say of her physical power! Where then shall we find the secret of the immense influence she exercises in the councils of Europe? Does it not lie in her diplomacy?—in the adroitness with which she avails herself of favouring circumstances?—in her talent for intrigue?—in her unscrupulous use of any means in her power, of delusion and mispresentation?—in the blindness of those powers interested in opposing her, who confide in her assurances of moderation and disinterestedness, when, at the very moment, her actions show that she is animated only with an insatiable desire of conquest?

We have only to turn to a few passages of her history, to show that our positions are correct, viz. that her main strength lies in

* It is an extraordinary fact that, as one of our Ambassadors by precipitately leaving Constantinople brought on the war, so the violent anxiety of another of our representatives for peace prevented the Turks from terminating it successfully.

† Mohammed Ali, after the Turkish war, said, "I thought before that Russia was something; I now perceive that in herself she is contemptible."

the admirable organization of her diplomacy. Let us see how she turns to account different circumstances in her favour, at the same time setting at defiance any thing like consistency or principle. In our struggle with Napoleon she played between the two rivals, and was aggrandized by both. Her behaviour in the affair of the Greek revolution, and the unscrupulous manner in which she intrigued to acquire a precedent for interference in the internal adminstration of Turkey, we give in the impressive language of the pamphlet before us.

"Russia *creates* the Greek insurrection, *denounces* it to the Porte, and offers to assist in quelling it; then menaces war in consequence of the severe measures taken by the Porte—spreads the revolt by these menaces, publicly notified by the departure of her ambassador, brings about the hostility between Turkey and Christendom, which she deplores, makes herself be entreated by England to enter the alliance, settled by the Treaty of July—obtains the important advantages of the convention of Akermann, by renouncing, in favour of Turkey, all further interference in the affairs of Greece—is then permitted by her allies to seize that inestimable moment, when Turkey was apparently at the last gasp, for making war, *that* SHE *might bring about the settlement of the affairs of Greece.*"

Still more recently, after advocating liberal opinions with regard to Greece, after menacing Austria in her southern states with propagandism, and infusing into the military colonists of Hungary a desire of innovation, she turns round and puts herself at the head of the parties that oppose change in every country where a struggle between liberal and anti-liberal opinions affords her hopes of being able to agitate; what does she gain by this? merely spies and partizans every where.* The Empress Catherine made it a pretext for interfering in the internal arrangements of Poland, that the professors of the Greek religion did not enjoy equal privileges with the Roman Catholics. She deprecated the intolerance, as she states in her manifesto, of this church. The maxim laid down by her is the path in which the present Emperor treads; and yet, in 1830, Russia steps forward to protect the pope, whom revolutionized France had abandoned, and doubtless with the same benevolent intentions that actuated her (after offering her services to the Porte to quell the Greek insurrection) to become the advocate and protectress of Greece, and to take up arms in her defence.

But let us bring our views nearer home: while coqueting in this country with the conservative party, and professing to be

* Monsieur St. Denis, when French agent in Greece, declared that he could not write home his real sentiments of Capodistria, as some members in the cabinet were in the habit of sending his letters for Capodistria's inspection.

anxious to see those men restored to power who advocated the necessity of the Anglican church being dominant in these united realms, her intrigues have been more than suspected in Ireland with repealers, and those who would overthrow there the church by law established. Were we to mention her intrigues between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan, the numerous schemes she has suggested to the Porte, and betrayed when adopted to the Viceroy of Egypt, this article would swell to a volume.

Let us now turn to her powers of mystification and misrepresentation. Can we forget the answer given to a Pole (quoted in the House of Commons the other night by a noble Lord) who had returned to his native country relying on the promised amnesty. "The amnesty is for Europe, Siberia for you." This reminds us of Capodistria's constitution for Greece, and of the explanation given of it by this double-faced diplomatist, a fitting personification of Russian policy: "This constitution is to satisfy Europe, my will must pass current here." Are further proofs necessary? What can better illustrate this point than the zeal with which her partizans advocate, at Constantinople, and in this country, and in every country of Christendom, the necessity of maintaining strictly the *status quo*. We must inquire what is this *status quo*, and whether it is a *status quo* in sense as well as sound, and how long Russia will be disposed to maintain it. The answer is short. The actual position of Turkey admits of no *status quo*. She cannot remain where she is. If England will step forward and remove the incubus of Russia, she will stand "redeemed, regenerate, and disenthralled." She will require aid but once, and then she will be able to stand alone. But, if England remains inactive, Russia will not—she will go on overturning every impediment; she will go on extinguishing every feeling of nationality which opposes her aims at present, until the Turk in despair yelds to his *kismet*, and Constantinople, with its dependencies and the straits, falls without a struggle into the arms of Russia. It is then that the Russian *status quo* will end. We envy not the situation of the man, whoever he may be, that shall be at the helm of affairs in this country when that crisis shall arrive. We may think that popular feeling may be too strong. He will be made responsible not only for his own want of sagacity and political courage, but also for the accumulated errors of his predecessors in office. Yet popular frenzy will not be disposed to make these allowances; and let it be noticed too, that Russia, by her preparations, shows that she considers the crisis at hand.

But we must examine what are the chances of Russia's being dispossessed of Constantinople when once there. As to the

assertion, that when this comes to pass her empire will be dismembered, we hold it to be too theoretical to attempt to reason on the subject. However strong the feelings existing in the Turks, which will favour us in our work of emancipation, we must not expect their co-operation then. This is so ably stated by the writer under review that we give the extract entire, and this passage, drawing a parallel between Turkey and Poland, we consider not the least striking part of the work.

"Here, then, are remarkable contrasts between the facilities of occupying Turkey and Poland.

"In Turkey, there are no religious wars, to call in a moderator; but there are separations of sects, which preclude combination against a possessor. There are no struggles of political principles, to call in an arbiter; but there is absence of all political principle and organization, to resist a possessor. There is no turbulent diet, to paralyse the best measures of defence; but there is a government, so weak as not to be able to defend its empire, and therefore weak enough to become the subservient instrument of its military occupier. There are no reckless serfs, to be restrained by physical force; but there is a nation of small proprietors, whose social habits and domestic virtues make it their first interest to preserve order and tranquillity.

"In Poland, there was a class powerfully rich, and a mass wretchedly poor—extremes which touch revolution on both sides. In Turkey, there is neither great wealth, nor pauperism; but a middle state, too weak to unite from ambition, too well-off to coalesce from desperation. In Poland, these general principles produced individual revolutionary dispositions, ever ready to discover, or even suppose, causes of discontent. In Turkey, the contrary principle produces a docility in the dispositions of each individual, that inclines them not only to submit to wrongs, but to overlook them. In Poland, every man was a Pole—was actuated by the feelings of a Pole—rallied by the cry of country—belonged to Poland. In Turkey, there is no watchword, no country—every man belongs to his village.

"The abuses of Turkey interest no class in their defence; they proceed merely from the faulty administration, and offer the occupying or protecting power means of conciliating universal confidence, by correcting them.

"Turkey is not an inland country, but a maritime country—not surrounded by seas, but bisected by the sea; its capital cleft into three parts by the sea, its communications intercepted by the sea; and this sea not only commanded by the occupying power, but as exclusively her's as if it were an inland lake."

If we neglect the time when we shall find the Turks our cordial co-operators, shall we, or the other European powers, be the more disposed to sacrifice an ignominious peace for a war, in which the odds will be so fearfully against us, and the contest must be carried on, at great expense, by land, where the blow

can now be struck by sea. But our honour will be concerned. Is not our honour concerned now? Is it the interest of England to preserve the Turkish empire? Lord Chatham answered, Yes. If so, must not it be maintained independent? And yet treaties dictated by Russia, and which she knows how to interpret as suits her own views, render the Sultan the vassal of the Emperor, and allow Russia to interfere in the internal regulations of Turkey. This right of interference she uses in a manner that shows that she looks on it only as a stepping-stone to Constantinople. She thereby widens the breach between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan. She forces on the Porte, by the powerful argument "L'Empereur le veut," measures calculated to irritate the minds of the people against their sovereign, or that have a tendency to demoralize and denationalize their intended victims; scattering dissensions with that art so peculiarly her's, either destroying those institutions that form materials for the regeneration of Turkey, or, as is more generally the case, undermining them. She has deeply studied the nature of these institutions, and therefore knows where to attack them. She is well acquainted with the character of the Turks, their feelings, and their trains of thought. She perceives where lies the mainspring of the resistance which prevents her from realizing her views at present on Constantinople. To destroy this resistance, she directs her efforts with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and this state of rapid, unchecked demoralization, is what Russia is permitted to call *status quo*. Nay, further, she has forced on the Porte an alliance, offensive and defensive, by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; which implies that, in case of a rupture, which every one but ourselves perhaps considers unavoidable, Turkey must oppose us, and while allowing a free egress to the Russian fleet, the doors are to be (if the treaty means anything) closed against us. Does not that treaty, in every feature, bear the stamp of an offensive treaty against us?

But if we be disposed to adopt energetic measures, what are our hopes of success? First, the Turks have not as yet lost their feeling of nationality, which was strongly marked in the recent affair of the medals. Nay, their very irritation against the Sultan proclaims this most emphatically. They are irritated against him, because they see an apparent cordiality existing between him and Russia.* Apparent, we say, because we know that he sees not the moment when he can throw off the Russian yoke. To

* It was this feeling that aided Ibrahim Pashà in Asia Minor. Ibrahim Pashà gave out that he meant to march to Moscow, and thus gained partizans. We have heard this ourselves from the mouths of peasants who espoused Ibrahim Pashà's cause.

England he, as well as his subjects, look, as they looked before, for assistance; and when we knock at the Dardanelles for admittance to emancipate him, will he value treaties forced on him above our friendship? So far from their troops being, as in the last war, raw recruits, their discipline extorts the praises of all travellers who take into account the short time they have been learning. Their finances are in an improved condition, and the benefits of the reforms of the Sultan beginning to show themselves. The provinces are by no means disposed, as before, to receive the Russians as friends. They have seen them too near, and know that their only hope is in the Sultan's maintaining his ground at Constantinople. The Bulgarians and Armenians were well disposed towards the Russians in the last war. They were forcibly carried off with the army to Russia. They contrived to return, having learned, by contrast, the advantages they enjoyed under what they now call the mild rule of the Sultan. The Sultan has gained "golden opinions" from all the bodies of rayahs.

While thus the Sultan has acquired material strength since the war, has Russia been progressing? Are her finances in better order? Is her commissariat improved? Is peculation done away with? Has the propensity to thieving, which runs in the blood of every Russian *employé*, from the highest minister down to the lowest public drudge, been eradicated? That her military organization is no way improved, the results of the winter campaign in the Caucasus demonstrate. For forty years the Russians have endeavoured to subdue this independent and high-spirited population. At last, seeing a crisis at hand, and determined to get rid of this thorn in her side, she made mighty preparations. Every one foreboded the extermination of the Circassians; and yet what was the issue? The Russians are foiled; and the Kuban river still forms, as before, the boundary line, which a Russian cannot pass without exposing himself to the shot, the sabre, the rifle, or the arrow: and yet this fine people Russia unblushingly tells Europe is dependent on her. Will not these people become our auxiliaries? But, if we look more deeply, we shall find among her subdued vassals her most dangerous foes. The Crimean Tartars and other people about the Black Sea are wearied of Russian tyranny; Bessarabia knows too well what Russian thraldom is; the Georgians have repeatedly revolted against Russia, and are not less disposed to do so now. In fine, in what country that she has subdued is her tenure anything but precarious, as long as the Black Sea is open and they can co-operate with the enemies of Russian aggrandisement.

Shall we forego these advantages? When Russia has succeeded in closing this sea against us, we shall see cause to repent our apathy: it will be then too late. But while it is open we have but to speak the word; her own subjects will rise up, and, in the struggle for their own independence, will fight our battles. Nay, her very soldiery, into whom she has so carefully instilled the desire of conquest, whom she has taught to sigh for the possession of Constantinople, will turn their arms against her, when they see the prospect of soon realizing their fondest hopes vanish. Her empire will be convulsed from one extremity to the other; and the tide of desolation, with which she at present threatens civilized Europe, will be rolled back upon herself.

Such are the elements that exist in our favour: how then turn them to our account? how bring them into active operation? Are we called on to make great sacrifices and gigantic efforts, such as we made during our last war? Must we subsidize all the potentates, both great and small, in Europe and Asia? Must we send into the field mighty armies? Must we entail on posterity the ruinous consequences of a hard-fought struggle? Be it remembered, that we have not to cope with Napoleon, leading on the military people of France, but with a state which has been worsted, or nearly so, whenever engaged in the field, even with her feeblest neighbours, and which owes her success to delusion. It will cost us but one blow. And where is this blow to be struck? Is it not where Russia herself shows us, both by her words and actions, that she feels her weakness—that she is vulnerable.

"The Bosphorus is closed," says Nicholas, in his manifesto, 26th of April, 1828; "our commerce is annihilated." The declaration of war continues:—"The ruin of the Russian towns, that owe their existence to this commerce, becomes imminent, and the meridional provinces of the states of the Emperor lose the only outlet for their produce—the only maritime communication which can, in facilitating exchange, cause labour to fructify, and bear industry and riches."

And, as if fearful of still leaving us in the dark, Russia indicates the peculiarly vital point. She prepares a fleet in the Black Sea, and is fortifying *Sevastopol.* This is the tendon Achilles of the northern Colossus. We must, then, send an efficient naval force into the Black Sea, clear it of the Russian ships, and attack this vulnerable point. This will cost us less than years of demonstration, which have proved worse than fruitless—have rendered us ridiculous.

By this decided course we shall once more regain our character; and, while curbing the aggressive ambition of Russia, we shall once more call forth the plaudits of emancipated Europe.

We have one objection to answer:—Will not France oppose us? We are aware that her government may intrigue, and have a secret understanding with Russia, while we are vacillating and undecided. But will the French people endure that we should *alone* be the regenerators of Poland, and the vindicators of European independence? Will Austria side willingly with our enemy? One has only to cast one's eyes on the map, and look at her Gallician and Sclavonian territories, to see how much she is interested in the humiliation of Russia.

In fine, let England put this question to herself:—Are her interests, involved in the solution of this question, of sufficient importance to justify a war? The answer must be decidedly in the affirmative. If so, there can be no question as to the time and scene of action. Not a shadow of doubt can remain on the mind of any one acquainted with the subject, that an English fleet in the Black Sea, and the destruction of Sevastopol, would put it out of the power of Russia to injure us where alone she can injure us, viz.: by the subjugation of Turkey, and the possession of the Dardanelles, and would, in all probability, lead to the dismemberment of her own empire. If so, will she risk the consequences? We answer, No. Let Russia see that we feel our own strength—that we know the secret of her weakness—and we shall not find her so very intractable. Russia is the political sphynx; she propounds an enigma to Europe; until it be solved, she devastates and devours. The riddle once read, she destroys herself.

ART. X.—1. *Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. le Comte De Jean.* 1—3 Livraisons. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.

2. *Genera et Species Curculionidum, cum Synonymia hujus Familiæ, a C. A. Schoenherr. Species Novæ aut hactenus minus cognitæ, descriptionibus a Dom. Leonardo Gyllenhal, C. H. Boheman, et Entomologis aliis, illustratæ.* Tom. 1, P. I, et II.; Tom. 2, P. I. et II. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.

3. *Jahrbücher der Insectenkunde, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Sammlung im Königlichen Museum zu Berlin.* Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Klug. Erster Band, mit 2 illuminirten Kupfertafeln. Berlin, 1834. 8vo.

4. *Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographiæ, Genera Europæa et Species illustrantes.* Scripsit C. G. Nees ab Esenbeck, Dr. 2 Tom. Stuttgart, 1833-34.

5. *Die Wanzenartigen Insekten, getreu nach der Natur abgebildet und beschrieben*, von Dr. C. W. Hahn. 1ter Bd. 6 Heft. 2r Bd. 4 Heft. Nurnberg, 1833-34.
6. *Histoire Naturelle des Insectes.—Diptères*, par M. Macquart. Tom. 1r, accompagné de Planches. Paris, 1834.
7. *Abbildungen zur Berichtigung und Ergänzung der Schmetterlingskunde, besonders der Microlepidopterologie, als Supplement zu Treitschke's und Hübner's Europäischen Schmetterlingen, mit erläuterndem Text.* Herausgegeben von J. E. Fischer. 2tes Heft. Leipzig.
8. *Delectus Animalium Articulatorum, quæ in itinere per Brasiliam, annis* 1817-20, *jussu et auspiciis Maximiliani Josephi I. Bav. Reg. August. peracto collegerunt Dr. J. B. de Spix et Dr. C. F. Ph. de Martius.* Digessit, descripsit, pingenda curavit, Dr. Max. Perty. Fasciculus III. cum 16 tabulis. Monachii, 1830.

The last fifteen or twenty years have done much for the science of Entomology, in its nomenclature, in the addition of species of insects, and in their systematic arrangement, and, more than this combined, in rendering it a favourite and popular science, by the dispersion of prejudice and the diffusion of a taste for the investigation of objects so replete with all that can prove attractive. We much wonder that it was so long neglected, and not equally cultivated with its sister science Botany, over which it possesses innumerable advantages, although not in so direct an application to the necessities and comforts of man, to which it however contributes very largely; but in that development of intellect resulting from its due cultivation, and the very effective arguments it adduces in support of the doctrines of natural theology. It had long to contend against the repugnance produced by either the form or habits of some of its individuals; but surely that mind must be very feeble which allows itself to be influenced by such considerations. Is any thing, we would ask, that proceeds from the hands of the great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discoveries,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and, when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim with wonder and admiration at the stupendous power evinced in their construction? and should

not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning these miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvellous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organization, when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, dost not comprehend me?" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon and learn wisdom from the ant.

The inducements to the study of natural history in general are too multifarious to be dwelt on here: among the strongest in favour of entomology is its exhaustlessness and the vigour thence derived to the faculties, and that mental equanimity and suavity of temper, the necessary concomitants of health, produced by exercise in the air; for, when we speak of the study of Entomology, we would be understood as pursuing it chiefly in the fields, for there alone is that most desirable portion of our knowledge to be culled which refers to the instincts and habits of the creatures.

The objects of the science appear to comprise, 1st. A systematic knowledge of the species and their subdivision into genera and all the superior combinations it may be thence desirable to form; and, 2dly, the history of each species, which contains the details of its metamorphoses, anatomy, habits, economy, instinct, and mode of propagation. One result of this knowledge will be the power of applying them to our uses when thus available, or of curbing the injuries inflicted by them, by teaching us to restrain their diffusion; another and more important result is the instruction it instils of the subserviency of each individual to the good of all, and of their mutual and relative dependency, thus presenting a splendid view of the universal harmony of nature, and thereby inculcating the bounteous benevolence which devised the scheme and which has so consolidated the laws that regulate it, that we can see in it nothing less than the eternal presidency of an omniscient and omnipotent Providence. The study, therefore, of this science, and of nature generally, has as evidently moral and religious tendencies, as it is intellectual and economical.

The knowledge of species being thus evidently the basis of the science, it is important that their differences should be philosophically characterized and the character also clearly determined,

which group them, apparently naturally, into genera; and these likewise should be as obvious and perceptible as it is possible to make them. The generic character will therefore be a table of resemblances for the group beneath it, and of differences for all collateral groups, and consequently cannot truly admit of sections and subdivisions, which are merely aids for the more ready determination of an individual. The same axiom applies to all the several branches into which the class may ramify; the aggregate of character necessarily diminishing the closer we approach the stem, so that it is perfectly immaterial how numerous these consecutive divisions may be, or what may be their names. But species being the final subdivision of organic conformation, for varieties are mere contingencies which obey no law, it follows that the foundation of the science consists of species, the knowledge of which includes the whole learning of the science. It was reasoning thus, that Linneus in Botany, and Fabricius after him, applying it to Entomology, severally laid down this maxim: "*Quo plures entomologus noverit insectorum species, eo ceteris paribus etiam præstantior erit, quum omnis vera cognitio humana cognitione specierum nitatur,*" and the importance of an extensive acquaintance with species is shown by each containing within itself, in regular synthetical progression, every definition which analysis has previously framed for the systematic distribution of the series.

This proves its value were the systema thus logically constructed, and each collateral division, bearing the same name, of equivalent value; but, as we find that Nature will burst through every bodice we endeavour to invest her with, for none hitherto framed has been found to fit her, it becomes still more apparent that a profound knowledge of species is indispensable, as they even vary in structure, which is a character that should always be generic, whether it be sexual or common; but which rule entomologists have been hitherto, perhaps, too modest to adopt, when such an anomalous genus contains but few species; but which, as these increase, and every day contributes to this effect, it will be found important to have recourse to. Robineau Desvoidy, in his "Essai sur les Myodaires," is the only instance present to our minds, who has proceeded upon this principle. The specific character will therefore necessarily be important to attend to; it is a detail of the trivial differences *inter se*, and thus may be adapted to suit present purposes, and can be reconstructed and altered, if rendered desirable by the accession of new species.

But the specific *description*, if the species is to be permanent and not liable to the casualties of mistake or insufficiency, should

absolutely contain every thing in the fullest possible description of the external appearance of the insect which is not common to its congeners, and which, consequently, has not already entered into any of the definitions of the superior subdivisions, for they can never be founded upon characters liable to vary, which will necessarily remain merely specific. The latitude which these may be allowed to take without affecting the identity of the species, must be left to the experience of the monographer; as there are many instances wherein extreme varieties have been considered species, until further information and a series of individuals have proved them to be identical. This shows the importance to be attached also to a familiar acquaintance with varieties. Such a full and detailed specific description, is not always required for immediate use, for which frequently much less would suffice, but to meet the possibility of future contingencies from the discovery of new insects; and the utility of an ample description is evinced by the doubt attached to the identity of many insects described by Linneus, Fabricius, and still later writers, from the error of not taking this comprehensive view of the probability of future discoveries. It is also more philosophical and truly scientific that every thing that will bear record should be inscribed and entered in the registers of the science.

It is therefore to the monographer that we must look for really profound and satisfactory information; but we fear it will be very long before all the requisitions for a good monograph, as stated by Godet, will be answered. Indeed the difficulties which surround it are, we may almost say, insuperable; and it will not be until they are overcome that we can boast of possessing a complete natural history of insects. But it is progressing; and the fundamental knowledge of species is a great step towards it. If we complain of the paucity of information upon the natural history of insects, it refers comparatively to the hosts of insects, of the manners of which we as yet know nothing; and it will be possibly very long before we arrive at any clear knowledge upon them beyond their mere arrangement. But the works we do possess upon the subject are admirable in execution. Systematic collocation gives us nothing decided upon the analogies of instinct; we cannot draw inferences from such premises, which is clearly attested by Huber's "Observations sur les Fourmis"—the species of the same genus differing very considerably in economy, and consequently in the instincts which regulate it. We will admit that structure is sometimes a tolerable guide, leading through function to habits, economy, and instinct, whence we may deduce general analogies; but it cannot be depended upon in reasoning upon particulars. Unfortunately, in this science, the minuteness

of the individuals, and their delicacy of organization, place great difficulties in the way of physiological investigation, the results of which, consequently, we fear, are but rude approximations in lieu of positive facts. The entomologist must be encouraged to the observation of facts, for all natural science is wholly dependent upon them. How infinitely more attractive and instructive are the labours and writings of Reaumur, Bonnet, the Hubers, Sprengel, and De Geer, as connecting the former with the following, viz. Swammerdam, Lyonnet, Herold, &c. &c., than those of the most ingenious systematist, howsoever refined his theory!—and these are the examples to emulate. We admit that they could not dispense with system; or where they unadvisedly endeavoured to do so, the world has lost the advantage of their observations. But, we would ask, where does Botany stand in comparison with Entomology? In the little we do possess upon this subject, where does it present us with such a pleasing and attractive generalisation as we possess in the first two volumes of the charming "Introduction to Entomology" by Kirby and Spence? We would advise all railers against Entomology to read those volumes before they again utter an opinion upon the subject; and, should that perusal fail to make converts of them, it will at least have the merit of divesting them of their prejudices, and we think they will admit that the time thus occupied has not been lost.

It seems hopeless to endeavour to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion relative to the probable number of the species of insects spread over the earth. Various calculations have been made, the discrepancies of which are perfectly ludicrous, if we view them without reference to the circumstances and data whence they were deduced. It appears plausible to argue from the materials in hand, namely, from any assiduously elaborated Fauna upon the relative numbers of the different orders;—for some, the Coleoptera and Lepidoptera have been very generally the favourites, and consequently more carefully and universally collected than either of the other orders; but still the result will be far from conclusive, for such a Fauna will necessarily be of a country seated within the temperate zones; and to conclude thence upon the relative numbers of the orders within the tropical regions, and of countries so differently circumstanced both in climate and geological structure, is merely to hazard conjectures without the least hope of even an approximation to the truth. The data whence they must proceed are exceedingly incorrect; for the number of the two orders which should form the basis of the calculation have not, in those regions, been yet so nearly ascertained as to enable us to form a clear idea, the minute species having been hitherto very much neglected. It has been generally supposed

that small insects are rare within the tropics and tropical climates, from their seldom being sent to Europe. That the reverse of this is closer to the truth, is clearly shown by a fact mentioned by Reich, who says that he commissioned two friends, one residing at Rio Janeiro and the other at Buenos Ayes, to collect all the minute Coleoptera they could find, and that, in consequence, he received from the latter place a four-ounce bottle filled with spirits, which contained 1200 minute insects, among which there were 116 new species—and from Rio a very small box, holding 216 impaled beetles, comprising 102 species, almost all of which were new and unknown—and from the same locality a half-ounce pill-box, which held 621 loose insects, consisting of more than 100 new species as small as any found in our more northern countries. It must be remarked, that in both instances they were collected at a very unpropitious time of the year, in the course of a few days, within a limited space, merely as specimens to ascertain if they were what the European friend desired; whence it is easy to conclude that they were not captured by Entomologists, who would necessarily have been aware of the interest attached to what they sent, and consequently, as well as knowing better where to seek, they would, in the same space and time, have caught probably five times as many. We may therefore consider, that minute species are as abundant in proportion to the larger ones within the tropics as they are in the colder regions; and if so in the Coleoptera, why not in the Lepidoptera, and then in their parasites, the pupivorous Hymenoptera and the parasitical Hymenoptera in general, which we know to be almost innumerable in Europe and in our own country, from the hosts already described by Gravenhorst, Nees, and our two able and assiduous compatriots, Messrs. Walker and Halliday? The Diptera also will necessarily abound. Looking thence to the other orders, we do not feel so much astonished at the calculation made by Reich, who estimates the number of the species of insects at possibly a million. This multitude seems vast; but compare it with the number of individuals of a single species frequently observed; the myriads of minute gnats occasionally seen sporting over pools and under trees; the infinite hosts of ephemera that by myriads of millions emerge, at a certain season of the year, from some of the rivers of France, as described by Reaumur; the clouds of locusts, which even intercept the rays of the sun, and devastate whole provinces, and in the course of a few hours transform a smiling and fertile country into a wild waste and desert, threatening its whole population with famine; the innumerable plant-lice which desolate our hop-grounds, and their enemies the lady-birds, which have been taken up by pail-

fuls upon our coasts, and have completely covered the ocean at some distance from land; and the number of the inhabitants found in the beehive, the ant-hill, and the white ants' nest. If nature, in frequent instances, has rendered species thus prolific in individuals for peculiar purposes, can we rationally doubt her capacity of being equally fruitful in the production of species, when we take into consideration the important variety of their functions, and the very varied nature of soil and temperature, of heat, combined with humidity and dryness, and the dissimilitude of organization resulting from these differences of combination; and when we reflect that in our own country every day almost adds to our indigenous tribes, although they have been assiduously collected for many years past,—a million therefore appears to us to be no exaggerated calculation of their probable number.

Their geographical and local distribution, also, are points to which very considerable interest attaches, the former being indicative of the effect of climate and temperature upon form, as well as showing how widely Nature spreads some for certain purposes; whereas she adopts the use of analogical form and structure in other instances; clearly showing, by this variety, that a difference of function is required where we do not perceive even a modification of its action; whereas their local distribution is evidently very intimately connected with their instinct and economy—in fact, wholly influenced by them. The science possesses some very valuable but partial contributions to both. It is merely necessary to indicate Klug's description of some insects from Java; M'Leay and Horsfield's Annulosa Javanica; Savigny's admirable plates to the large work on Egypt, which, if we possessed the descriptions to the figures, would not be surpassed in the annals of entomology; Palissot de Beauvois' Insectes Récuillis en Afrique et Amerique; No. 8, at the head of this article, viz. Spix and Martius' Delectus Animalium Articulatorum, of which we shall speak below; and, as an example of assiduity and labour, displaying the richness of the Fauna Insectorum of a single country, we should look in vain for a more valuable one than is to be found in Stephens' "Illustrations of British Entomology," which has just completed the two orders of Coleoptera and Lepidoptera.

Our systems are essentially artificial, and must long remain so; but this is very immaterial if they facilitate the ready recognition of described species. The value of a system in the present state of our knowledge must be limited to that object, that there may be no difficulty or error in recording, in connection with the identical species, whatsoever observations—whether anatomical, physiological or economical—may have been made upon it. A true natural system must be founded upon such a mass of

knowledge that we can never hope thoroughly to possess it; for even when we shall have arrived at an intimate acquaintance with their external and internal organization, much still remains to be done. Something may be contributed by analogy, but which it is not safe to trust to until fully confirmed; for Nature is frequently apparently eccentric, from the impossibility of our arriving at correct conclusions as to the relative effects of the complicated combinations of organization, and their mutual dependence upon the instincts and habits of the creatures. Indeed, in those systems which are most profuse in their professions of adhering to nature, we remark the strange incongruity of no value being given to instinct; and that creatures with instincts limited to self-preservation and the propagation of the species, assume an undue superiority, from the mere circumstance of having an organ or two more elaborately constructed in the mouth, over such as possess a highly developed instinct, and live in a peculiarly organized social state, which necessarily implies the power of communicating ideas and a certain degree of ratiocination.

It is here perhaps the most convenient place to take a cursory notice of the doctrine of circular affinities, intended to supersede, as more natural, the older one of linear gradation, in the distribution of organized beings. Mr. M'Leay, the celebrated author of this system, conceives that the arrangement must be made in a series of circles, each composed of five groups, which are the affinities, and the corresponding groups of the approximate circles the analogies of organization; and by this means the whole series of created beings are linked together in closer connection than by any other mode of distribution. The idea is exceedingly attractive; but although it apparently in some instances fulfils our expectations, yet in others the distortions are so palpable, that we are surprised that the learned author himself seriously adopted it. The different combinations and structure of organs very distinctly produce a reticulation of relations; but to circumscribe Nature within a circle, and that circle composed merely of five members, is to straiten her capacity too closely; for she, to use the words of Huber, "*a varié a l'infini ses combinaisons.*" The most obvious mischief produced by the promulgation of such doctrines is to withdraw ardent and enthusiastic minds from the laborious and steady observation of nature—from which alone we can derive true knowledge—to the pursuit of a phantom, which, when overtaken, melts in our arms.

In connexion with our observations upon system, we may here remark upon the apparently ambiguous division of genera, with respect to the number of species they contain, and which scarcely accords with the precision and steady progression of nature, and

is, perhaps, strong presumptive evidence of all but specific separation being unnatural. It may possibly be argued that their function in the universal economy requires it, from Nature varying her usual mode of making a species excessively prolific where she requires a more powerful action; and to that effect, which only a certain organization can produce, she is limited, by causes which we are unable to investigate, in her power of executing by means of one agent, and consequently has recourse to several species to enable her to perform what, in other cases, under different circumstances, she can do by means of one alone; but this, although the best reason which occurs to us, is very vague, and far from satisfactory.

The progress of Entomology has been accelerated chiefly by the revision of the systematic arrangement, and its improved distribution into families, by the vast addition of species constantly making, and the many valuable monographs with which the science has been enriched. It is utterly impossible that we should here enumerate the multiplicity of works that have been published upon the subject. Those of Latreille, whom the science has so recently lost, will always necessarily rank pre-eminent among them. It was, doubtless, by the impulse given by his labours, that the science has advanced to its present state of comparative perfection. He was the first who indicated the distribution of insects into families, in his "Precis des Caracteres Generiques," from which time, in each subsequent work, he has progressively remodified and improved it, up to the publication of his "Familles Naturelles," in 1825. His portion of the second edition of Cuvier's "Regne Animal," published in 1829, presents us with the best general synopsis of the science, up to the date of its publication, that we yet possess. The science will long deplore the loss of Illiger and Leach, whose early labours gave such earnest of future valuable service. We must not omit to notice among the benefactors of the science, our venerable Kirby, and that joint labour of love, his and Spence's "Introduction to Entomology," which, perhaps, more than any other work ever published, has tended to make votaries to its study. M'Leay's name, also, will necessarily occur, to whom, if even his theories are not adopted, we must feel grateful for the utility of his practical labours. We must not, either, omit mentioning Gravenhorst, for the sake of his labours upon the Staphylinidæ, and his great work, the "Ichneumonologia Europæa," which he had in progress for twenty-five years, and which contains 2914 8vo. pages, and the description and scientific arrangement of 1288 insects of a tribe, the impracticable nature of which was previously insurmountable to every individual who attempted them.

Nor must we forget Meigen for his systematic description of the European Diptera, which cost him fourteen years' labour. In its anatomical and physiological departments, the labours of Straus-Durckheim, Chabrier, Leon Dufour, Audouin, Marcel de Serres, Carus, Treviranus, Müller, Suckow, and a multitude of others, dispersed throughout the numerous periodicals and transactions of the various scientific societies, have done much to illustrate the subject. We must allude to this distribution of the labours of entomologists as a great evil to the science, and a great obstacle to its progress. It would be easy to suggest a mode for concentrating them, but difficult of adoption. From this dispersion of the materials, the detail of what has been done in the science up to the present moment is scarcely accessible to any but entomologists by profession, or to those whose leisure and purses will bear a vast expenditure of time and money, and even then, it will exact a degree of labour which individuals thus favourably circumstanced feel but little inclined to bestow upon what they treat chiefly as an amusement.

In adverting to the progress of entomology, we may here take notice of the works which stand at the head of this article. The first, "Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. le Comte De Jean," is certainly the most extensive list extant, and his description of them, which is to be contained in his "Species Generale," should it ever be finished, will comprise the most numerous series of specific description ever published in one work. The five volumes already published, and which commenced ten years ago, in 1825, proceed only through half of the first livraison of the Catalogue, it is therefore almost hopeless to expect that it will be ever finished. The contents of his Collection in this order alone is estimated at 25,000 species, the richest perhaps in the known world, unless we may except that of the Berlin Museum, to which we shall have occasion to allude below, the numbers of which have not been announced. The third livraison, which is all yet published of the Catalogue, extends about half way through the Curculionites, and we may expect two more to complete the book. In alluding to the works of the Comte De Jean, we cannot forbear taking this opportunity of observing upon the very wilful neglect they evince of the due notice of those of others. If the law of priority be not rescinded, a multitude of both his genera and species stand the very unenviable chance of falling merely into the synonymy of the science, and will thus perpetuate his idleness and carelessness. It is the first duty of a describer, both to himself and others, to ascertain whether he has been preceded. He should seek far and wide, and ought not to commence his undertaking until he is fully cer-

tain that he has not been anticipated. The contrary course is very baneful to the best interests of the science, by creating confusion and doubt.

The second work upon our list, the Continuation of Schoenherr's "Synonymia Insectorum," contains the first two volumes of the "Genera et Species Curculionidum." This is one of the most valuable additions made to the science within the last few years. Its mode of publication, also, is exemplary, for within two years, two volumes, each containing two parts, have been produced. The notice we can here give of it is much less than is due to its merits, not the least of which is reducing to order the chaos which this tribe previously constituted. He has had the valuable assistance of Gyllenhal (one of the most philosophical describers,) in the description of the majority of the species. We think we perceive a defect in it, which is the omission of the size of the insects. Two more volumes will complete this tribe, when we hope to give it the extent of notice which is its due.

Our third work is by the veteran Klug, and which he modestly calls the "Jahrbücher der Insektenkunde," tom. 1: Annals of Entomology, vol. 1. It is a work intended to be annual, should it meet with encouragement, in which it surely cannot fail, if duly appreciated. It is undertaken in direct reference to the collection of the Royal Museum at Berlin. Its object is to indicate the described species contained therein, and to describe such as are new. It is divided into seven heads. The 1st contains a view of the *Cicindeletæ*, to which numerous new species are added. The 2d, a first portion of the *Carabici*, extending as far as the genus *Ozæna*, and a continuation is promised; in this part he adds, as a new genus, *Schidonychus*, between *Ctenodactyla* and *Trichis;* he places *Mormolyce* between *Drypta* and *Agra;* and describes another new genus after *Ozæna*, which he calls *Miscelus*. The 3d part is a survey of the *Histeroides*, in the collection by Dr. Erichson, already advantageously known to the Entomological public by his "Genera Dyticeorum." The Histers are divided according to the retraction of the head within the thorax. He introduces as new genera, *Plæsius*, *Placodes*, *Cypturus*, and *Pachylopus*. The 4th division is a supplement to the species of the genus *Megalopus*, contained in Klug's "Monographien." The 5th, a survey of the *Tenthredinetæ* of the collection, and, besides many new species, he adds three new genera, namely, *Plagiocera* after *Cimbex*, *Blasticotoma* after *Hylotoma*, and *Cephalocera* between the latter and *Athalia:* a continuation is promised. The 6th part contains a list of the hermaphrodite insects of the collection, and the 7th is the literature of the science, and is to consist of a short notice of the Entomological

works produced during the intervals of its publication. Two plates embellish the book, they are beautifully coloured and executed, and contain thirteen species of Coleoptera and six Tenthredenidæ. Among the former is the male of *Platychile pallida*, the insect which has caused so much discussion, and of which a figure was never before published. We wish this work every success, for it is, doubtless, a valuable addition to the literature of the science.

Our fourth work is Nees ab Esenbeck's "Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographiæ," in 2 vols. 8vo. It contains descriptions of the genera and species of 735 parasitic European hymenoptera, embracing most of the Ichneumones minuti of Linneus. It is to be regretted that he was unacquainted with the labours of Walker and Halliday, who have done so much in illustration of these minute but beautiful and interesting tribes. But he has added in a supplement a few of the genera and species described by Westwood. It is a well executed work and will prove very useful. Hahn's work upon the Cimicidæ is neatly executed, and gives faithful figures of the insects as well as Fischer's Microlepedopterologie, which is intended to depict all the minute Lepidoptera. To Macquart's work on the Diptera we shall allude by and by. And the last upon our list, Spix and Martius' Delectus Animalium Articulatorum is a splendid work, expensively got up, which will necessarily much abridge its range and utility, as it will be found but in few hands. It contains figures not always so well executed as a work of this class would justify us in expecting of all the insects caught by them in their travels in the Brazils. The species are described by Perty, who has established a number of new Genera.

The progress of Entomology appears thus to be rapidly advancing, and its prospects are equally cheering. The great want of a compendious system is extensively felt, and we may congratulate our neighbours in France upon the happy idea which has given birth to a work entitled "Suites à Buffon," but which, from its not being exclusively entomological, will be long in progress. It is a *resumé* of all that has been done upon the subject up to the period of publication, that is to say, if they will but adopt the principle of making themselves acquainted with all that any but their compatriots have been about, the neglect of which is a vice but too prevalent among them. The work alluded to will consist of a series of volumes upon the several orders, showing the families and genera into which they have been classed, and describing some of the most remarkable species. The names advertised as engaged in it speak strongly in its favour, for there

is De Jean for the Coleoptera, Audinet Serville for the Orthopotera, Neuroptera, and Hemiptera, Le Peletier de St. Farjeau for the Hymenoptera, Boisduval for the Lepidoptera, Macquart for the Diptera, and Walckenaer for the Arachnidæ, and Aptera; and that portion which we have seen, viz. the first volume of Macquart, which contains the Diptera as far as the inclusion of the family of Syrphidæ, is a favourable specimen of its mode of execution and of its cheapness, but we have no clue as to the number of volumes it is likely to comprise, but which we judge will be numerous. Among the Germans also, we find that a work is promised comprising a systematic description of Insects, Burmeister's "Handbuch der Entomologie," which, if continued equal in execution to its first volume, containing the "Allgemeine," or General Entomology, already before the public (and of which we observe an English translation to be in the course of publication) will satisfy our most earnest expectations; and this we may reasonably conclude will be the case, from the well-known character and profound science of its author. At home also, we are not idle, there is Mr. Swainson's forthcoming work in Lardner's Cyclopædia, wherein we shall have the full development of the peculiar views of a professed disciple of the M'Leayean school, and the system arranged according to its supposed circular and quinary affinities. All this promises fair; it shows that there are labourers in the field anxious and willing to meet the wants of the community, and not wholly absorbed in the endeavour to establish a reputation by the facile construction of insulated genera and the description of vagrant species, but who willingly and zealously apply their powers to the elucidation of a family, a tribe, or an order, or even undertake what requires a still greater grasp of mind—the illustration of the whole system. But we must yet observe upon a serious deficiency, that is, a perfectly elementary work, which shall be so pleasing and popular in its execution as to lead the uninitiated by agreeable steps sufficiently far into the maze of system, that by the time it quits them they shall have imbibed a strong taste for the further prosecution of the science, and sufficient thereof to enable them easily to follow the clue ready to guide them in its meanderings, and thus induce them to exercise their own abilities in the further acquirement of information, and its concomitant, the power of bestowing it.

We must not omit observing upon the importance of treating this science in the vernacular idiom. In fact, we feel convinced, that, had it been earlier taught through this medium, it would have made much greater progress, and this is one chief cause of its greater advance in France and Germany. The whole of La-

treille's works, with the exception of his "Genera Crustaceorum," are in French. Olivier's two great works, his "Entomologie," and the entomological portion of the Encyclopedie Methodique, as well as the continuation of it by Latreille, St. Fargeau and Serville, are also in French, in which language De Jean's great work the "Species Generale," is likewise written. Klug's series of papers upon the Tenthredinidæ are in German, Meigen's European Diptera is also in German. The majority of national and local Faunæ are in the language of their country, but it is needless to multiply instances. It is to the circumstance of being thus cultivated that the advance of Botany may be chiefly attributed. The fewer difficulties placed in the way of the student the better; he has sufficient to overcome in his repugnance to the technical terms, without additional obstacles to thwart him.

The institution of the Entomological Society of France and its valuable contribution of papers in its "Annales," and that of the Entomological Society of London, which threatens to rival its elder sister, by the aspect it assumes, and the durable and solid foundation it has already become fixed upon—for at every monthly meeting it continues to add to its members, and the papers read at those meetings, prove that they are in earnest in their association for the real cultivation of the science—are favourable signs. Their impulses, and the respect beginning to be paid to the science by the British and Continental General Scientific Associations, must necessarily impart a greater degree of interest to it, and tend to disseminate its cultivation. As collateral with the prospects derivable to the science from the establishment of the London Entomological Society, we must take notice of its president's very liberal devotion of every Thursday, between the hours of eleven and four, to the reception of Entomologists at his museum, where the inspection and study of perhaps the most extensive collection of insects in the country is open to them. It is scarcely necessary to allude to the advantages offered to Entomologists, by this act of munificence, but it was perhaps to be expected from his known zeal, that its impulse would prompt him to so great a personal sacrifice for the benefit of his compatriots, when we reflect that no foreign work is published to which his extensive cabinet has not contributed important additions, and no native publication upon the subject produced, to which he is not a liberal subscriber. In conjunction with this we may mention the late president's generous and considerate offer of the use to members of the society, of any work in his magnificent entomological library, which is known to be the richest in the country; for every modern publication upon this science is to be

found in it; and where but very few even of the more obsolete and less serviceable are deficient. The use of books is as indispensable to this study as the investigation of insects, and we may consequently appreciate an offer, the advantages of which are so apparent, and this gentleman's well-known urbanity and courtesy, to which every one who has had the agreeable opportunity of personal intercourse, will bear spontaneous and ample testimony, will greatly facilitate the ready access of even its most modest and retiring member. The collections of the British Museum, both indigenous and exotic, each rich in all the orders, is open to the student, (which is not sufficiently extensively known,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, under certain necessary restrictions, but without any difficulty of admittance, by merely asking for the curator of that department, Mr. Samouelle.

The metropolis is thus seen to possess a multiplicity of advantages, which necessarily increase upon the formation of entomological acquaintances, by opening innumerable private, native, and foreign collections to the inspection of the student.

The prospects of the science are therefore very gratifying, for, even although the majority of Entomologists are satisfied with the less ambitious title of collectors, there are others among them ready and willing to undertake the scientific application of their assiduity to more general uses.

ART. XI.—*Leonardo da Vinci*, von Hugo Graf von Gallenberg. (Life of Leonardo da Vinci, by Hugh Count Gallenberg.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1834.

WE often feel tempted to institute a comparison between the artists and literati of our own and those of past times, especially of that remarkable period which witnessed, or immediately followed, the revival of letters. When this is done, it is perhaps really good judges only that can appreciate the superiority in genius of the latter over the former—of a Raffaello and a Dante over——but to be personal amongst the living is invidious. We leave, therefore, to the selection of the reader the modern painter and poet whose inferiority to Raffaello and Dante he chooses to commemorate. But the wonderful general superiority, in extent and variety of information, of the distinguished men of those earlier ages over their modern rivals, must be evident to the meanest capacity; and then their immense accumulation of knowledge appears the more marvellous, when we reflect that the times of which we speak boasted no royal or rail-roads to learning—no Hamiltonian modes of mastering the most difficult language in a couple of lessons—no reviews giving, in a few pages, the essence of several ponderous tomes—no compendious encyclopædias, in

which every thing that anybody can wish to know is summarily explained, so as to infuse into him who runs as he reads a smattering of all. No! The student of those days was indeed a student, compelled to acquire knowledge by consuming the midnight oil over few and abstruse books, or, if these, owing to their price and rarity, were inaccessible, from the equally abstruse lectures of professors who dreamed not of making instruction amusing. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, in enumerating the acquirements of one of these early scholars, we well might wonder

"How one small head could carry all he knew!"

To apply these remarks to the artist whose life is now before us, Leonardo da Vinci seems to have cultivated all the arts and all the sciences. He was, as every one knows, a great painter, and also a sculptor, an architect, a musician—both composer and performer; a poet—chiefly an *improvisatore*; a mathematician, a geometrician, an astronomer, an engineer—civil and military; a chemist, an anatomist, and, further, profoundly versed in optics, mechanics, hydraulics, and, for aught we know, all other branches of natural philosophy. Nor did he merely learn what others taught upon these subjects: he wrote upon all of them volumes, of which we cannot now ascertain the number; knowing only this, that a single one, a *Trattato della Pittura* (Treatise on Painting) has been published; that sixteen, of various sizes, are in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, seven in one of the Royal Libraries in Spain, some in private hands, and many more lost. Moreover, in almost all these sciences he was an inventor; and of his mechanical and hydraulic skill he left tangible and durable proofs in mills, canals, instruments of various kinds, &c. &c. &c.

Of this remarkable man divers lives have been written, but the earliest were deemed imperfect; and when, in the beginning of the present century, a Milanese association entitled *Societá Tipografica de' Classici Italiani* (Typographic Society for Italian Classics) proposed to republish the Treatise on Painting, they commissioned Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, to compile a new life of the artist. Of this life, Count von Gallenberg, an Austrian patron of all the fine arts, and, we believe, in some of them an amateur artist, proposed to himself to give his countrymen a German version; but, as he proceeded, he found so many new sources of information, unknown to Amoretti, that his notes were likely to overpower his text; and he therefore resolved to make a new book, instead of translating an old one. From this book we now think to extract, not a life of Leonardo da Vinci, still less a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, but some few curious or interesting particulars.

Leonardo da Vinci was the son of a Florentine *notario della signoria*, and born at Vinci, in Val d'Arno. The date of his birth, and its legitimacy or illegitimacy, are points upon which his several biographers are divided, and which his present noble biographer labours hard to elucidate. He fixes the former to the year 1542, and leaves the latter in obscurity; proving equally that Leonardo was called a natural son, and that he was, as a legitimate son, co-heir with his legitimate brothers to

the inheritance, including lands, of collateral relations. Of his person the Count tells us:—

"To the various mental gifts with which nature had adorned him were united that regularity of feature and symmetry of person which tend to enhance dignity of carriage and add to the charms of social intercourse. He possessed great agility and bodily strength, so that he could arrest the rapid movements of a body in weight and size exceeding human force. He could twist the tongue of a bell into a screw, and bend a horse-shoe in one hand."

The Count apologises for mentioning these circumstances; but they are well worth noticing, since it is not often that such muscular powers are found united to genius.

The following extracts refer to Leonardo's youth, when the fine arts were both honourable and profitable professions:—

"Under circumstances so favourable, Ser* Piero (the *notario*) could not but indulge his son's wishes; since the boy's disposition, even in earliest childhood, the honour connected with the exercise of art, and the pecuniary rewards that every artist might reasonably hope to obtain, seemed to insure the lad's future welfare. He hastened to impart the wishes and talents of his son to his friend Master Andrea da Verocchio, then esteemed the ablest artist in Florence. * * The teacher took his pupil home to afford him the instruction, the means of developing and cultivating his talents, which were to decide his future lot. As it was to be expected, the youth made wonderful progress. Ere long, Andrea, in order to stimulate his diligence, invited his pupil to assist in a picture which he was then painting of our Saviour's baptism by St. John. Leonardo painted an angel holding some garments; and, though he was then but an apprentice, as it were, his angel so far surpassed all his master's figures, that Verocchio, provoked at being excelled by a lad, would never touch pencil or colours again.

"He painted, on a wooden target, a monster in which he combined all that was frightful or horrible in the insect, serpent, or reptile world.

"The fire and vivacity of youth gave birth to fancies, inventive indeed, but strange. He amused himself with producing, by the mixture of inodorous ingredients, many odious smells, which he then used to drive people out of the apartment. Another time, for the same comic purpose, he twisted together and connected a long string of entrails, which he then distended by means of a pair of bellows, so as to make them occupy all the room. But, amidst these puerilities, the goodness of his heart was pre-eminently distinguishable. Few days passed without his visiting the market to purchase birds, which he immediately set at liberty. Of more professional utility was his constant practice of sketching from nature all the peculiar countenances that he saw, from which he afterwards produced his widely-celebrated caricatures. But he studied not alone the beautiful and the ugly in faces, persons, and costumes; he sought to catch the play of the ideas and affections, the living expression of the soul. To this end, as Lomazzò (a friend of his) relates, he was wont to invite peasants to dinner, to tell them the drollest stories possible, then observe them attentively as they laughed a horse-laugh, and sketch them so accurately that it was impossible to look at the drawings without laughing. Impelled by the same notion, he would follow malefactors to the place of execution, and observe the traces of agony and despair in their countenances. Vasari and Lomazzò tell us, that with these drawings were intermingled others of new devices and machines for raising

* *Ser* for Signor, probably, was the old title of lawyers, as was *Maestro* (Master) of artists.

water, cutting through mountains, drawing weights, setting clocks and mills in action, &c. &c."

From these various occupations, or rather studies, at Florence, Leonardo da Vinci was invited to Milan, according to some of his biographers, solely to play David to a Milanese Saul, that is to say, to dispel the gloomy melancholy of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *Il Moro*, by his music. But against this unworthy destination of a great man Count von Gallenberg argues strenuously; and we agree with him, that it is more likely the able usurper of Milan, who sedulously filled his ducal court with all the genius and talent of Italy, should have invited our artist rather to enlarge and adorn their circle, than merely to play the lute to himself when troubled with the blue devils of remorse or apprehension. This conclusion, drawn from the laws of probability, is confirmed by a letter, still extant, addressed by Leonardo at Florence, to the Duke of Milan; from which it seems pretty evident that, if the prince had heard of the painter's musical abilities, he must have expressed a wish to find something more in him than a mere lutist. This letter, clearly an answer to one from the duke, is a very remarkable epistle; and, could we divest ourselves of our innate reverence for genius, we should feel inclined to say that it more resembles a Dicky Gossip's enumeration of his various qualifications than an effusion of the dignified modesty usually characteristic of genuine greatness. It is not, however, a document to be omitted.

"Most illustrious signor, having satisfied myself that the experiments of those who call themselves masters of the art of making instruments of war will never produce anything superior to what are in daily use, I will *now*, without wishing to injure any one, open my secrets to your excellency, and, if it so please you, undertake the bringing them into execution; for I venture to entertain the confident hope that all the matters I am about to mention may be made effective in practice.

"1. I can build bridges, some light, and easily transportable from place to place, with which to pursue a flying enemy; others, strong and invulnerable, that spit fire, and will be useful in war: and, again, others easily laid down or removed. I have also devised a mode of destroying and burning the enemy's bridges.

"2. I have devised a way of drawing off the water from the fosse of a besieged place; and can make bridges furnished with ladders, and other instruments, useful in sieges.

"3. When cannon cannot be used in a siege, on account either of the height of the ramparts or the strength of the site, I have a way of destroying any fortress, so it be not founded on a rock.

"4. I have a sort of cannon very convenient and easily transportable, with which to shower a fiery hail upon the enemy, terrifying and confounding him with the smoke.

"5. Item. I have a mode, by hollow, narrow, and winding ways, to reach any place without noise, even passing under ditches or rivers.

"6. I can make invulnerable covered cars, which, entering an enemy's lines, in spite of his artillery, will break through any masses of cavalry; and behind which the infantry may follow, unharmed and unobstructed.

"7. Item. If need be, I will make cannon, mortars, and howitzers, of beautiful, useful, and uncommon forms.

"8. Where cannon should be incapable of acting, I will make other instru-

ments of marvellous efficacy, and out of the common way; in short, according to the variety of occasion, I will make infinitely various offensive weapons.

"9. In case of a sea-fight, I have many devices for instruments of offence and defence; and vessels impenetrable to artillery, and powders, and smokes.

"10. In peace time I think I can give as full satisfaction as any one in architecture, in building public or private edifices, in conducting water from one place to another.

"Item. I will undertake, in sculpture of marble, bronze, or clay, and likewise in painting, to do what can be done, in competition with any one, be he who he may. Also, I can take in hand that bronze horse, which is to be an eternal honour and glory to your highness's father's blessed memory, and to the whole illustrious house of Sforza.

"And, should any person deem any of these things impossible and unfeasible, I am quite ready to make experiment thereof in your highness's park, or in such other place as you please. And so, I humbly commend myself, &c. &c."

The singularity of this strange epistle is further enhanced by its being written in the Oriental fashion, from right to left, instead of from left to right. This seems to have been Da Vinci's usual practice, and is supposed to have been adopted to baffle curiosity, but must have been more efficacious in puzzling his correspondents than in securing his secrets. Ludovico Sforza, however, it should seem, managed to read the letter, for he summoned the writer to Milan, and employed him in all his professed civil capacities, as also to found an academy of painting, said to have been the first of the kind, and to act upon grand occasions as master of the revels.

It were tedious to enumerate Leonardo da Vinci's various works at Milan, as artist and engineer, many of which, of both kinds, were destroyed in the subsequent wars, of which the Milanese was the subject and the theatre. The destruction of one of the productions of his genius he himself witnessed. For sixteen years he had laboured at the model of an equestrian statue of the first Francis Sforza, that alluded to in his letter; and scarcely was it completed, when the French, taking possession of the city, selected this model as a target to fire at—thus, in the 15th century, setting an example duly followed by their undegenerate posterity in the 18th. This last act of wanton mischief was, however, less detrimental to the cause of art than has been commonly conceived, as will appear from the extracts we are now about to make relative to Leonardo da Vinci's acknowledged master-piece, his picture of the Last Supper.

"Leonardo designed this large picture, which occupies a wall twenty-eight feet in length, in compliance with a wish of the duke, who was eager to embellish this Milanese monastery (the Dominican monastery of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*). The size of the wall obliged the artist to make his figures larger by one half than life.

* * * * *

"The painter has selected the moment when Christ says, 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' The choice of this moment is most favourable to dramatic effect. The expression of the Redeemer is that of heartfelt sorrow, soothed by the consciousness of divine dignity and destination. The agitation produced amongst the disciples by his words is differently, ingeniously, and characteristically marked in every figure. We can trace the

gradation of zeal and faith, according to the gospel-drawn character of each apostle. What a beautiful contrast between St. John, overpowered with grief, dropping his folded hands upon the table, and Judas Iscariot, whose hard countenance and attitude of defiance reveal the traitor, whilst the money-bag clutched in his right hand bespeaks his natural avarice."

But, as no description can give a satisfactory idea of a picture, we will preferably turn to its history, and that of the painter's habits and feelings. First, however, we must make one remark, called forth by the description we have just translated, of the expression of the countenances. We have always esteemed the character and expression which Leonardo da Vinci gave to his heads of our Saviour to be really his chief excellence. Other artists seem to forget the divinity of the person in their deep sense of his beautiful meekness; but in looking at this painter's pictures of the Redeemer, we are irresistibly impressed with the conviction that this sublime meekness is the meekness of a superior nature.

"He who gazes upon as much of this picture as past disasters have left us, must perceive how short a time for the production of so wondrous a creation of art was two or three years; especially, if he considers the care and anxiety with which Leonardo worked, moreover, never satisfying himself. His contemporary, Luca Pacciolo, avers, that Leonardo would tremble like a child when he took up his pencils; that he seldom finished what he began, because his deep sense of the grandeur of art made him see defects where others beheld miracles accomplished. . . . . He had first to meditate the grouping, which, in every individual posture and gesture, as well as in the whole, has been pronounced by the greatest painters to be most artful and yet most natural. For this he of course first sketched cartoons. . . . . .—according to Pino, separate cartoons of all the heads, of the intended size. 'These thirteen drawings,' continues Pino, 'were long in the possession of the Conti Arconati, who made them over to Marchese Gasnedi. From him they passed into the hands of the Venetian Sagredo family; after the extinction of which the heirs sold them to the English Consul Odni.'"

Such of our readers as are old enough, and in their youth were fortunate enough, to have seen the beautiful collection of Mr. Udney, will recognize that gentleman in the un-English "Consul Odni." Upon Mr. Udney's death, his pictures were sold, we think, by auction; and these cartoons have since been again sold in the same way, as part of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection.

There is a story current of Leonardo da Vinci's having portrayed the prior of the monastery as Judas Iscariot, in revenge for his, the said prior's, unreasonably teazing him to make haste with the picture. The truth of this anecdote has, however, been disputed upon many and reasonable grounds; and our noble biographer gives us the following, as a more probable version of the tale, from Giraldi, a judicious and contemporaneous writer.

"Da Vinci had completed the Christ, eleven of the disciples, and the body of Judas; the head only of the latter was unfinished. The prior and his monks, impatient of a delay of which they could not comprehend the motives, complained to the duke, who, thereupon, questioned the painter. He replied, that there never was a day on which he did not work at the picture; that he was constantly meditating upon it; and seeking amongst the vilest reprobates for a countenance which might answer for that of Judas; adding that, if he could

find none better, he should be driven to take as his model the prior himself, who never left him at peace. He went, adds Giraldi, morning and evening, to the *Borghetto*, the quarter inhabited by the meanest and most ignoble people, by scoundrels and malefactors, in search of his Judas. At length he espied the very physiognomy he wanted. He portrayed it, and completed the picture.

Whether this grand work of art were painted *al fresco*, in oil, or with some peculiar varnish, the fruit of da Vinci's chymical skill, is another disputed question, which the reader will presently see there is now no hope of satisfactorily deciding.

"The total destruction of this picture is to be imputed not so much to the gnawing tooth of all-devouring time, or to a locality unfavourable to its preservation, as to the ignorant negligence and the base malice of man, who, for ever annihilates in the hope of producing something superior. For a while the Last Supper was the object of universal admiration, the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. After a lapse of sixteen years it was still so beautiful, and in such perfect condition, that Francis I. of France, would have made any sacrifice to transport it to France. * * * *

"Armenini, who saw it in the middle of the 16th century, even then lamented its having lost half its original splendour; and the Milanese Lomazzo averred that the colours faded so rapidly, that very soon it would be possible to appreciate the merit of the drawing only from the outlines. . . . . Not long afterwards, Cardinal Borromeo mourned over its decay; and, observing that the evil must increase, inasmuch as it proceeded from the crumbling of the mortar or plaister upon which this celebrated Last Supper was painted, he employed a good artist to copy it. The copy, when finished, was compared with the cartoons, then still at Milan, and was found to be faithful.

* * * *

"Scanelli, who saw the Last Supper in 1642, says, 'Scarcely a trace remains of the figures; and the naked portions, as heads, hands, feet, have all but disappeared.' Ten years later, the Dominicans, seeing it in so miserable a plight, abandoned it to its fate, and even scrupled not to enlarge the refectory door by cutting off the feet of the Saviour and of one Apostle."

We must here pause to observe, that it is sheer calumny to charge these poor friars, as they are often charged, with thus mutilating the picture, whilst in its perfection. On the contrary, they seem to have been duly sensible that the painting was the pride of their monastery, and to have endeavoured honestly, if not very judiciously, to preserve it. At different times they paid considerable sums to artists who undertook to revive the colours. The first attempt is said to have been temporarily successful; the last to have consummated its ruin. Hence it was the less material, that when the First Consul occupied Milan,

"Although his orders were precise to spare this refectory, cavalry were quartered in it, who gave the picture the *coup-de-grace*." (They are said, emulating their forefathers, to have selected parts as marks to fire at.)

"Amoretti visited the remains of the picture, when writing Leonardo's Life. Upon entering the room, he hastened up to the picture, to look at it more closely, and saw nothing. He fell back to some distance, and then the destruction seemed less complete. He now perceived that a sort of mould, or rather a saltpetre excrescence, that covered the whole wall, in fact veiled the painting from those who stood immediately under it."

Thus it is only through the copies early made that this magnificent work can now be known; and it is some comfort to learn that of these there are at least twenty extant.

After the fall of Sforza, Leonardo was appointed by Cæsar Borgia his head architect and engineer, and fortified several castles and towns by his desire. He was recalled to Milan by Louis XII. of France, to complete the canals he had begun: but it was to the artist-courting Francis I. that he more particularly attached himself; and him, in the year 1516, he accompanied to France. There, in less than three years, he died; but not, we grieve to say, according to common report, in the arms of his royal patron. At least, Leonardo's intimate friend, Francesco de Melzi, says nothing of the kind in the letter in which he announces the event to the artist's brother, and he surely would not have omitted so flattering an incident.

We shall conclude with an anecdote relative to Leonardo da Vinci's MSS. and drawings, many of which he bequeathed to his friend and pupil. the above-named Melzi. The anecdote is related by Gian Ambrogio Mazzente, who died at an advanced age, A. D. 1635.

"It is now fifty years," writes Mazzente, "since thirteen volumes in folio and quarto, of Leonardo da Vinci's MSS., written the wrong way, fell into my hands. . . . . I was studying law at Pisa in company with Aldo Manuzio the younger. A certain Lelio Gavardi d'Asola, since superior of St. Zeno, at Pavia, and Aldo's nearest relation, frequently honoured us with his visits. He had been tutor in the Melzi family. . . . . and had seen in the house many writings, drawings, instruments, and books of Leonardo's. . . . . The children of Francesco Melzi, differing in taste from their book-loving father, and, through professional or public avocations, engrossed by other objects, neglected these treasures, and left them at the discretion of the first comer. Lelio Gavardi took what he pleased of them, and carried thirteen volumes to Florence, in the confident hope that the Grand Duke Francesco de Medici, who was eager for such works, would give a great price for them. . . . . When Gavardi reached Florence the duke was dying, and he came disappointed to Pisa. I could not conceal my disapprobation of his conduct; he blushed; and, as I was then returning to Milan, having finished my studies at Pisa, he gave me the books, and requested that I would return them to the Melzi family.

"I performed my commission, delivering the whole to Dr. Orazio Melzi, the eldest. He was utterly amazed at my having taken so much trouble about such things, and freely gave me the books, acknowledging that there were many more writings and drawings of this great artist's in some corner of his country-house."

We wonder that a Mazzente did not beg for them, and wish he had. His thirteen volumes are now in the Ambrosian Library.

ART. XII.—*Der Englische Schweiss. Ein ärztlicher Beitrag zur Geschichte des Fünfzehnten und Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. J. F. C. Hecker. (The English Sweating Sickness. A Medical Fragment of the History of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Dr. Hecker.) Berlin, 1834.

THIS work is the third of a series of essays, by which the author has endeavoured to illustrate a class of diseases which are among the most awful visitations that afflict the human race. Dr. Hecker, who had long been sensible of the necessity of a truly philosophic investigation into the causes of those mighty events, was induced by the ravages of the cholera to publish the first of the series of essays on the epidemics of the middle ages—Der Schwarze Tod—The Black Death.

In the preface to that work, Dr. Hecker explains his views of an intimate connexion between convulsions of nature and the sudden and rapid propagation of pestilences. He has, it is true, some notions respecting the influence of unknown powers in heaven and earth which, however ingenious, appear to us too vague to serve for the foundation of a sound theory, though the facts which he adduces deserve the most serious attention. The Black Death is so well known to the English reader from the spirited translation of it by Dr. Babington, published soon after its appearance, that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. The second of the series, "Die Tanzwuth," or, "The Dancing Mania," presents to our view a less awfully destructive, but in one respect a more affecting picture of the calamities to which the human frame is liable. Here we have not the destroying angel, sweeping away hundreds of thousands with his flaming sword—it is not the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness. The subject of this treatise is diseases founded on mental delusion, caused by the instinct of imitation, "propagated," as the Doctor says, "on the beams of light, on the wings of thought, convulsing the mind by the excitement of the senses." We rejoice to learn that the approbation bestowed on the English version of the Black Death, has induced Dr. Babington to publish a translation of the *Dancing Mania*, a copy of which has just been put into our hands. To this essay Dr. Babington has prefixed a translation of an address, by Dr. Hecker, to the physicians of Germany, requesting their attention to this important subject, and endeavouring to impress on them the conviction of the absolute necessity of a more comprehensive view of this subject than has ever yet been taken. We will quote a few lines from this address.

"Amid the accumulated materials which past ages afford, the powers and the life of one individual, even with the aid of previous study, are insufficient to complete a comprehensive history of epidemics. The zealous activity of many must be exerted if we would speedily possess a work which is so much wanted, in order that we may not encounter new epidemics with culpable ignorance of analogous phenomena. How often has it appeared, on the breaking out of epidemics, as if the experience of so many centuries had been accumulated in vain! Men gazed at the phenomena with astonishment, and, even before they had a just perception of their nature, pronounced their opinions, which, as they were divided into strongly opposed parties, they defended with

all the ardour of zealots, wholly unconscious of the majesty of all-governing Nature."

The English Sweating Sickness, which is the subject of this third essay, is indeed known to us by name as a fatal and rapidly spreading disorder, which visited England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, being first introduced in the train of the victorious army of Henry VII. and damped the joy of the nation after the glorious battle of Bosworth-field. Our own chronicles give many particulars of this visitation. Five times did it afflict this country: first in 1485; secondly, in 1506, when it was of short duration; and then in 1517, 1528 and 29, and 1551. It is very extraordinary that this epidemic was confined to England,—even Ireland and Scotland being exempt from it. Only once it visited Germany, namely in 1529, when Hamburg was the first place where it appeared. But its duration there was short, only twenty-two days, in which, however, 1100 persons fell victims to it. It broke out almost simultaneously in Lübeck, where its ravages were such as to remind people of those of the Black Death in 1349. Zwickau, at the foot of the Erzgebirge, fifty German miles from Hamburg, was next attacked; and at the beginning of September it appeared almost on the same day at Stettin, Danzig, Augsburg, Cologne, Strasburg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Marburg, Göttingen, and Hanover. Thus it was spread over the greater part of Germany, and extended also to Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But though its ravages were dreadful, they could not be compared with those of the Black Death.

In treating of the causes which in so remarkable a manner confined the disease to England, Dr. Hecker mentions the nature of the climate of England, subject to frequent fogs, and the general intemperance of the people. The year 1485 was, besides, not only remarkable for the quantity of rain that fell, but it was the sixth of a series of such years, the last dry and hot summer having been that of 1479. But though the Sweating Sickness was confined (with one exception) to England, the continent of Europe was afflicted during the same period with various fatal contagious disorders, of which the author gives as particular an account as the recorded information on them would allow; connecting them, as he goes along, with extraordinary phenomena of nature, storms, earthquakes, eruptions of Vesuvius, &c.

But, while the Sweating Sickness was confined to England, a new and destructive epidemic, the spotted (petechial) fever appeared in southern and central Europe, which first manifested itself in 1490, in Granada, where it threatened to destroy the army of Ferdinand the Catholic, and was very fatal to the Moors.

It will appear from these remarks that the work gives a great deal more than the title implies, and, even in the part which relates to England, much light is thrown on what has been hitherto imperfectly known, as it is connected with the history of epidemics in general, by the author's illustrations from the history of other contagious disorders. We select the following as a specimen of his style.

"The events which are now about to engage our attention prove, by their

surprising development, that the fate of nations is at times guided far more by the laws of physical life than by the will of the mighty of the earth, and by all the efforts of human energy, which oppose in vain the unchained powers of Nature. These powers, inscrutable in their operation, destructive in their effects, arrest the course of events, baffle great projects, and paralyze the spirit in its boldest flights. They have often annihilated mighty armies by the sword of the destroying angel, when victory was ready to place the laurel on their brows.

"To wipe off the stain of Pavia, Francis I., in league with England, Switzerland, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, sent a fine army to Italy against his haughty rival. The imperial troops everywhere retreated before the French, and victory seemed to declare in favour only of the colours of France and the valiant Lautrec. Every thing promised a glorious issue. Naples alone, feebly garrisoned by German landsquenets and Spaniards, remained to be subdued. The siege was opened on the 5th of May, 1528, and the general pledged his honour for the reduction of this strong city, which had once been so fatal to France. It seemed an easy matter, with 30,000 warlike troops, to vanquish the Imperialists, and a small body of Englishmen appeared to have come only to participate in the celebration of the triumph. Scarcity reigned in the city, which was blockaded by Doria and his Genoese galleys: it also suffered from want of water, Lautrec having turned aside the supply from the aqueducts of Poggioreale; and the plague, which had never entirely ceased among the Germans since the plundering of Rome, began to rage among them.

"The security of the French army, however, was fatal to the excellent discipline which had been observed among them, and Nature herself soon began to be destructive to the victorious troops. In the course of seven weeks, a small band of a few thousand emaciated forms, scarcely able to bear the weight of their arms, and obey the voice of their enfeebled leaders, were all that remained of this brave host. On the 29th of August, the siege was raised, the brave Lautrec having fallen a victim to chagrin and disease. The army took their departure amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, many were made prisoners by the Imperialists, and but few ever returned to their own country."

In conclusion, we cannot but recommend these Essays of Dr. Hecker, not only to the attention of his own profession, but to the general reader; and with respect to the Treatise immediately before us, we would again remark that the reader must not be led by the title to believe that it contains only what may be found in the writings of our own historians. It comprises a mass of information relative to other countries, collected with great industry and judgment from a variety of sources. The author, indeed, gives at the conclusion a list of the works which he has himself actually consulted, extending to thirteen pages.

ART. XIII.—*Memoires sur la Guerre de l'Isle de Java, de* 1825 *à* 1830. Par le Major F. V. A. de Stuers. 1 vol. 4to and atlas. Leyde.

THE conquest of the island of Java by the British army in the year 1811, and the knowledge which we acquired of its importance during the time that it remained in our possession, till it was restored to the Dutch at the general peace, excited the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; and the valuable work of Sir Stamford Raffles,

only tended to increase the general regret, that so fair a possession, which had derived immense benefit from the more judicious and enlightened system of administration under the British government, had been restored to its former masters, who, there was every reason to apprehend, would replace it under the same narrow system of colonial policy which had so long oppressed the inhabitants, and cramped the resources of the island, by rendering everything exclusively subservient to the interests of the mother country. It is not possible accurately to ascertain the measures that the Dutch government has adopted since it regained possession of the country. That men of great ability and irreproachable characters have been sent out to govern it cannot be denied, and the name of Baron van der Capellen, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. We will therefore take it for granted that such men acted in conformity with their own honourable sentiments. The Major, speaking of the cession made by the native princes of some fine provinces to the English government, says, that the observance of the ancient laws and customs of the country had been much relaxed, in consequence of the increase of European power in Java, and of the liberal principles of the new system of administration, first, though but partially under Marshal Daendels, then under the English, and lastly under the Dutch government. The latter, however, has had to contend with various insurrections, especially with that which occasioned the five years' war, of which Major Stuers relates the history. We shall not enter into any detail relative to this war, which is wholly destitute of general interest,—but we shall mention two or three facts, which seem to show that the Dutch hold by a rather precarious tenure the dominion of this fine island: for it appears evident that they owe their safety, in a great measure, to the dissensions among the native princes. The troubles, says Major Stuers, were not caused by the discontent of the emperor, or of the Javanese in general; for the emperor of Solo, whose dominion is confined to the province of Soura Karta, as those of the sultan are to that of Djocjocarta, (these two being the only provinces now under the dominion of the native princes,) remained faithful to the Dutch, and his troops fought with them against the insurgents; and, with respect to the people, the insurrection was confined to the province of Djocjocarta. Even there only a part of the population, misled by the threats and promises of Dipo Negoro, the chief of the rebels, and his partisans, joined in the revolt as long as the presence of the chiefs of the insurgents compelled them; for, when the latter were obliged, by the movements of the Dutch troops, to take another direction, the inhabitants immediately submitted to their legitimate sovereign, the sultan of Djocjocarta, whose throne the rebel chief desired to usurp, and to the Dutch government, which protected them, while the rest of the Javanese nation took no part whatever in the insurrection.

Thus a person might have travelled from Anjer, in the western part of the island, where the great post-road begins, to Banjouwangi, at the other extremity, a distance of 300 leagues, with as much safety as from Amsterdam to Paris, and without even suspecting that there was a

commotion in any part of the island, the Javanese in general taking as little interest in it as if it had happened in some other country. How then could the war be protracted to so great a length, and cost the Dutch such sacrifices in men and money? Who was Dipo Negoro—a rebel against his own sovereign, who was able so long to make head against a brave and well disciplined army, commanded by officers of distinguished merit? That he was an extraordinary man appears from the following character of him drawn by Major Stuers.

"Dipo Negoro is about 46 or 47 years of age. He is of middling stature, and, though his countenance does not seem to announce any thing extraordinary, he has nevertheless manifested during the war a loftiness of character very rare among the Javanese princes of our days. He has given repeated proofs of great courage, firmness, and perseverance; after causing himself to be proclaimed sultan of Materam, he found means to make himself recognized and obeyed as such by the people over whom he exercised, till his downfall, an absolute religious and political authority. His courage was not broken by adversity. When abandoned by nearly all his partisans, his oldest friends, and even by his family, dragging on a miserable existence in deserts, destitute of even the most common necessaries of life, harassed, pursued, chased without ceasing by our troops, he lost none of his natural firmness, and haughtily rejected every proposal to submit."

After various changes of fortune, Dipo Negoro was at length induced, in the beginning of February, 1830, to propose an interview with the general-in-chief, which after some negociation was acceded to, and, on the 21st of February, Dipo Negoro arrived at Minoreh, the place fixed on for the conference, with a troop of 700 men, but on the 25th he declared that the feast of *Pouassa* having commenced the preceding day, he would not treat of any business during the month of its continuance, to which the Dutch consented. In the course of this month the suite of Dipo Negoro became daily more numerous: he however had a short interview with General de Kock, the commander-in-chief, on the 8th of March, in which he said he hoped all would be amicably settled immediately after the feast. Meanwhile many circumstances occurred which, as Major Stuers says, led the government to suspect that Dipo Negoro was not sincere, and, the Dutch troops in the vicinity having been reinforced, orders were given to the commanding officers to be ready to seize the person of Dipo Negoro at his first interview with the general-in-chief after the expiration of the feast.

The interview took place on the 28th of March, at which Dipo Negoro, having proposed terms which the general declared too extravagant to be listened to, and from which Dipo refused to depart, [he desired to be placed at the head of the Mahometan religion in Java, with the title of sultan which he had assumed,] the general told him that he must send him as a state-prisoner to Batavia, to be disposed of as the governor-general should determine. Dipo Negoro protested, but in vain; his attendants were disarmed, and he was sent under the escort of Major Stuers, the general's aide-de-camp, to Samarang and thence to Batavia, whence he was conveyed as a state-prisoner to the Moluccas, "to depend," says Major Stuers, "solely on the clemency of the

government which he had so justly offended, and from which he had well merited a more rigorous punishment." How he was treated in the Moluccas or whether he is still living, Major Stuers does not inform us.

In conclusion, Major Stuers speaks of the loss sustained by the Dutch in this war; he cannot state the total number of men that perished; he says 12,749 men died in the hospitals of the second military division, which was the centre of the operations, and that as many died in the first and third military divisions, of which Batavia and Sourabaya are the chief towns; he thinks he shall not exaggerate if he fixes the total loss at 15,000 men, of whom 8,000 came from Europe:—a calculation which seems to include only those who died in the hospitals. The expenses of the war he estimates at twenty-five millions of florins, but he thinks that the result has consolidated the power of the Dutch government, by giving the natives a very high idea of its resources. This may be the case, but it seems, even from Major Stuers' own account, that, if the natives had not been divided, the contest might have terminated very differently. At all events, it is to be hoped that the Dutch government may have been fully impressed with the necessity of a system of administration calculated to promote the welfare and conciliate the affections of the natives.

We have only to add that the book is very finely printed, and besides portraits of Dipo Negoro and two other chiefs, and a map of Java, it is illustrated by an atlas of plans, and views of scenery on a large scale.

ART. XIV.—*La Russie et la Pologne, Esquisse Historique.* Par Th. de K. Berlin, 1834.

FROM the publication of this volume in the Prussian capital, and the intimate connexion subsisting between the courts of Berlin and Petersburg, the political bias of the writer may be easily inferred. It does not embrace, as the reader might expect, a narrative of recent events, but of the wars which for many centuries have been almost uninterruptedly waged between two rival states, Russia and Poland, and of the many grievances which the former has to allege against the latter. We give the author full credit for his assertion that the facts which he details have been transferred with the most scrupulous accuracy from the most authentic sources; and the result is a useful epitome of the history of both countries, written with perspicuity, temper, and moderation. The spirit in which he has executed his task will be apparent from the following passage in his preface:—

"An obstinate struggle, prolonged beyond all probable duration, has lately drawn our attention to the banks of the Vistula; and during that deplorable war many voices have been raised in favour of the Poles. Orators, pamphleteers, and journalists, appeared to be unanimous: the question of right was decided beforehand; there was no need to discuss it; the cause of Russia was unjust—that was universally admitted—but not a creature has yet taken the trouble to connect the history of the present with that of the past. It seems as if the

great events of our days had effaced the recollection of all others: with the men of the *movement*, in particular, the world has existed but about forty years, the day of the creation dating from the capture of the Bastile. This absolute forgetfulness of past ages frequently leads us astray: no era of history is isolated and unconnected with a preceding period; sacred ties still bind us to more ancient times, and interests most dear to us have been bequeathed to us by our ancestors. It is owing to this forgetfulness that our orators persist in regarding the partition of Poland as an isolated fact, as an injustice of which they accuse Russia more particularly; whereas, ever so superficial an examination of the history of the two countries would have taught them that the quarrel was more ancient. It would have shown them that the partition was an inevitable catastrophe of the wars which had lasted for so many centuries; and they would have found that the Poles were the aggressors, and that during the period of their superiority they had manifested any thing but generosity."

Perhaps one of the most striking instances of the bad faith of Poland towards her neighbour is to be found in the history of Otrepief, the impostor, who, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, pretending to be Dmitri, the son of Ivan Vassiljewitsch, (murdered when only eight years of age, to facilitate the ambitious projects of Boris Godunow) and being encouraged and supported by the Poles, actually placed himself on the throne of the Tzars. The whole story of this impostor (p. 297—318,) is of the most exciting interest, and it is one of those which justifies the remark that the events of real life are often of a more romantic character than the inventions of the wildest imagination. To any clever writer who would take the pains to study the spirit and manners of the semi-barbarian inhabitants of eastern Europe two centuries ago, it would furnish an admirable plot for an historical novel, for the minor circumstances only of which he would have occasion to draw upon the stores of his own fancy.

We cannot refrain from subjoining some striking observations from the concluding pages of the volume before us.

"Nearly forty years have elapsed since this last catastrophe," [the second partition of Poland,] "and an insensate enterprise has recently shown us that the Polish aristocracy, or at least a faction, self-styled patriotic, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing; that it was always ready to sacrifice its country to the ambition of its caste; and that the spirit which yet animates it is the same that hurled Poland from the height of its greatness.

"When the king of Prussia reigned over Great Poland, the discontented nobility gave his government no credit for the high roads that were constructed, the rivers that were rendered navigable, the elementary schools that were established in every district, and the protection granted to commerce and manufactures. They complained loudly of the magistrates, because, forsooth, justice was done even to plebeians, and the nobles were obliged to pay their debts—things unheard of before in Poland.

"Napoleon united part of the ancient republic under the name of the grand duchy of Warsaw. What was at that period the lot of this hapless country? All improvements were suspended; the incipient efforts of industry ceased; the schools were shut up; not a road, not a canal, was undertaken: so that eight years later, the bridges, the buildings, the works of every kind, commenced under the Prussian government, were found in exactly the same state as they were left by that government, excepting that the materials, the timber, &c., then purchased and afterwards neglected, had rotted in the depôts. During

this whole period, Poland was drained for the benefit of France; a devouring conscription swallowed up her husbandmen; the Polish soldiers found a grave in Spain and Italy, fighting for a cause which was not the cause of their country: they were even sent to the islands to perish by a climate to the effects of which the emperor durst not expose French regiments. But Napoleon flattered the hopes of the aristocracy by holding out to them vague promises of the re-establishment of *ancient* Poland, in all its splendour and with all its institutions: meanwhile he allowed the nobility to rule the country as they pleased, and that caste was content: what cared they for the ruin of the country, so they could at that rate recover their former sovereignty!

"At length Napoleon invaded Russia at the head of the most numerous army of modern times, and the Polish legions reached Moscow along with the French eagles. The Russians were not daunted either by this mass of force, or by the military genius of the invader: the firmness of their sovereign and the enthusiasm of the nation, saved the empire and Europe. The invading army perished in its retreat, and Poland, which had borne a part in this war, thenceforth belonged to Russia by right of conquest. The Poles manifested no dread of its sway; on the contrary, a deputation of the nobility repaired to the head-quarters of the emperor Alexander, urgently imploring him to take the country under his protection, to recollect that the Russians and the Poles *were sprung from one common stock*, and not to abandon Poland to a foreign domination. Such was the language used by the chief of the deputation, the same Prince Adam Czartoyski, whom we have since seen heading the late rebellion!"

ART. XV.—*La Journée du* 13 *Mars, ou les Faits essentiels de la Revolution de* 1809, *redigés par le* Colonel Gustafson. St. Gall and Hamburg, 1835.

IN this pamphlet the dethroned king of Sweden himself relates the circumstances attending the revolution which deprived him of power and drove him into exile, and shows very clearly that he must necessarily have fallen a victim to so powerful a confederacy as that of Erfurt in 1809. Napoleon wanted to have a supple half-revolutionary king in Sweden; Alexander wanted Finland; both were adverse to the then reigning sovereign, whose legitimacy and attachment to the English party stood in the way of the French emperor, and whose equally legitimate right to Finland was a stumbling-block to the Russian autocrat. The parties in the country itself which accomplished this *coup d'état* were merely the tools of an interest that was not Swedish. The account given by the ex-king of the seizure of his person by the conspirators will be perused with interest.

"Field-marshal Count von Klingsporr, commander-in-chief of the army of Finland, had returned some months back to Stockholm, and after him General von Adlercreutz had arrived from the same army, covered with laurels, but yet lacking those of revolution. These generals were to receive the orders of the king before they returned to their posts. They and several other military and civil officers, some of whom had been already admitted to the king, were assembled in the ante-chamber. He desired Klingsporr to be called, and, during the conversation, the field-marshal secretly opened the door to General von Adlercreutz and Adjutant-General von Silfversparre: these gentlemen immediately entered, and besought the king not to quit the capital. The king per-

ceiving that several staff-officers were following and forcing an entrance, drew his sword, exclaiming, 'Treason!' The officers on guard hastened to the spot; but, instead of putting a speedy end to this outrage, they suffered themselves to be disarmed by those whom they ought themselves to have disarmed. The king, surrounded by a great number of officers, could not resist alone: M. von Silfversparre fell upon him from behind, and wrested the sword from the king with both hands, and with the utmost violence; and then, amidst blows, the confusion reached the highest pitch. While the conspirators were striving to secure the person of the king, and with that view locking the door of his apartment, other officers and faithful servants were endeavouring to break it open for the purpose of rescuing him: in this struggle the entrance door was split from top to bottom, and there was seen upon the floor of the room a stove-fork, which had been dropped by or snatched from some person, besides bits of glass which belonged to the lustre, and also small blue and yellow feathers, part of the plumes of the staff-officers, the fragments of which lay scattered, as if by the most vehement tempest, upon the carpet. When the king perceived that the conspirators had made themselves masters of the door, he called out aloud, "Save me, in the name of Jesus Christ!" and strove to release himself. He forcibly seized the sword of General von Strömfeldt, but, being completely encompassed by the conspirators, he was soon disarmed again. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, and the greatest part of the officers engaged in the conspiracy were gone, Field-Marshal von Klingsporr and some other persons only were left with the king. General von Adlercreutz, who had thought fit to assume the office of adjutant-general, deemed it equally expedient to make his report to H. R. H. the Duke of Sudermannia of what had just happened to the king: at his desire, his new comrade, Adjutant-General von Silfversparre, accompanied him thither. The two gentlemen strove to persuade the Duke to place himself as regent at the head of the government, and H. R. H. considered it his duty to comply.

"In the apartment in which the king was arrested, there were two side-doors, each having a different outlet. The first was that which had been broken, and through which the people were watching the king; none of the conspirators bethought them of guarding the other. Before these violent proceedings began, the king had locked it with the key, but the door opened of itself as if by a miracle. The king alone observing this, and seeing that the general's sword which he had seized had been from negligence left behind in the room, he armed himself with it, put on his hat, went out at the above-mentioned door, and locked it after him with the key. General von Adlercreutz, who had returned from the Duke of Sudermannia, was instantly apprised of the circumstance, and with several officers pursued the king. The king, after locking the door with the key, ascended a winding staircase, leading to the upper story. He saw the general enter, after breaking open the folding doors with violence, and had only time to throw at him the key which he yet held in his hand, upon which he pursued his way, running so fast that he distanced all those who who were in pursuit of him. While the king hurried through the queen's apartments, he ordered some of the servants to lock the doors after him; but these people, seeing him pursued by so many officers, had not the courage to obey. During the pursuit, General von Adlercreutz, or one of his officers, fell on the stairs and rolled from top to bottom; the king thereby gained such an advantage, that he had hopes of reaching the main-guard of the palace, and there ending either the revolution or his life. After he had reached the great staircase, the king also fell, from tripping against one of the steps, and received a severe contusion on the right arm: but rising again, he continued his course through the corridor to the north door, intending to proceed across the inner court-yard of the palace to the western door, before which the main-guard was stationed. But

Providence, whose decrees are frequently so inscrutable, willed otherwise: the steps of two conspirators were directed towards the north door at the very moment when the king arrived there. One of these was an old military officer, a stout, robust man, named Greif, who had an appointment in the royal hunting establishment with the rank of major; the other a young civilian: the latter fled when he saw the king rushing on the officer, sword in hand, to run him through the body; but he avoided the thrust, and was only slightly wounded in the left arm: and, as the weapon was left sticking in the sleeve of his great coat, he availed himself of this circumstance to seize the king, and to hold him fast with all his strength. The king, weakened, exhausted, breathless, could not disengage himself. A wood-carrier belonging to the palace coming up unexpectedly, advanced and said to the officer, 'What are you doing to the king?' 'I will do the king no harm,' replied the officer quite calmly. The king, having lost the power of speech, could not utter a word, and the wood-carrier, quite confounded by what he had just seen, ran off as the other conspirators came up to secure the king. They led him by force up the great staircase to the first floor, to the queen's apartments. The king was no longer able to walk: he said to them in a faint voice, 'Carry me.' In passing two German sentries, he strove to tell them to release and follow him; but General von Adlercreutz, who was at his side, protested, as it might naturally be supposed, against it. When they had reached the first saloon on the principal story, the king, feeling that he had somewhat recovered his strength, said that he would walk again; and in this manner he proceeded, surrounded by the conspirators, who held him fast. In the second saloon were two of the body-guard of the Duke of Sudermannia on duty, who presented arms as the king passed. On reaching the third gallery, the conspirators were undecided which way to turn, the king pointed to the near door of the apartment called the White Room, and they obeyed. They placed the king upon a chair near the window, opposite to the gallery, where he remained for several hours in a state of the deepest humiliation, exposed to the gaze of persons who had taken part in the revolution, or whom the circumstances of the moment had brought together in the palace."

Such were the circumstances that tore the crown from the brow of the legitimate monarch of Sweden, and led to the exaltation of a foreigner, a child and champion of the French revolution, to the throne of the Scandinavian peninsula.

FOREIGN CRITICISMS ON ENGLISH WORKS.

1. *Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger, &c.* By R. & J. Lander, 3 vols. 8vo. 1833.

It is not our object to give copious extracts from this voyage, (in which we have been already anticipated by other journalists,) but, in accordance with the objects of this Review, only to make a few observations of a scientific nature on the degree in which our knowledge of the people and the continent of Africa has been augmented by means of it.

This new expedition, the grand object of which was to trace the course of the river Niger, was undertaken by Richard Lander in company with his brother John. By the discoveries already made, the question respecting the mouth of the Niger is thus far determined, that, the river bending its course from east to south, afterwards turns westward, and then reaches the sea; yet there is still a wide field left for discoveries. The parent stream is not yet sufficiently explored; we know the tributary waters which it receives, (among which the Tsaad appears to be the most considerable) almost to their mouths, but we know not the length of their courses.

That the river Tsaad has any connection with the great inland sea of the same name, discovered by Denham and Clapperton, is a thing of which, as yet, there is no proof. Should this ever be found to be the case, the old notion of the junction with the Nile would be in some measure explained. But the lower part of the stream, which before it discharges itself into the ocean forms an extensive Delta, especially needs to be made the subject of further researches, in order that the arm of the sea, by means of which it flows into the ocean, may serve in case of necessity for the purpose of navigation, like the ancient and modern Calabar river, which Bonny and others have explored.

The main object of the English nation, as one would naturally expect, is to open an interior channel for their own commerce. It is well known that for this purpose Richard Lander was again dispatched, and furnished with goods, in order to sail up the river and to form connections. He has, according to the most recent accounts, fallen a victim to his spirit of enterprize, having been murdered, probably at the instigation of the slave-dealers, who by all means in their power oppose the entrance of the Whites, as they know that it would cause the termination of their cruel trade. We must therefore, consider it a doubtful point whether the English will ever attain their object. But, as the desire of gain, backed by perseverance, has already triumphed over so many and so much greater impediments, it would be rashness to decide beforehand. Heeren.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger, 14th August, 1833.

2. *Biographical and Critical History of the British Literature of the last Fifty Years.* By Allan Cunningham, 12mo. Paris. 1834.

Mr. J. D'Israeli contemplates writing the complete history of English Literature, which Mr. Bulwer announces in his "England, &c." with the remark that "it will fill no unimportant chasm;" and Mr. Cunningham hails this intimation with a kindly feeling, for he says, "that Mr. D'Israeli cannot render a more welcome service to the world than to write it."

The want of such a work is much felt; and no slight thanks are, therefore, due to Mr. Cunningham for having presented us with this preliminary sketch of the literature of the last fifty years, from the death of Dr. Johnson to that of Sir Walter Scott, composed for the Athenæum. These papers are now collected and published in one volume by a spirited bookseller of Paris.

Although Mr. Cunningham by his "Biography of English Painters," &c. had warranted us in expecting correct insight, together with full apprehension and appreciation of the qualities of such numerous and varied literary performances, our esteemed author has, nevertheless, executed the difficult task with a happier result than we even could have ventured to anticipate.

Distinguished as his poetry is by sweet delicacy, harmonious flow, and picturesque disposition, so also is his prose equally striking for its natural energy, magical delineation, antique clearness and brevity of expression—animated throughout by a just view and estimation of the beautiful—mild censure, and a peculiarly graceful style of representing his views, in more than a hundred miniature illustrations, for as such we may characterize his sketches.

We cannot therefore, suppress the wish, that the meritorious writer may be tempted to present us with the complete history of English literature treated in the same way: such a book, even when placed beside D'Israeli's work, would be likely to maintain its value and interest. Milford.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger, 4th October, 1834.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVIII.

DENMARK.

The king of Denmark has recently confirmed the foundation of the Copenhagen Society for Northern Antiquities; so that a fund originally producing 12,500 bank dollars, and increasing by donations and regular subscriptions, is destined to promote the object of the Society in general, and the publication of ancient Iceland works in particular.

FRANCE.

M. Moreau de Ionnés has published a statement respecting the quantity of books exported from England to France, and from France to England, between the years 1821 and 1832. In 1821 the value of the French books exported to England was 407,534 francs; in 1825, it rose to 914,528; but gradually declined in the succeeding year, till in 1832 it was 435,328. The books exported from England to France amounted in 1821 to 110,375 francs; in 1830 to 154,276, and in 1832 to 131,318. The number of volumes which France sends to England annually is about 400,000, consequently, at the rate of one to every 55 inhabitants; France receives from England 80,000 volumes, or one to every 400 persons. "It is to be deplored," observes M. Moreau de Ionnés, "that the exchange of knowledge between the two first of the civilized countries of Europe, between two nations whose mutual interests demand a closer intellectual connexion, is so limited. Even China, situated at the furthest part of the globe, with its ignorant, despotic government, and a language containing 80,000 letters, exports a greater quantity of books than they."

The celebrated dramatist, Alexander Dumas, has set out on a tour, in company with two artists, engaged to take views for a work to be entitled "The Mediterranean and its Coasts;" the descriptive part of which which will be from the pen of M. Dumas.

The Travels of M. d'Orbigny, who spent seven years in traversing South America in all directions, and who made very extensive collections there, have begun to be printed at the expense of the French government. They will extend to five volumes, and be illustrated with numerous engravings.

The miscellaneous papers of M. Victor Jacquemont, who died during his travels in India, have arrived at Paris, and it is believed, that a selection will be made from them for publication.

Lamartine, the poet, has sent to press the results of his observations during his late tour in the East, which will appear under the title of "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en l'Orient, (1832—1833); ou Notes d'un Voyageur," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the gentlemen sent by the French government to investigate the Penitentiary System adopted in the United States of America, and whose report on that subject was reviewed in our Twenty-third Number, has just published an elaborate work with the title 'De la Democratie en Amerique;" in two vols. 8vo.

GERMANY.

The house of Cotta, at Münich, has announced the speedy publication of a series of Twenty-two Engravings, representing the entrance of Alexander the Great into Babylon, executed by the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen, for the Royal Danish palace of Christiansburg. The Engravings will be made by Samuel Amsler, from drawings by Overbeck. The illustrative text will be from the pen of Dr. Schorn.

M. Carl Seidler, formerly an officer in the service of the Emperor of Brazil, has just published a work in two 8vo. volumes, with the title of "Ten Years in Brazil during the reign of Don Pedro, and after his departure, with particular reference to the fate of the foreign troops and the German colonists."

M. Ferdinand Neumann is engaged on a German translation from the original Dutch of "John de Witt and his Times," by P. Simons, in three vols. with notes and illustrative remarks by the Translator.

Mr. F. Fleischer, bookseller, of Leipzig, has just published the 4th livraison of "The Complete Works of E. L. Bulwer," in English, containing Paul Clifford and The Last Days of Pompeii. The fifth livraison will complete the collection for the present; but Mr. Fleischer gives notice of his intention to reprint all future works by the same author as soon as they appear.

Since the commencement of the present year, a Journal has been published at Stuttgart in the English language, with the title of "Albion, a Weekly Chronicle of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts."

The Bibliographic Institute of Hildburghausen, under the direction of Mr. J. Mayer, announces the appearance after the 1st of May next of the first number of "The United States of North America, in their historical, topographical, and social relations," by Mr. G. H. Eberhard. It is intended in this work to present a digested epitome of all that is worth knowing respecting the United States, combining the utmost possible completeness with accuracy and impartiality. We are assured that the author is, from his previous studies, peculiarly qualified for the task, and that he is not only acquainted with every work of importance relative to the Union, published in America, Germany, or France, but possesses a vast collection of manuscript communications on the subject, from persons in the United States.

Baron von Hammer has just published a New Year's Gift, in the Oriental style, called "Samachschari's Golden Necklaces," *(Goldene Halsbänder)*. It consists of 99 short and pithy ethical sayings of the celebrated Arabian Samachschari, translated in the same metre as Frederick Rückert has rendered the Makame of Hairiri: the German translation is placed opposite to the Arabian text, and the binding is ornamented with the two present existing orders, the Turkish order of merit, and the Persian order of the lion and sun.

On the 1st of March will be published at Hanover, under the direction of Dr. Grote and other editors, a Journal of Numismatology, not so much as an auxiliary to history, as chiefly to assist collectors in making purchases and exchanges.

We learn from a German paper of the 15th February that Prince Pückler Muskau, whose recent publications have excited such attention, after travelling through Spain and the Pyrenees last autumn, has arrived without accident at Algiers. In spite of the plague, he designs to proceed to Cairo, and to return to Europe by way of Constantinople in the ensuing autumn, when the public may expect an equally lively and accurate report of his adventures and observations.

A German publication gives the following statement of the proportion between the journals and the population of the principal countries in Europe:—In Rome, there is one journal to 51,000 persons; in Madrid, one to 50,000; in Vienna, one to 11,338; in London, one to 10,600; in Berlin, one to 4074; in Paris, one to 3700; in Stockholm, one to 2600; in Leipzig, one to 1100; in the whole of Spain, one to 864,000; in Russia, one to 674,000; in Austria, one to 376,000; in Switzerland, one to 66,000; in France, one to 52,000; in England, one to 46,000; in Prussia, one to 43,000; in the Netherlands, one to 40,450. The number of subscribers to that of the inhabitants is in France, one to 437; in England, one to 184; in the Netherlands, one to 100.

The number of students at the University of Münich in the winter half-year was 1434, of whom 1267 were natives and 166 foreigners. At the University of Berlin the number of students between Easter and Michaelmas 1834 was 1863. The University of Königsberg numbers this winter half-year 437 students; and Bonn 832.

HOLLAND.

Dr. Siebold, who accompanied the Netherland embassy to Japan as naturalist and physician, employed himself in the scientific investigation of that remarkable country, during his residence there from 1823 to 1830, and he has succeeded in bringing back with him to Europe such an extensive collection of natural history, and such stores of valuable information, that the publication of the results of his labours promises to fill up one of the most important chasms in our knowledge of that part of the world, its history, productions and inhabitants.

The account of the Voyages and Travels of Mr. von Siebold, his discoveries in natural history, and other researches relative to the history, manners, and languages of the Eastern islands of Asia, will be published in several parts, under the following titles:—

Nippon.-Archiv. describing Japan with its adjacent and tributary territories. This part consists of observations by the traveller himself, as well as extracts from original Japanese writings, giving as complete an account as possible of this kingdom, with the countries dependent on it. This work, of which four numbers have already been published, will consist of from 15 to 20 parts, each containing 20 lithograph plates, by the first German, Dutch, and French artists, and accompanied by a French, Dutch, or German text, of 6 or 8 sheets.

Mr. Siebold's discoveries in natural history will appear under the title of *Fauna Japonica* and *Flora Japonica*. The former will appear in numbers, with ten lithographs, accompanied by a descriptive text, partly in French and partly in Latin. Of the *Flora Japonica*, the useful and ornamental plants will be first published in numbers, with five plain or coloured plates, and French or German

descriptions. The most distinguished botanists and zoologists of Europe are associated with Dr. Siebold for the arrangement of his collections and the publication of these works.

Of the philological works, which are intended to facilitate the study of an hitherto almost unknown idiom, and thus unlock the treasures of its copious and varied literature, the following have already appeared:—Sin zoo zi lin gjok ben—Novus et auctus Literarum Ideographicarum Thesaurus, sive Collectio omnium Literarum Sinensium, secundum Radices disposita, one vol. 4to.; and Isian dsii wen, sive, Mille Literæ Ideographicæ, opus Sinicum origine, cum Interpretatione Kooriana, in Peninsula Koorai impressum, one vol. 4to. This latter work, as well as the translation of a well known Chinese school-book into an hitherto entirely unknown language, which throws considerable light on the mystery of the origin of alphabetic characters, is particularly interesting. The following is in the press:—Thesaurus Linguæ Japonicæ, sive Collectio omnium Verborum Japonicorum, opus origine Japonicum, cum Interpretatione Sinensi, one vol. 4to.

These works have been engraved on stone by a learned Chinese, Ko-tsching-dschang, who accompanied Dr. Siebold to Europe, and are a beautiful specimen of Chinese calligraphy.

A very important work has just been published in the French language, under the following title:—"Du Royaume des Pays Bas, sous le Rapport de son Origine, de son Developpement, et de sa Crise actuelle, avec des pièces justificatives. Par M. G. Baron de Keverberg, Préfet sous l'Empire." 3 vols. 8vo.

The following is also just published:—"Précis de la Campagne de Java en 1811. Par le Duc Bernhard de Saxe Weimar, avec Cartes et Plans." 1 vol. 8vo.

A Biography of eminent Dutchmen, to be completed in sixteen vols. 8vo., is commenced.

ITALY.

"Proposta d'un Vocabolaria etimologico dell' Italiana, con un saggio delle prime cento trenta voci della lettera B." We have before us a prospectus and proof-sheet of the above work, which promises to be highly interesting, not only to Italy, but to the learned world in general. The author, Professor Valentini, whose large Italian and German Dictionary has been reprinted in Italy, and is esteemed the best of its kind, is at present engaged on an historical and philosophical arrangement of those materials, with which he is better acquainted than any contemporary lexicographer, and thus to accomplish the wish first expressed by Vincenzo Monti, namely, that "the great wall, (the Dictionary of the Academy della Crusca) which divides grammar from philosophy, and makes reason the slave of authority, might at last be pulled down."

During the year 1834 considerable excavations were made at Pompeii. The whole street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis was cleared in October. In two other streets that intersect it, one of which conducts to the Theatre, and the other to the Temple of Augustus, operations

are also far advanced. At the extremity of the former has been found a richly decorated altar, with its protecting Genius in the form of a serpent. Two houses in the street of Fortune are at length entirely cleared from rubbish, and a great number of valuable objects, of bronze, iron, and ivory, have been discovered in them.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia has given directions for the foundation of an Observatory on a scale worthy of the great empire which he governs. The site chosen for this building is the hill of Pulkowa, about 200 feet high, in the demesne of the imperial palace of Zarskoji-Zelo, 17 wersts south of Petersburg. The building itself, in the form of a cross, will extend from east to west 220 Rheinland feet, and in the direction of the meridian 175 feet. It will be surmounted by three towers, with moveable roofs, the central one 32 feet, and the two others 20 feet each in diameter, for the instruments. There will also be four pavilions placed symmetrically round it, two for the observers of comets, and two for the reception of portable geodesical and astronomical instruments. The Emperor has given the land upon which the Observatory and its dependent buildings are to be erected; and has taken upon himself every expense attending its erection, as well as that of furnishing the establishment with all requisite instruments, which will be on the same magnificent scale as the institution itself. The total cost will exceed a million and a half of rubles. The foundations of the Observatory were laid in August last, and it is expected to be roofed in before the end of this year.

Russia alone, of all the great nations of Europe, is yet without any collection of the sources of its national history. To fill up this chasm in its literature the Emperor has ordered the publication of a complete collection of all the historical documents extant, from the earliest ages to the present time.

Colonel Alexander Dmitrijewitsch Tschertkow, has just published a "Description of Russian Coins," in the Russian language, in 8vo., with 28 lithographs. It is very highly spoken of, and fills up a long felt desideratum in Russian literature.

Father Hyacinth has lately published in the Russian language an "Historical account of the Oyrates or Calmucks, from the 15th century to the present time." This work will be very interesting to the Oriental scholar, to whose attention we particlarly recommend it.

Professor Charmoy, of the Petersburg University, has already finished his "Concise Persian Grammar," in the French language, and is now engaged in a more elaborate Grammar of the same language. He has also completed his French translation of the first part of "Scheref-Namé," (History of the Koords, from the Persian of Scherif-úd-din Bedlisy, a chief of one of their tribes). This first part contains a geographical description as well of the Persian as the Turkish part of Koordistán, with 1400 notes. The whole work will fill three parts 4to.

Dr. Horner, who accompanied the first Russian Voyage round the world under Captain Krusenstern, and is also well known by his Russian Nautical

History, died in his native country, Switzerland, at Zurich, on the 3d of November, 1834, in his 60th year.

Professor Postels is engaged in preparing for publication, conjointly with Captain Lütke, a Narrative of their "Voyage round the World in the sloop Senjawin." The first numbers of the plates and letter-press will shortly appear, lithographed by Engelmann, in Paris.

Mr. Pluchart has announced for speedy publication, a "Russian Encyclopedia." It is to consist of 24 volumes, small type, double columns. It is to be a thoroughly national work, written by and for Russians, in the spirit of the political institutions of their country, and in a style adapted to their state of knowledge. Besides numerous original articles relating exclusively to Russia, the German Conversations-Lexicon, as well as similar English and French works, will be consulted. The first four volumes are to be published 1835, and four volumes regularly every year, so that the whole work may be completed in six years. It is much to the honour of Russia that a single bookseller should be able to undertake a work, which will cost a million of rubles, and on which above 200 men of letters and science will be engaged.

SPAIN.

At the beginning of last year there were published in Spain 98 newspapers; at the commencement of the present year (1835) only 77. The total expense of these 77 papers is estimated at 11,600,000 reals, and the receipts at 10,315,000.

SWEDEN.

The Brunswick paper states that a German scholar, Dr. Löwe, having lately visited Upsal, for the purpose of once more comparing the Gothic Manuscript Gospels of Ulphilas, written on purple parchment in gold and silver letters, it was discovered, to the great consternation of the librarians, that a previous collater, supposed to be an Englishman, had cut out and purloined eleven leaves of that magnificent Codex. We hope, for the honour of our country, that the conjecture is unfounded.

SWITZERLAND.

The canton of Bern had, at the end of 1831, 896 country schools, attended by 75,785 children. Of these 763 were of the Protestant persuasion, and 133 Catholic. The former had 68,808 pupils, the latter, 6917; thus the average number attached to each of the Protestant schools was about 90; and to the Catholic 52.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM DECEMBER, 1834, TO MARCH, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

1 Schmidthammer, Die gefallenen Engel. 8vo. *Berlin.* 1s.
2 Eylert, Predigten. 8vo. *Berlin.* 5s.
3 Bibliothek der Kathol. Kanzel-Beredtsamkeit. 3r Bd. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
4 Schilling, Briefe über Kanzel-Beredtsamkeit. 8o. 9 Lief. 8vo. *Strals.* 4s. 6d.
5 Rambach, Predigt-Entwürfe. 16e Samml. 8vo. *Hamb.* 7s.
6 Psalmi vulgatae edit. (ed. L. Neumann.) 8vo. *Gall.* 4s. 6d.
7 Alt, Die geistliche Beredtsamkeit. 2s Heft. *Leipz.* 2s. 6d.
8 Schrevens, Sonntagspredigten, etc. 1r Bd. 4te Aufl. *Cöln.* 5s.
9 Gretsch, Feiertagspredigten. 1r Thl. 8vo. *Wien.* 5s.
10 Zenner, Instructio pract. Confessarii in comp. redacta. 8vo. *Wien.* 9s.
11 Bischoff und Wagner, Predigt-Entwürfe. 3 Jahrg. 8vo. *Wien.* 10s.
12 Richter, Der Gott der Wirklichkeit. 8vo. *Breslau.* 2s.
13 Leipoldt, Geschichte der christlichen Kirche. 8vo. *Schwelm.* 1s. 6d.
14 V. Kügelgen, Gesch. des Reichs Gottes. Heft I—III. Folio. *Essen.* 15s.
15 Sonntags-Blatt für 1835. Von Wacherer. 4to. *Nordlingen.* 4s.
16 Glaubensbekenntniss eines Rationalisten. 8vo. *Jena.* 2s. 6d.
17 Vering, Die Pastoral Magazin. 2te Ausg. 8vo. *Lübeck.* 5s.
18 Hermes, Christkatholisches Dogmatik. 3r Bd. 1s Heft. 8vo. *Münster.* 10s.
19 Gieseler, Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 2r Bd. 8vo. *Bonn.* 12s. 6d.
20 Canisii, Summa doctr. Christianae. Tom. IV. 8vo. *Augsb.* 17s.
21 Libri symbol. eccles. ed. Danz. Fasc. I. 8vo. *Weimar.* 2s. 6d.
22 Bretschneider, Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung. 1835. 4to. *Darmst.* 2l. 10s.
23 Rokita, Fastenpredigten. 2r Jahrg. 8vo. *Leipz.* 5s.
24 Hase, Das Leben Jesu. Lehrbuch. 2te Aufl. 8vo. *Leipz.* 7s. 6d.
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